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H. Russell Cotes
HOME AND ABROAD

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OCTOGENARIAN

By

SIR MERTON RUSSELL-COTES, J.P.

F.R.G.S., F.S.A.

Author of Paper read before the Royal Geographical Society on his
Exploration of Kilauea, Hawaii (the greatest active volcano
in the world); Papers on the White and Pink Terraces,
N.Z., "The Holy Fire," and numerous
other contributions to "The World,"
"Truth" and to the British
and American
Press

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME ONE

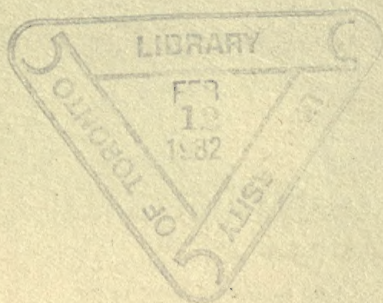
With upwards of 200 illustrations, some reproduced
from paintings and photos commissioned by me and
taken on the spot

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with
firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us
strive on to finish the work we are in"—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BOURNEMOUTH

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With
fervent love
and devoted affection,
I dedicate this, my first and
last attempt to place on record a few
reminiscences of a long life, to three loving hearts,
to whom I owe everything worth possessing
on earth: my mother, my wife, and
the revered memory of him
who was the guardian
of my youth.

::

"If you do not place something of your family history on record it is sometimes invented for you, and it generally does you less justice than you would do yourself."

Anon.

Foreword

AFTER a long life, which—since meeting my beloved wife—has been by far too rapid in its flight, it has been repeatedly suggested that I should leave behind me a personal retrospect of the past. This has never appealed to me—in short an aversion, rather than a desire, always predominated—but after a wish expressed of late, coming from a loving heart, I cannot refuse attempting to put forth my reminiscences—even though crude, from a literary point of view—of persons I have met and known, and places I have visited and explored. Although having no ambition to pose as a literary genius, I can well imagine that in attempting to carry out this labour of love, I am open to criticism ; this I anticipate and cheerfully invite, reminding the casual reader, however, who happens to pick up this book, that I make no attempt at compiling a work bristling with talent and brilliant literary curves and points to gratify idle curiosity, but only for my grandchildren and their children after them. If, however, I have—even barely—succeeded in rendering some incidents of pleasure and pain incidental to a strenuous and arduous life, I have—from my standpoint—accomplished my task, at least, to my own satisfaction. I have endeavoured to set forth, albeit indifferently, those incidents still crystallised in my brain, in nearing my 86th year.

It affords me unfeigned pleasure to express my heartfelt thanks to my beloved wife for helping me with her memory in describing the various places we have visited together and to all from whose works I have had occasion to quote, but especially to my dear son for his valuable and untiring assistance in editing these volumes.

Egoism and egotism may appear to predominate at times, for which I can offer no excuse, from the unfortunate fact that both are inseparable from autobiography.

EAST CLIFF HALL,
RUSSELL-COTES ROAD,
BOURNEMOUTH.

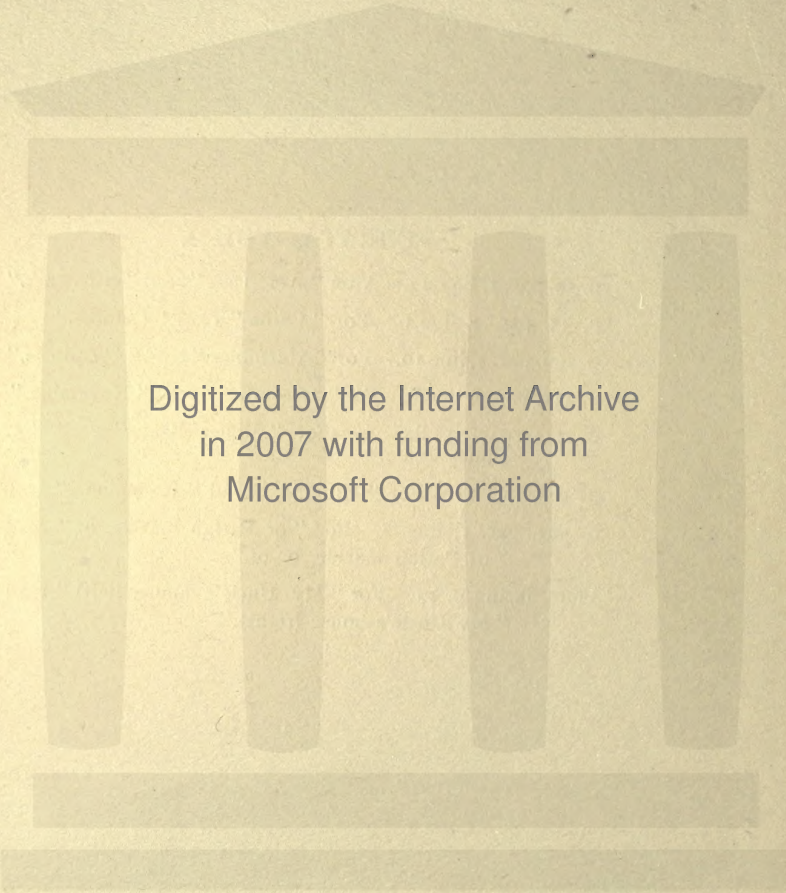
MERTON RUSSELL-COTES.

1920.

*I shall pass through this world but once ; any
good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any
kindness that I can show to any human being,
let me do it now ; let me not defer it nor
neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.*

ERRATA—VOL. I.

- p. 30, par. 1, line 12.—After " American " read "shipowner."
- p. 35, par. 2, line 9.—For " China " read " Chinese."
- p. 200, par. 4, line 10.—For " Appenines " read "Apennines."
- p. 231, par. 2, line 8.—For " December " read " November."
- p. 274, par. o, line o.—For " James Beale " read " J.
Elmes Beale."
- p. 306, line 21.—For " Kimona " read " Kakemona."
- p. 503, par. 1, line '8.—For " or Parian marble, of " read
" of Parian marble, or of."
- Plate facing p. 14.—For " My Uncle's house (left) " read
" My Uncle's house (right)."



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Ode to Tettenhall,

My Native Village.

"Secura Quies et nescia fallere Viva."—Virgil.

*My native place where rural charms invite
The stranger's eye ; and strike him with delight.
What modest looks adorn thy artless scene,
Thy groves how lovely, and how gay thy green ;
Here, genial Zephyr spreads his healthful wing,
Here chaunt the earliest warblers of the Spring ;
Here, Contemplation surely builds her cell,
And calm content, and learned Leisure dwell.
TETTENHALL ! thy still engaging scenes conspire
To wake the sages' and the poets' fire.
From noisy town, with worldly cares replete,
To ease the mind, lo ! this the choice retreat.
Here " Hampton's " * sons in vacant hours repair,
Taste rural joys, and breathe a purer air.*

* Wolverhampton.

M.R.C.



My Grandfather's House.



Tettenhall Church. My Uncle's House (left).



Pitchford, the residence of my kinsman, the late Col. Cotes.

HOME AND ABROAD

*Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
That we may read " My Life " to our hearts' content.*

CHAPTER I

Early Recollections

Birth—Childhood days—Home life—The advance of Science.

*" Ah, happy years ! Once more who would not
be a boy ? "—BYRON.*

ON this, the 82nd anniversary of my natal day, I begin this review of the years which have elapsed since that, for me, memorable eighth of May, 1835. And, notwithstanding the great gulf of time across which my mind must travel, and the many lands through which I have wandered during that interval, my most cherished recollections take me back to my native village of Tettenhall, Staffordshire. Its loveliness is still impressed upon my recollections, and the passing of the years confirms those early feelings that it is, perhaps, the most beautiful, and typical, English village in this beautiful land of ours. It was in this charming spot that the happiest days of my childhood were spent. There the orchards of my father and my uncle were the scene of the joyous play of my brothers and sisters, with myself the youngest of the band. There, too, we rambled with delight in the bluebell grove, so that in later years it seemed that it must have been in some such spot that Shakespeare's imagination was kindled to write of the sprites and fairies of " A Midsummer Night's Dream." Travelling in later years in Normandy and many other parts of France, the sight of

Home and Abroad

the endless rows of tall, stately poplar trees recalled the walks along the canal at Tettenhall, and invested these otherwise uninteresting trees with the glamour of my childhood days.

Oh! for the happy days of childhood, and the hours of peaceful delight with my dear parents—days dear also from the presence of my grandparents, my uncles and aunts, and the other members of our family. Oh! for the lovely gardens all brilliant with the colour, and heavy with the odours of flowers, in the glory and glow of those summer days, the air full of the warbling of birds making melodious song; dear to remembrance, too, the rooks feeding their brood in the tall elms across the lawn or behind the huge leaves of the guenira; the meadows with their quiet charm—all, all things of the past, and yet, sometimes in these later days in Bournemouth, the mellow tone of the bells of St. Peter's takes me back to those cherished times when my heart was young, and I hear again the music of the peace-giving old church bells floating across the meadows, and I am back again in those far off heavenly days among those much beloved and lovable people. In those times, contentment, happiness and peace prevailed, but now strife, discontent and greed for wealth apparently are the Alpha and Omega of life.

As I grew older each tree in the garden became a familiar friend. How well I remember the remarkable elms, and the magnificent oaks; the varied thorns, the cedar, the tall gingko, the persica, the rus parrotha, the great white bean, the orco-daphne (*umbellularis*) and the massive oak, and many others recalling the labours of my ancestors. Then, too, there were the Tettenhall "girders," those delicious pears which grew in such great quantities on the peculiar trees in the orchards of my grandfather and my uncle. The thought of them brings back all the domestic activities of the time. We used to preserve them for winter use. Those were the days when so

My Childhood

much was home made ; home-made elderberry and gooseberry wine, home-brewed ale and cider, and home-made jellies and jams.

Everyone seemed to know everyone else in that charming village, and with it came kindly and sympathetic friendship. All the happy intimate feeling seemed to be concentrated in the delightful repose of the Sunday, when the members of our family attended the old and beautiful church of which my uncle was during his long life churchwarden. The dear old churchyard was to me the most beautiful spot on earth. In it were several very old yew trees, but one of these was evidently the most ancient. Its age no one has been able to discover, but it must be hundreds of years old from the fact that the interior has rotted away, and is large enough to hold a small table and several chairs. Many and many a time as a child, with my brothers and sisters, have I sat inside this wonderful tree. Although many parts of the trunk seem to be dead, yet it seems as full of vitality as ever, for there are no dead or decayed boughs. It stands to-day immediately at the foot of my father's tomb, which is overhung by its branches.

There is also a very peculiar and ancient tombstone in the churchyard, representing the figure of a woman without hands. It is said, as a very old legend, that this woman was doing some work on a Sunday, when she was admonished, and she said that she would do it even though her hands fell off ; this, so the legend says, really occurred. This was a spot that we carefully avoided, having a sacred horror of going near it. The last time I was at Tettenhall, I noticed that this stone had been covered over with sods to hide it from the eyes of the inquisitive.

There were, too, the animal companions, the horses and dogs. The white spaniels with black spots, which were my father's special favourites, rarely seen now, were constantly about us ; and the cows, the sheep, the pigs and the poultry are all details in that never-fading picture.

Home and Abroad

On the dear old banks of the Lower Green, I recollect picking cowslips, whilst the family nurse would sit with her knitting.

Gardeners were gardeners in those days. They worked early and late, their energies being only restricted by bad weather. Trade unions with all their tyrannical and arbitrary laws were unknown, wages were less than half what they are now, and the household work and duties more than double. All the modern schemes and contributions to the saving of labour were undreamt of, and instead of the general all-pervading spirit of unrest, more especially among the household domestics, happiness and contentment prevailed. There were no servants' registry offices and changes rarely took place, no domestics ever dreaming of changing except through marriage, when the family took as much interest in the happy event as the relations of the domestics themselves. In most cases they were married from the house where they had served the family from girlhood. Yet there was not a servile spirit about the village, all were free and happy.

In this connection I remember a most amusing incident. A new curate had been engaged, and he evidently was anxious to impress his importance upon the old gravedigger, whose name was Bridgen, a curious specimen of humanity; such as are only to be found in these old-fashioned, out-of-the-way villages. He took little or no notice of this young curate, which seemed to create a considerable amount of annoyance to that gentleman. On one occasion he said to Bridgen, "Where is your hat, Bridgen?" Bridgen replied, "On my yed, where t'ought to be." "Yes, but don't you know who I am?" "Oh, yes, zur," the old man replied, "you be the young parson." "Yes, but you ought to take off your hat when you meet me." "Oh!" Bridgen grunted, "is that it?" He immediately took off his hat, followed the young clergyman along and continued ejaculating, "Yer sarvint, zur—yer

Women and Girls of 20th Century

sarvint, zur." The young curate begged him to desist, " That will do, that will do." " Ah, na, if ye haven't had enough, ye shall have enough. Yer sarvint, zur ; yer sarvint, zur." And so he followed the curate right through the village, to the immense amusement of the villagers. The young curate did not repeat the request to any other of the parishioners !

From my birthday, A.D. 1835, up till now, everything seems to have undergone a profound revolution.

Girls are to be seen driving alone in taxi cabs, also on top of omnibuses, and *mirabile dictu* women—who ought to have been men—riding astride on horseback, puffing cigarette smoke, and bathing with men in skin-tights at fashionable watering places. Others, built in a manner diametrically opposite, descend to smashing respectable shopkeepers' windows, smacking policemen's faces and otherwise behaving themselves worse than the lowest male bipeds, and seizing every opportunity of insulting those who do not agree with them. But of all changes, perhaps the most regrettable is the domination of what men call science, to the absolute rejection of faith in the inspired Word of God.

There is not a shadow of a doubt of the wisdom of Disraeli's summing up of Darwin : " Some say we are descended from angels, and some say we are descended from apes : I am on the side of the angels."

But even Voltaire says in contradistinction to that : " As nothing can be proved, let us believe in the impossible."

It was with profound regret that Gladstone took up the cudgels with such a callous hearted atheist as Huxley, who had science on the brain, and had no more courtesy than an untamed ourang-outang. Men of the Huxley type, who pique themselves upon being masters of science, seem to revel in one idea, viz., to take away what we have and offer nothing in return. Now I submit that before any human being takes away anything that is a source of peaceful contentment and

Home and Abroad

loving faith in any one thing, they should be prepared to give them, if not a better substitute, something equally as good ; but the robbery on their part is complete, for they come when they are least expected to and take away something that one has cherished perhaps through the whole of one's career, and give one nothing to compensate for the loss.

I should like to ask those gentlemen, in the year 1918, what science has done for Germany, and whether it and militarism are not responsible for the massacre of millions of human beings, rivers of blood, and the most brutal and barbarous atrocities that any human being could ever for one moment have believed it possible for a nation, who has been the leader in the scientific world, to commit, and their diabolical and untold horrors make the world stand aghast with wonder and blank amazement, that it should have been reserved for the twentieth century to have developed such brutal and heartless barbarism worse than at any time during the previous career of humanity, since the existence of the world, as Germany has done by introducing their scientific knowledge to produce deadly gas, liquid fire, etc., into their other fiendish modes of warfare.

Art has degenerated into what is called "post-impressionism," dabbing little blobs of the blazing colours of the spectrum contiguously all over the canvas, and the artist (save the name) asks us to endorse his method as the last word in knowledge and truth, and to discard the masterly technique of Turner, Leader, Constable, and other great English artists.

War was once a chivalrous and noble achievement, it was waged with magnificent heroism, and when battles were fought in olden times the armies went into the field with colours flying, and with all the "pomp and circumstance" of fighting in a great cause. What historian is it, who, when referring back to the scene of Albuera, exclaimed :—

German "Kultur"

"And then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights."

Thus, that which was, if regrettable, free from cunning, and certainly not either brutal or grotesque, so-called science has brutalised. The combatants are now supplied with poisoned gas, liquid fire and all other up-to-date fiendish abominations, and have resort to every base and brutal mode and method that chivalrous soldiers in the bygone days would have viewed with scorn and horror, but which has been developed in the land that has prided itself upon its science and "Kultur." Before these two blighting hands laid themselves upon the waging of war, men rode like valiant heroes, and fought face to face. Now, to please the Prussian Kaiser and his hosts, they have to burrow and bury themselves in holes in the earth, and fight, not face to face, but on their bellies in the mud, like wild beasts; but from the latter even human beings can learn many lessons.

We cannot quite go forward with clean hands ourselves, when England has produced such men as Darwin, Huxley and Bradlaugh, Keir Hardie and many others, who seem to come into the world to undo all the happy, restful, and contented faith of the Christian era. It seems incredible that in the Victorian age such men as the former should have their names perpetuated by being buried in Westminster Abbey.

We live in a tumult of jingling telephone bells and raucous motor horns. We leap from city to city and from continent to continent at demoniacal speed (a fashion introduced into this country, no doubt, by our American cousins). We seem to have forgotten that repose is indispensable for the cultivation of the human mind, for the production of all permanent valuable works, and for the proper observation of the amenities of life and the practice of good manners. In short, to "hustle" is generally to be uncereemonious and abrupt.

Home and Abroad

Science has attempted to rob us of everything that is worth possessing. The beautiful stories in the Bible have been held up to ridicule, even to the question as to the existence of the Almighty Creator.

Travesty of art by the so-called " Post-Impressionists " is all very well, and suitable perhaps to a certain class of mind who prefer darkness to light, falsehood to truth ; but the accumulation of all these things has no relation to the increase of wisdom—science has no exhortation to the beauty of self-abnegation or the nobility of self-sacrifice. Pride of patriotism, the love of honour, the glory of God, a pure and loving heart and perfect faith, is far more to the human heart and brain than all the science with its battles of bacteria, and all other uncanny modes and methods that appertain to its development in the twentieth century.

The advance of science with all its sinister and subtle ramifications, desolating all that is lovely in life, is undoubtedly the great and dominant event of the last fifty years, German " Kultur " being the leading element, and unless combated by British protagonists will lead down to the general disintegration of society.

Those who persist in this scientific craze will obtain no reward but that which they deserve, for " as they sow, so shall they reap," but those who keep the essential vulgarity of science out of their lives will learn what science can never teach them. They will learn with childlike simplicity the art of love, they will acquire the gift of sympathy, they will display loving-kindness to those about them, they will be filled with joy, wonder and gratitude for the beauty of the world and the beneficence of God ; and so such an one's life will be stored with the greatest and best, with the wisest and holiest of all ages, and not only will they possess a halo of light, but its refulgence will radiate round all others.

We must be in earnest and acquire a sense of reverence, and realise the shallowness of apathy and flippancy, if we

The Worship of Science

would do our share in this world. We must love beauty more and science less ; for a " thing of beauty is a joy for ever." We must value the heart above the mind, and the outcome of charity above all the physical inventions on the earth.

Pause and think of all those great men whom the world has produced, who have left it nobler for their thoughts and deeds, and who cared little or nothing for material opinion, but were possessed by a perfect faith, a spiritual feeling within, and beyond, and above the visible universe.

Now in this age there is the blind and sterilising worship of science, which is crushing the uplifting song of the poet, neutralising the greatness of all that has been handed down to us, comforting us in our days of pain and anguish, both physically and mentally.

The great secrets that have been revealed in the Victorian age almost strike one with awe. Unfortunately most of these wonderful discoveries have been applied to deadly purposes in this dreadful war, instead of contributing to the comfort and happiness of the human family, and now in the twentieth century we find ourselves involved in one of the most diabolical, deadliest, and cruellest wars that has ever been waged since the world began. The Prussianised Germans have converted all their knowledge, and what they call " civilisation " and " Kultur," to the development of the most barbarous and unspeakable modes and methods of wholesale massacre of their fellow creatures, out-Heroding Herod, and for no reason whatever except their jealousy and grasping selfishness. It is a farcical reflection upon civilisation and culture that such results should accrue from all the discoveries that have been made. To those who, like myself, have been spared to see these marvellous discoveries, it seems that instead of contributing to the peace, repose and comfort of humanity, they have created diametrically the opposite result. The reposeful contentment of the human brain does not now exist. Nothing

Home and Abroad

is the same ; the delightful peace and happiness have given place to unrest, discontent and dissatisfaction. *The comforts of life have been enormously increased, but with them has been the proportionable decrease in the contentment of the human mind !*

Longer hours, harder work, less pay, was the order of the day in my youth. Now it is just the reverse, and still it does not seem in any way to contribute to the contentment and happiness of the people—absolutely the reverse.

Gas and electricity have supplanted candles and lamps ; Pullman cars and the most luxurious modes of travelling both by land and water, unknown to former generations, have taken the place of the old stage coach with all its trials ; motor cars have supplanted all other modes of locomotion, and electricity, wireless telegraphy, telephone, telegraph, and innumerable time-saving aids to business facilities now exist that were unheard and undreamt of in my childhood, and yet no one seems one whit the happier. Ask anyone, among the hundreds of thousands of people, say in the City of London, if they are satisfied with their lot, and invariably their unhesitating answer would be “ No.”

The greed for money, amusement, frivolity of every kind, the abandonment of the Sunday observances and the substitution of the “ Continental Sunday ” is a disgrace. Apathy and frivolity seem to have possessed the nation, and the true Protestant character of the country, as of yore, is known no more.

The working-classes seem to be infatuated with music-halls, cinematographs and the like, and until the war began the nation was apathetic to the last degree.

Trade and labour unions, and all kinds of Socialism have become a standing menace to the peace and harmony of the nation. The antagonism now existing between employée and employer was, in my youth, unknown, especially in the domestic household, when domestics never left the family except through illness, marriage or death, as I have already stated.

The Church of England

Oh for a Cromwell or some great evangelist, to waken up the nation. Our beloved King, then Prince of Wales, after his voyage round the world, struck the right note, when he, in his speech at the Guildhall, besought the nation to "wake up." Nothing, however, seemed to have any effect, until the Prussianised German War aroused the nation. We want a great leader, a Cromwell, a Nelson, or a Drake, a House of Commons of earnest, patriotic Protestant men, who will indignantly refuse a paltry £400 per annum for serving their country!

Courtesy, politeness and even common civility, and the polish that accompanies most people's manners, is now conspicuous by its absence. How this comes about it is difficult to imagine. Again, we find that young people have not the same respect, deference, or affection for their parents that formerly existed. Then we have the apostasy of many of the leading clergy in the Church of England, who do not hesitate to violate their vows by introducing Popish rituals into the Church of England, whilst the majority of the congregations are apathetic, and take no notice. Many seem inclined to admire what they call a "bright service," which almost would make one wonder whether they go to church for the purpose which they are supposed to go, or for entertainment, such as a theatre or cinematograph or an opera, instead of for the worshipping of our Heavenly Father after the pure and simple example of our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ and His disciples.

The Days gone by

*Oh, the days gone by ! Oh, the days gone by !
The apples in the orchard, and the pathway through the rye ;
The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle of the quail
As he piped across the meadows sweet as any nightingale ;
When the bloom was on the clover, and the blue was in the sky,
And my happy heart brimmed over—in the days gone by.*

*In the days gone by, when my naked feet were tripped
By the honeysuckle tangles where the water-lilies dipped,
And the ripples of the river lipped the moss along the brink,
Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle came to drink,
And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the truant's wayward cry
And the splashing of the swimmer, in the days gone by.*

*Oh, the days gone by ! Oh, the days gone by !
The music of the laughing lip, the lustre of the eye ;
The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin's magic ring—
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything.
For life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh,
In the golden, olden glory of the days gone by.*

J. W. RILEY.

“ There is but one method, and that is hard labour ; and a man who will not pay that price for distinction, had better at once dedicate himself to the pursuit of the fox—or sport with the tangle of Neëra's hair—or talk of bullocks and glory in the goad ! There are many modes of being frivolous, and not a few of being useful ; there is but one mode of being intellectually great.”—

SYDNEY SMITH.

CHAPTER II

Youthful Days

My early love of Art—My father's death—The Cotes family—
My foster father—College days in Glasgow—John King
Clark, W.S.—Illness—Voyage to Buenos Aires and Mauritius.

*"O Time, that fliest on never-failing wings,
Consuming years, consuming memory,
Consuming strength, and bringing vain regrets,
For lost delight and ne'er recurring hours,
Yet bringing with thee healing for the past,
Hope for the future, pardon, comfort, peace ;
O kindly Time, thou canst not e'er return
To give us back the past, but thou canst give
Things better for the future ; this is thine,
To soothe where thou hast wounded, and to dry
The tears that thou hast caused, and at the last
To still life's tumult thou hast raised, in death."*

LIKE most children, I have had several very providential escapes of my life. On one occasion, my eldest brother was taking my nurse and me out for a drive, but he went back for something he had forgotten, when "Vic," my father's favourite Irish mare—a beautiful creature—plunged forward and bolted. It came into collision with the turnpike gate, which happened to be closed, and smashed the phaeton. Fortunately a minute or two before this occurred, my nurse jumped out of the phaeton with me in her arms, into the hedge, and, as I have been told, we were both considerably scratched and bruised, but no bones broken.

"Vic" was caught by some farm labourers, bleeding and exhausted, near a place called the "Wergs," a few miles from Tettenhall, and to our great regret she had to be shot.

Another incident in which I barely escaped with my life was during the winter of 1838, when my three sisters took

Home and Abroad

me with them to a pond on which skating and sliding was being enjoyed, principally by children. For a few minutes, it seemed, I was left alone, and I suppose toddled along near to a hole which had been made by the villagers to obtain water, and into this hole I fell. My youngest sister, Georgina, rushed forward and at the psychological moment seized me and dragged me out! Fortunately the ice was very thick, otherwise she too might have been drawn in with me. My clothes were dripping with icy cold water, when my eldest sister, with great presence of mind, stripped me, and rolled me up in some of their own garments, in which to keep me warm and carry me home, where, on arrival, they got a severe reprimand from our mother! I have only a very faint recollection of the latter incident and none whatever of the former.

On another occasion I was out with my brother Alfred, who when coming near to a lime-pit leapt over it, and I, thinking to emulate him, attempted to do likewise, but instead of clearing the pit, I landed right in the middle, with the natural result that my clothes were ruined and my legs very badly burnt.

Some years after this, when I was about 15 years of age, my brother Alfred obtained an order to see through St. George's Hall, Liverpool, which was then nearing completion; so he, together with myself and a party of friends, went to see it. We had just completed our tour through the building when we came to the bottom of a staircase, which we were not sure whether we had explored or not. I was therefore asked to go up and see whether we had or no. The stairs were completed but there were neither handrails on the stairs themselves nor on the landings. Reaching the top I went through several rooms, and coming out of one, and turning, as I thought, to the top of the staircase, found, to my horror that I had turned wrongly, and with one more step would have precipitated

My First Voyage

myself to the bottom of the staircase, many feet below. It was more instinct, I think, than presence of mind, that enabled me to draw myself back. On joining my brother's party, they all exclaimed that I looked shrivelled up and "green" and wondered what could have occurred to have had such an effect.

My first "voyage" was on the canal connecting Tettenhall with Shrewsbury. At that time the scenery was beautiful and the magnificent trees overhanging the water made it a dream of delight. I went with my mother, whose object it was to visit old Squire John Cotes, of Woodcote. At that time I must have been about five years of age, nevertheless I particularly noticed a woman who was sitting very close to my mother. On our arrival at Shrewsbury we went to a hotel in order to get some refreshment, and, whilst there, my mother, on putting her hand into her pocket, discovered that her purse was gone. I at once told her that I believed the woman who was sitting near to her had taken it, and she promptly accused this woman of having done so. This person naturally at first denied it, but in a few minutes, on my mother threatening to call the police, admitted that she had it, and handed it back to my mother, declaring at the same time that she had picked it up.

In that part of the country and in those days, there was no mode of travelling except by private coach, stage-coach or canal, and once a day a canal boat, especially fitted for passenger service, went to and fro between the principal towns. The travelling was very slow, and, during the summer heat, very enjoyable; indeed, nothing could be more charming than the smooth and easy gliding progress of the boat.

Many of my playmates in childhood have played successful parts in the world, and now are at rest. Among them were the Thorneycrofts, Manders, Hickmans—well-known Wolverhampton names. One of the former, the late Col. Thorneycroft,

Home and Abroad

of Tettenhall Towers, was one of my god-parents, when I was christened "Merton," after Merton College, Oxford, from family associations; "Russell" being the other name adopted from another side of our family.

From my earliest boyhood I was always enamoured with pictures or any other attractive and beautiful objects of art, so much so that I used instead of pasting pictures direct into my album, to take the greatest pleasure in carefully cutting the figures out, and re-arranging them according to my own ideas of posing, so forming different subjects from those originally shown. My greatest delight, as soon as I was awake, was to get to work to metamorphose the original subjects. I still have these books containing my youthful productions, and often wonder if a child in these days of rush and scurry would be allowed to waste his time in such a manner.

Among other occupations in my childish, artistic days, I constructed, when about six or seven years old, a small "theatre," with all the figures cut out in various characters, and although I charged one penny per peep, I usually had an overflowing audience of my playmates.

My natural love of art was stimulated on my visit, at the age of 16, to the great exhibition of 1851, which was projected by that good and excellent Prince Albert, and carried out under his directions, by Sir Joseph Paxton. A rather amusing incident occurred at the opening of this exhibition. Following the example of other young fellows, I climbed up one of the big trees, and comfortably ensconced myself on a bough overhanging Rotten Row, up which Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort's cortege would pass. The Queen's carriage passed immediately below the bough upon which I was sitting. The Queen happened to look up, smiled, and drew the Prince's attention to my elevated position.

My father's death at the early age of 42 was a very serious calamity. Whilst visiting a friend, he slept in a damp bed,



Mrs. William Clark, my wife's grandmother.



Mrs. Allan Clark, my wife's great-grandmother.



Portrait of John Cotes, Esq., M.P. for the County of Salop.

Note—This picture is now in the possession of my son Bert.

My Father's Death

which brought on a serious illness, from which he never recovered. In those days feather beds were *de rigueur*, and those in the guest chamber frequently were not slept in for months together. Apropos of this, one of the greatest blessings which has been conferred upon the present generation is the abolition of these dreadful deathtraps, which have given place to the admirable horse-hair mattresses; altogether the bedding in private houses is immensely improved—we are, however, far behind the French in this matter. The four-posters also have been abolished in favour of the more hygienic modern bedsteads. Altogether many other improvements, from a sanitary point of view, have been made in the household.

My father's death came as a great and unexpected blow to all who knew him. I was too young to understand it. He unfortunately died intestate, and all the real property in Wolverhampton, Tettenhall, and elsewhere, and the agricultural lands, were taken possession of by my eldest brother, no other members of the family participating.

At a later period I had a tablet placed in the old church, a description of which I take from the "Court Journal," February 13th, 1909:—

"AN OLD TETTENHALL FAMILY.

"A FILIAL MEMORIAL.

"We take the following from the 'Midland Counties Express':

"'Upon the first pillar at the entrance to the aisle nearest the main entrance to Tettenhall Parish Church has just been erected a tablet bearing the following inscription:

"'This tablet is erected by
Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S.,
In loving memory of his parents,
Samuel and Elizabeth Cotes,
of this Parish;

Home and Abroad

Also to the memory of his brother,
Alfred William Cotes,
And his Uncle Benjamin Cotes,
for upwards of forty years churchwarden
of this Parish.

“ Them also which sleep in Jesus will
God bring with Him.” ’

I Thess. iv., 14.’

“ ‘ The tablet is of bronze, mounted on a marble background. The Cotes’ vault lies beneath one of the ancient yew trees in the churchyard. At one time they were a prominent family in the village. Samuel Cotes died on the 18th January, 1842, aged 42, his wife, Elizabeth, dying on the 14th January, 1875, at the age of 72. She was interred at Sighthill Cemetery, Glasgow. Alfred William, their son, died June 1st, 1878, aged 46. Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, who at present resides at Bournemouth, had the vault restored on September 11th, 1883.’ ”

There are many other records of this branch of the Cotes of Woodcote and Pitchford in the old parchment register of the church, and in the quaint, old-time churchyard there is one corner devoted to the Cotes family, so that its history may be traced from generation to generation. They show how predominant the family must at one time have been. They came originally from Woodcote, Salop, the family seat.

Woodcote was rebuilt many years ago on the site of the original residence, which was small and unpretentious. It is now a fine old English mansion. It is situate a few miles from Newport, about halfway between Stafford and Shrewsbury. It stands in the midst of a most beautifully undulating country, and the estates extend some miles in each direction. They are now, in fact, as they were when Sir Ricardus de Cotes was knighted for valour on the field of battle by William the

Charles Cecil Cotes

Conqueror. (See "Burke's Dictionary of the Landed Gentry of Great Britain and Ireland," 1858, page 243.) A very ancient chapel still exists, which dates back about 800 or 900 years. Here have been laid to rest from time immemorial various members of the family. The last time my wife and I visited Woodcote we were delighted with its lovely surroundings, its extensive and splendid gardens and grounds, and the excellent condition which everything was in. What, however, had the greatest attraction for us was the little chapel, which is an object of special interest, especially to antiquarians.

My grandfather and great-uncle were cousins of this branch. The old squire, John Cotes, M.P., J.P., D.L., of Woodcote, was the High Sheriff of Shropshire. On the 5th September, 1839, he married Lady Louisa Harriet Jenkinson, the youngest daughter of Charles Cecil, last Earl of Liverpool, who was for some time Prime Minister.

The coming of age of their son and my kinsman, Charles Cecil Cotes, on Wednesday, the 24th April, 1867, was observed in the good old English style of celebrating the occasion.

It was a wonderful and never to be forgotten "joy-day." Upwards of 700 persons employed upon the estate were invited. All wore white and blue rosettes (the family colours) and round their hats ribbons on which were inscribed the words "Prosperity to the House of Woodcote," the family crest of a cock being in the centre. The procession formed on the road adjacent to the family mansion, and marched to Newport, a few miles away, where sports, dancing and amusements were held. The procession was very long; flags were carried by the men and innumerable banners, and there were several local and other bands of music, the programme of which is shown opposite.

Charles Cecil Cotes, his father and mother, and numerous relations and friends were in the procession, on horseback or in carriages.

Home and Abroad

Whole oxen were roasted, and there were casks of beer in abundance, and later on in the day tea (in those days a very exceptional treat) was served from huge urns, with huge plum cakes and smaller ones in great variety, with bread and butter, etc., *ad lib.* The whole of the Newport market place was filled with Punch and Judies, Aunt Sally, maypoles, Morris dancers dancing in a ring, roundabouts, swing-boats, etc., and every conceivable old English amusement.

I have seen some similar functions held in my native village, Tettenhall, also at Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, and other old English country places, but never anything to equal this.

On the decease of his father, Charles Cecil Cotes succeeded him as M.P. for Shrewsbury, and he was one of the Lords of the Treasury, under Gladstone.

Some time after my father's death, an elder sister married Mr. James MacEwan, of the firm of Godfrey Paterson & Co., calico printers and Turkey-red dyers, Glasgow and Manchester, and he undertook my guardianship and education, I being the youngest member of the family. This he carried out to the day of his death. To him I owe a great debt of gratitude—he did all for me that my dear father would have done. As a second father he is enshrined in my memory. My sister eventually took me to Glasgow, where, under my guardian's supervision, I spent some years as a student at the Old College, High Street, with the view of entering the medical profession. The site of that dear old college has now become a goods station for the Caledonian Railway Company. Oh, what a falling off was there! It was at this venerable old college that the great Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, Lord Clyde, and many other distinguished Scotsmen matriculated in medicine, law, science, art and commerce.

An amusing incident occurred during the time that Lord Clyde, then Colin MacIver, and my father-in-law were students. They disagreed, so decided to fight it out, and Colin drawing first blood, became the victor.

My Voyage to Buenos Aires

To continue the story of my connection with the dear old city of Glasgow. I may point out that the new college was built in the West End Park, a magnificent pile ; there is nothing finer than its architectural beauty, and its position is unique. My memory often turns back to the past, and to the happy days I spent at the dear old college.

It was in Glasgow I first became acquainted with John King Clark, Esquire, W.S., father of my beloved wife. He was a *persona grata* everywhere, a most kindly-hearted man, lovable and genial, and consequently a welcome guest always. He was continually requisitioned for all social functions, to many of which he used to take me.

His only daughter returned from London, where she had been educated in the household of Dr. Lloyd, privately with his only daughter. This was when we first became acquainted. She was so unlike the other young ladies I knew in Glasgow, that I was immensely struck with the difference, and also more especially with her magnificent contralto voice. For purity, richness, and emotional qualities I have heard no amateur's at all comparable to it.

It was about this time that my studies for the medical profession were unfortunately abruptly cut off by slight congestion of the right lung. After consulting three of the most eminent physicians in Glasgow, it was decided that a voyage would restore me to health. My guardian made arrangements for me to go out to join one of the firms in Buenos Aires.

I left Liverpool on the 10th November, 1853, in a small brig called "The Rita," commanded by Captain Jopling, who was accompanied by his wife. The boat was very small, and in rough weather we suffered considerable inconvenience, but the captain's wife being on board contributed very much to our comfort, especially in the culinary department. One article of diet, which I remember with much pleasure, was what they call "sea pie," a preparation of various things, very much

Home and Abroad

like Scotch broth, but on a more generous scale, with larger pieces of meat, and suet balls which made it a combination of a liquid and a solid diet, a kind of glorified soup. This we had two or three times a week and I used to look forward to it with great delight. Our most objectionable article of diet was the fearfully hard sea biscuits, which could only be broken with a hatchet. To attempt to break them with hands or teeth was an impossibility. These were the only biscuits in use on board ship in those days, and salt junk was the only meat. Altogether, to adapt Gilbert's line about the policeman, "A voyager's life was not a happy one." Those were the days of sailing vessels, and most of them were overrun with rats, cockroaches, and in fact every possible insect. The biscuits in many instances were half consumed by weevils. All the delicacies of the twentieth century were then unknown, such as meat, vegetables, fruits, etc., preserved in tins and glass jars.

In consequence of the shallowness of the Rio de la Plata, we had to anchor seven miles out, but now I learn vessels can go close alongside the wharves and docks, Buenos Aires having become one of the finest cities in the world.

Having quite a number of letters of introduction to various merchants in the city, and one from my dear old friend Dr. Norman Macleod, of the Barony Church, Glasgow, to the Scots minister, the Rev. J. Smith, I found myself quite at home. A short time after my arrival, Mr. Holder, the master of the only English school, which was attached to the Scots Presbyterian Church, fell ill, and Mr. Smith asked me if I would undertake the management of the school. With some considerable amount of trepidation I eventually agreed to do so with his assistance. However, I managed to succeed so well, although the number of pupils, boys and girls, amounted to 140, that I continued until Mr. Holder was able to relieve me.

An incident occurred, however, which brought my sojourn in Buenos Aires to a close, for on riding out to the Baraccas,

The Mauritius

about six miles out of the city, to take tea with Mr. and Mrs. Holder, in coming round a corner at full gallop, I noticed a few men sitting among the shrubs. One of them got up and shouted "Párese Amigo!" (Stop, friend) and rushed up to me, striking me on the chest with the butt end of his gun. I was consequently nearly precipitated over the back of the horse. At that moment a horseman from the opposite direction shouted out to these men in Spanish, and when he got up to me, to my amazement I found it was the son of a Scots settler owning large estanchios on the pampas, and he said, "Good God! Cotes, what are you doing here? Don't you know that the place is in a state of siege?" I said, "I knew nothing whatever about it." He said, "If I had not come up that man would have shot you just for the sake of getting what you had on your person."

This is only one example of the state that Buenos Aires was in in those days, when it was not even safe to go out at night, for the probability was that one would have a stiletto in one's back just for the sake of robbing the victim of his watch or purse.

I was ill after this attack, and was laid up for some weeks. It was then that the doctor who attended me strongly advised me to return home. One of the firms with which I was connected having a vessel, the "Rhondda," taking horses to Mauritius, it was arranged that I should go with this vessel. The risk of taking a cargo of live horses was very great, and out of about 200 horses and 100 mules we only had about 120 left on arriving at Port Louis. They were standing during the whole of the voyage, but if they once fell, it was impossible to do anything with them, and they were thrown overboard.

The island of Mauritius is without exception the most beautiful in the world. It is volcanic and coral. One of the natives will dive and procure you a barrel load of coral in about half an hour. Sharks abound, and through them I nearly

Home and Abroad

lost my life, for whilst bathing one morning, one of them was making for me, but the mate happened to be looking over the side of the ship and shouted to me to jump into the boat, telling me to look down. I then saw the monster from which I had fortunately escaped.

The mountain called Peter Botte in this island is perhaps the most wonderful in the world. It is very high, and on the apex there is an enormous round boulder poised, which looks as though it was threatening to come down at every gust of wind. It has only been scaled three or four times, the mode adopted for doing so being by throwing a hawser over the top of it, and making it taut on the other side, the explorer climbing up this rope. This has been done, I believe, by two Englishmen and one Frenchman. It is a most hazardous and dangerous venture.

This island is the reputed home of Paul and Virginia. There is a small village called Pamplmouse a short distance from Port Louis, through which the brook runs, and where in one place there is red coral. This, they say, is the blood from Paul's foot when he carried Virginia over.

The island is small, being about nine miles across, and about double the distance in length. The principal product is sugar.

There are various uninhabited coral islands scattered about near Mauritius of various most peculiar and curious shapes, which look very weird and fantastic, standing up directly out of the water and composed entirely of coral.

On our return voyage with a cargo of sugar, we encountered a terrific storm in rounding the Cape of Good Hope, and for about 36 hours it was a grave question as to whether we should outlive it. We were forced to keep pumping all the time—in fact, “all hands to the pump.” The bilge water was converted into thick black syrup by the melting of the sugar in the hold, and the smell from it was overpowering and



My guardian, James MacEwan, of Glasgow.



Portrait of his daughter, by Francis Cotes, R.A.

PROSPERITY TO THE HOUSE OF WOODCOTE.

PROGRAMME OF PROCESSION

ON THE ATTAINMENT TO THE

MAJORITY

CHARLES CECIL COTES, ESQR.,

THE ELDER SON OF

John Cotes, of Woodcote, Solop, Esquire,

TO BE FORMED IN THE

CHETWYND & FORTON TURNPIKE ROADS,

On Wednesday, the 24th of April, 1867,

AT NINE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

NEWPORT CORPORATION BANNER:
TOWN CRIER.

ON HORSEBACK, WITH STAFF IN OFFICE.

COLORS: "THE NEWPORT VOLUNTEERS."
THE RIFLE CORPS BAND.

BANNER: "THE ARMS OF WOODCOTE."
NEWPORT COMMITTEE.

ON HORSEBACK, BEARING BREVETTES TWO AND TWO.

Mr. Holland's Silk Flags—Union Jack & Colors of all Nations.

Attendat: OX,

IN WAGON, WITH STAFF IN OFFICE.

Attendat: BANNER.

Attendat: OX,

IN WAGON, WITH STAFF IN OFFICE.

Attendat: BANNER.

Attendat: OX,

IN WAGON, WITH STAFF IN OFFICE.

Attendat: BANNER.

Attendat: OX,

IN WAGON, WITH STAFF IN OFFICE.

Attendat: BANNER.

Attendat: OX,

IN WAGON, WITH STAFF IN OFFICE.

Attendat: BANNER.

Attendat: OX,

IN WAGON, WITH STAFF IN OFFICE.

Attendat: BANNER.

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IN WAGON, WITH STAFF IN OFFICE.

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IN WAGON, WITH STAFF IN OFFICE.

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IN WAGON, WITH STAFF IN OFFICE.

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IN WAGON, WITH STAFF IN OFFICE.

Attendat: BANNER.

Attendat: OX,

IN WAGON, WITH STAFF IN OFFICE.

Attendat: BANNER.

Attendat: OX,

IN WAGON, WITH STAFF IN OFFICE.

Programme of the coming of age of my kinsman, Charles Cecil Cotes,
which I attended, at Newport, 24th April, 1867,



My wife's father, John King Clark, W.S.
of East Woodside, Glasgow.



My wife's grandfather, William Clark,
of East Woodside, Glasgow.



Our Wedding Day, 1st February, 1860.

Our Wedding Day

sickening beyond endurance—every part of the ship afterwards looked as though it had been painted a dirty black colour and had a most objectionable odour.

The 1st February, 1860, was our wedding day, which was the crowning event of my life, my marriage with my beloved and darling partner and life-long companion, whose society has—in season and out of season—been the brightest and happiest time of my life.

On the 1st February, 1885, we held the anniversary of our silver wedding at Cape Schank, near Melbourne, with our son and two daughters, whilst visiting my wife's old Ayrshire friend, Robert Anderson, a wealthy settler.

Our golden wedding was celebrated right regally at East Cliff Hall, Bournemouth, on 1st February, 1910, on which occasion Sir George Meyrick (the Lord of the Manor) and Lady Meyrick and their daughter, and about one hundred friends from far and near visited us. We also received a pile of letters from friends abroad, who congratulated us on the "happy event," from most of whom we received exceedingly beautiful and valuable souvenirs. The finest of these was the large handsome "Monteith bowl," together with a framed illuminated address with the names of the subscribers, a copy of which is here reproduced :—

TO

SIR MERTON AND LADY RUSSELL-COTES.

On the happy occasion of the celebration of your golden wedding we desire to offer you our most hearty congratulations, and we ask your acceptance of the accompanying piece of plate in token of our deep regard and esteem. In making this personal tribute of pure, warm friendship and affectionate regard, we wish to bear testimony to the grateful kindness, cheerful hospitality, and personal charm that have endeared you to so many friends during your long life of never ceasing activities in promoting the welfare and happiness of your fellow creatures.

Home and Abroad

May the golden sunset long illumine your happy union
till its glow brightens in the heavenly light of everlasting life.

SIR GEORGE MEYRICK, BART.

SIR HENRY KIMBER, BART., M.P.

SIR CHARLES SCOTTER, BART., J.P.

A. ACLAND ALLEN, M.P., Southbourne.

DR. ROBERT BELL, M.D., Ewell, Surrey.

DAVID EDWARD, Skelmorlie.

SIR SAM FAY, London.

A. A. HOLLANDER, Sydney, New South Wales.

ELIJAH HOWARTH, Sheffield.

MR. & MRS. C. D. IRWIN, Boston, U.S.A.

W. P. MANNERS, Burton-on-Trent.

T. MCGIBBON, Edinburgh.

C. R. MORRIS, North Curry.

A. W. PAINTER, Bournemouth.

MRS. A. W. PAINTER, Bournemouth.

J. H. ROBERTSON, Edinburgh.

MRS. GEORGE RUMNEY.

W. RUNCIMAN, Mayor of Simons Town, S.A.

FREDERICK SCOTTER, London.

J. ROBERTS THOMSON, M.D., Bournemouth.

GEORGE TINCKLER, London.

J. WELCH TOWNSON, Bowness-on-Windermere.

G. DEANE WEBB, Bournemouth.

W. MONTGOMERY WILSON, London.

MRS. W. MONTGOMERY WILSON, London.

REV. PAUL WYATT.

And many anonymous friends.

Many of the other gifts were of a very unique description
from friends in America, Canada, China, Africa, Trinidad,
Costa Rica, and other places.

The whole of these beautiful mementos of friendship
and goodwill are now deposited in a large octagonal glass

Our Golden Wedding

case. They will be presented in due course to the Mayor, Aldermen and Burgesses of Bournemouth, together with other personal relics, in many instances of life-long friendships, some having existed between 60 and 70 years.

It is with a grateful heart and unfeigned pleasure I record the passing of these "milestones" and our felicitous 58 years' journey together through our happy married life, and I can only quote my late friend Mr. Choate, who, on being asked whom he would marry if single, replied "Mrs. Choate!" I endorse with profound emphasis Mr. Choate's affectionate and loving appreciation of his married life. I know of no one who had a purer, more sympathetic contralto voice than my wife. Her singing had a charm for me which I never experienced in listening to anyone else. It was not only her voice but the pathetic and charming expression she threw into her singing which fascinated the listener.

Ode to Bournemouth

*B*eauteous spot in a southern bay,
*O*n a sunlit shore where the sea birds play,
*U*nspoilt by man, bedecked by Art ;
*R*ude Nature, deft skill—each doing its part.
*N*ever a town was set more fair,
*E*nriched by its rare, fir-laden air ;
*M*any and varied and charming the scenes
*O*f its valleys and hills, its ravines and denes ;
*U*pon whose soil hath the hand divine,
*T*hick sown on the banks of many a chine,
*H*eather and gorse and bracken and pine.

CHAPTER III

Residence in Dublin and Bournemouth

Life in Ireland as Resident Secretary of the "Scottish Amicable Life Assurance Society"—Bournemouth—Interview with the Duke of Argyll—Appreciations of Bournemouth—Visits of Notabilities—British Medical Association—Visits of Belgian Journalists.

"To set the face in the right direction, and then simply to travel on, unmindful and never discouraged by even frequent relapses by the way, is the secret of all human achievement."

ON my return home I was appointed by the late Mr. William Spens, the founder of the Scottish Amicable Society, to the position of Resident Secretary and Superintendent of agencies for that society in Ireland.

During my residence in Dublin, I had occasion to travel officially throughout Ireland, during my connection with the society, for some years.*

The Papist section of Ireland, *i.e.*, the south and west, *will never be reconciled to British Government. Separation is their aim absolutely, and nothing else.* For this they cannot give a reason, but it has been bred in them and instilled into the brains of each generation for centuries from childhood, by the Popish priests and Jesuits, and although now they

* It may be of interest to state that the Scottish Amicable Society was projected by the late Mr. William Spens and the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod. It arose in consequence of Mr. Spens, who was then the manager of the Scottish Widows' Fund, disagreeing with the directors' views, they declining to pay the claim of a deceased man because he had not disclosed the fact that some of his relatives had died from tuberculosis. The widow was in very straitened circumstances and Mr. Spens urged the directors to pay the claim, failing which he should feel it his duty to resign. This they declined to do; he therefore resigned, left Edinburgh, and came to Glasgow, where he founded the Scottish Amicable Society, which is a Mutual Society and one of the soundest and best in the world.

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"assume a virtue though they have it not," they find that they have raised a hatred in the minds of the people towards the British Government which cannot now be quelled. Nevertheless it is an open secret that in every respect Ireland is treated by the Government with far more leniency than any other part of the United Kingdom.

During my residence in Ireland, I never was called upon to pay any taxes of any description, neither upon dogs, horses, nor Income Tax. This is a fair example of the mode in which taxation is levied in that highly favoured country. There are many advantages accruing to the natives of Ireland which are not accorded either to the English, Scotch or Welsh, but in spite of all this they are exceedingly dissatisfied with everything and everybody, because it is their nature, and no concessions—no matter what they may be—will satisfy them. The state of the minds of the Romish element in Ireland reminds me of an anecdote told me when in Honolulu by a prominent American shopowner there, whom I met daily at the club. We were speaking of the Fenians, and he said, "They are an irreconcilable commodity, and neither Britain nor my own country, the U.S.A., will ever satisfy them." He said, "The first thing an Irishman does when he lands on the quay at New York is to walk up to a policeman, and say, "Have yez a Gouvornment yere?" 'Why, certainly,' is the reply. 'Well,' the Irishman declares, 'I'm agin it!'"

I discovered that there are two distinct peoples and characteristics in every way in Ireland. They seem to be absolutely different races.

Our visit to the South of England, and our residence eventually in Bournemouth, came about in the following manner:—

I was subject to frequent attacks of bronchitis and was from time to time laid up during the winter for several weeks at a time. After becoming convalescent after one of these

My Doctor's Advice

attacks, Dr. Sam Moore, my dear old friend and medical adviser, urged me to spend the spring in the South of England and if I could light upon a suitable spot, to finally make up my mind to reside there. I pointed out as a matter of course that it was rather a "big order," as we should lose the society of our friends and my wife's relations, among them her father, who besides being a great favourite, possessed a large circle of friends. However, the doctor still continued to seriously urge his views upon me, and eventually put his hands on my shoulders and ejaculated, "What's all the world to a man if his wife's a widow?" This quaint remark had more effect upon me than all his previous exhortations. I therefore returned home, told my wife what the doctor had advised, and she concurred.

A short time afterwards, therefore, we journeyed to London, and after visiting some friends for a few days, we commenced our south coast tour, beginning at Margate and taking each health resort *en route* until eventually we crossed over from the Isle of Wight via Lymington, to Bournemouth.

During our stay I made the acquaintance of Mr. Arthur Briant, the owner of the Royal Bath Hotel. We became very friendly, occasionally driving out together, and otherwise enjoying each other's society. On expressing to him my admiration at what I felt was a unique and idealistic spot, and that acting upon Dr. Moore's advice, we had almost decided to take up our residence in Bournemouth, he at once suggested that I should purchase his property, as a first-class investment; he having purchased it purely from that standpoint. He said that he had no knowledge of the business personally, but he had a Mrs. Martin, the lady manageress, who managed and controlled the whole affair without any interference from him at all, except, as he laughingly remarked, that he had his breakfast at 9.30, and afterwards received the cash and took it over to the bank, and that was the "Alpha

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and Omega " of his official duties in connection with the hotel. He pointed out to me further that it would relieve my wife of all the anxiety of looking out for a house, furnishing it, and all the household worries and troubles. I was rather surprised that he seemed to be so desirous of disposing of such a valuable property, which appeared to me to enjoy the most captivating position of any similar-establishment in any seaside resort we had ever visited. He explained to me, however, that he had really bought this property more for the sake of a home for his daughters than for anything else, and that they would shortly be marrying, so he would therefore prefer taking up his residence in London, where he had many friends and various interests. That, he said, was his only object, nothing else would induce him to part with it. He had had many offers, all of which he had declined, but after his daughters were married he would have no further object in remaining in Bournemouth. He also told me that the land would increase in value.

His suggestion rather appealed to me and "tickled my fancy," but at the same time I did not then see my way clear to entertain his offer.

Before leaving, however, we had a further chat on the matter, and he told me that he had a firm offer from one of his tenants in Bournemouth, but that he was not satisfied with regard to his pecuniary status, and would prefer selling it to someone with whom there would be no difficulty as to immediate payment, and who would pay prompt cash on taking possession. I therefore promised to give the matter my further serious consideration.

In the following autumn I had another attack of bronchitis, and went to the Bridge of Allan to recuperate. One morning we received a telegram from our dear old friend Charles Mathews, who had arrived in Glasgow for a week's engagement at the Theatre Royal. He generally visited us, and on this occasion he wrote begging us to return, as he did



My Mother.



My Father, Samuel Cotes, J.P., of Tettenhall.



My grandmother, Mrs. Samuel Cotes,
of Tettenhall.



My great-uncle, Benjamin Cotes, forty years
Vicar's Churchwarden, Tettenhall.

The Duke of Argyll's Visit

not feel at all comfortable without his host and hostess being with him. We therefore returned the following day, and this, I may say, in passing, was the last visit he ever paid us, as his death occurred shortly afterwards. A day or two after our return, the tablemaid brought up my letters, and the first one I opened was from Mr. Arthur Briant, from the Caledonian Yacht Club, London. He drew my attention to his promise that he would not dispose of his property without first giving me the refusal of it, and requested me to reply by telegram. My wife and I again seriously considered the matter and arrived at the conclusion that we would go there and decide the matter *pro* or *con*. To cut a long story short, we did so. The consequence was that we engaged agents in London to value the property on our behalf and Mr. Briant obtained the services of a local valuer to value for him. The result was that we took possession on Christmas Day, 1876.

One of the most important inducements that seemed to present itself to me was that by purchasing the Royal Bath Hotel Estate I should be enabled to gratify my special genius for the love of art and my weakness for building and developing property, and also afford me an opportunity to form an art gallery eventually for the art treasures, of which I had a large collection, and especially my loan collection consisting of 250 pictures, which I lent later, to the different Corporation Art Galleries throughout the Kingdom. I therefore brought together there the bulk of my collection of pictures and other works of art.

A few weeks after we had taken up our residence at the Royal Bath Hotel, the Duke of Argyll, who was staying there, one day met me in the grounds. He said, "Excuse me, but I believe you are the new owner." I answered in the affirmative. "Well," he said, "I understand also that you come from Glasgow?" "Yes," I said, "that is so." "Well now,

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if this is the case, I presume that you are the right man in the right place. If you are prepared to invest some capital in the improvement of this property I am quite sure that it will be a gold mine." I communicated these views to my friend Mr. C. C. Creeke, who was then the "leading light" in Bournemouth, being the Town Surveyor and in fact the "all in all." He at once jumped at the idea, and said he would rejoice to enlarge the hotel and "make his mark," and leave it a distinguished building in the town. We therefore settled that something should be done, and Mr. Creeke prepared plans, which were carried out, with the existing result. At the time that these additions were commenced, there seemed to be no one in Bournemouth except myself who believed in its future success and prosperity.

Numerous people threw cold water upon what they considered a risky scheme in building additions to the hotel, including one of the most shrewd and long-headed men in the town, the late Mr. Hankinson.

The following letter was received from the Vicar of our Church on our taking up our residence in Bournemouth:—

35, Rose Street,
Garnethill,
Glasgow.
December 12th, 1876.

My dear Mrs. Russell-Cotes,

I have just written to Mr. Pain on the subject of your communication, and sincerely trust that you may be successful. At the same time, I need scarcely say how sorry I shall be at losing you and Mr. Russell-Cotes as parishioners. It was with no little pleasure that I looked forward to having you and Mr. Russell-Cotes as permanent members of my congregation. I most sincerely hope that wherever you go the blessing of Almighty God, which maketh rich, may attend and rest upon you.

I would have answered your letter at once, but have had a load of cares, which even now weigh heavily upon me.

Remember me most kindly to Mr. Russell-Cotes, and believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

W. E. BRADSHAW.

Penelope's Appreciation

Among many other distinguished literary people I have known, I should like to mention Mrs. Lankester, Professor Ray Lankester's mother, who wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Penelope" in the "Queen," of which celebrated ladies' journal she was editress. In a long article which she wrote upon Bournemouth, among other things appeared the following account of the Royal Bath Hotel, which I make no apology for borrowing, so charmingly is it written :—

"This beautiful hotel which now shelters and delights me, was first opened to the public on the Queen's Coronation Day in 1838 by Sir George Tapps Gervis (the Lord of the Manor), and again after additions and improvements, re-opened in 1880. It is, as Harry Furniss says in his 'Flying Visits' to many places, 'a home of luxury and a temple of art.' Nevertheless I confess to feeling much puzzled by it at first, and I looked round at the valuable and beautiful pictures which crowned its walls, and the exquisite specimens of China and Japanese art which I saw with astonishment, for I thought in my ignorance and my estimate of things from a money-making point of view, as is usual with most of us, 'How can this vast expenditure in art and beauty be made to pay, or even to bring in a due percentage for the outlay?' So I sought Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, a kind and courteous gentleman, who is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and a great traveller; and I told him frankly of my difficulties, after I had spent several hours inspecting the pictures on the walls, and felt as if I had been walking amongst the ghosts of former Royal Academy exhibitions and other notable collections. He explained the matter to me by telling me of his love for and knowledge of art, and his desire that others beside himself should benefit by it. 'No ordinary home could be found with space enough to contain half the pictures I desire to buy,' said he, 'and I know that such possessions if wisely purchased are a good investment for my money, so whilst I

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am pleasing myself, and enjoying my life amongst my treasures, I am also advantaging others, and attracting those of similar tastes to the hotel, the arrangement and commissariat of which I entrust to a reliable and capable manager and his wife.' I saw the justice of all this, and I quite believe that Mr. Russell-Cotes from his overweening love of art is a benefactor to his generation. People have time to look at pictures when they are holiday making, and I think the taste for what is beautiful and refining may even have been created unawares in many who scarcely knew one picture from another till they entered this hotel. Perhaps I ought to say that not a single picture is ever to be bought here, and I know good offers have been made and refused. I quite endorse the graceful entry in the visitors' book made by Mr. Oscar Wilde when he left this house: 'You have built and fitted up,' he wrote, 'with the greatest beauty and elegance, a palace, and filled it with gems of art, for the use and benefit of the public at hotel prices.'

"Every sitting-room has its share of beauty, either on the walls in the shape of first-class pictures, or in cabinets of Dresden, old Worcester, or Sevres china, and the Japanese collection which was made by Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes in Japan would delight the lovers of that form of art and decoration. The mention of this word reminds me of the great beauty of the mural decorations of this wonderful hotel. Every wall, every glass door and every available window are covered with charming designs from the skilful brush of Mr. Thomas, an artist who is constantly busy here, and whose eye for colour and appreciation of the effects it can produce are really remarkable. The corridors, which are long and spacious, are full of paintings.

"The visitors' book in this hotel contains some notable signatures. I have been allowed to examine them, and there I find the names of Benjamin Disraeli, Montague Corry, now

A Unique Hotel

Lord Rowton, when they were visitors here in 1874 ; Prince Oscar of Sweden and his bride, Miss Ebba Munck, and the Duchess of Albany, the great musician Paderewski, Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, Dr. Tait (Archbishop of Canterbury), and other lesser lights, artistic, clerical or aristocratic."

And again on another occasion she says :

" On arriving at Bournemouth, we were glad to reach our comfortable hotel after so pleasant a journey, for the weather was bad, and indeed I have as yet experienced but little of the boasted climate of Bournemouth. But in the hotel where we were fortunate enough to secure rooms, one might almost be content never to go out at all. The Royal Bath Hotel, where we are so happily located, is in itself a palace, and an art gallery such as I never saw before, and certainly never aspired to live in. It is the only hotel on the East Cliff, and has all the advantages of the morning sun ; it is also the oldest in point of date, though the youngest in the adoption of all modern appliances for the use of its visitors. Fifty years ago Bournemouth itself was scarcely known to any but a few smugglers, and it only contained a few hovels and a decoy pond. Now that the value of its dry, porous, sandy soil is recognised, it is increasing daily in population, and the vast numbers of new houses lately built are all in good taste and very picturesque."

The London Press generally became conscious of the charm of the place, and the following description appeared in " Black and White," October, 1891 :—

" The Royal Bath, which is not only the most fascinating of hotels, but is the acknowledged show place of Bournemouth, is distinctly ahead of the age in catering for the public. The interior of this hotel, where King Edward VII (when Prince of Wales), the Empress Eugénie, her Majesty of Sweden, and other crowned heads have put up, the house which Earl Beaconsfield made his own, is a museum of art treasures, and

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cannot, therefore, be compared with ordinary caravanserais. Its lengthy corridors are hung with specimens of the choicest works of such artists as Turner, Corot, Tadema, Sidney Cooper, Edwin Long, Jno. Linnell, Landseer, David Murray, W. L. Wyllie, Herkomer, Fildes, Etty, Webster, Dendy Sadler, Waterlow, and hosts of others. Mixed with the scores of oil paintings are many grand pieces of sculpture, ormolu bronzes, and the perfect taste displayed in their arrangement is a revelation. A vast apartment on the ground floor is devoted to a Japanese collection, probably without equal in either hemisphere. Naturally all these wonders have taken the owner years to collect, and the value has never been properly estimated, though judges have put it down at nearer £300,000 than a quarter of a million. The Royal Bath, then, is naturally the aristocratic hotel, and in its pillared dining room, which is a replica of the Egyptian Hall at our own Mansion House, with a gallery for musicians, may be seen at this season the *élite* of the Bournemouth visitors. It is surrounded by very spacious grounds, laid out with a skill that might make the shade of Le Noir pale with envy could he look down on the scene. The Royal Bath and the pleasure grounds, which run for more than a mile and a half through the town, are the two principal sights in Bournemouth."

My personal connection as Chairman of the Royal Bath Hotel frequently brought me into contact with the most distinguished personages in the land, all of whom I invariably found to be most delightfully courteous people to meet. It will be fitting at this point of my narrative to bring together some recollections of these gracious folk. Among that number was the Empress Eugénie. I received a telegram from Queen Victoria's secretary, Major Sir Arthur Bigge (now Lord Stamfordham) from Osborne House, requesting me to meet the Empress Eugénie at the Bournemouth Station on the 31st January, 1881, who was coming to pay a visit to H.M.

The Empress Eugenie's Visit

The Queen of Sweden. Mr. Egidijs (the Swedish Ambassador at the Court of Copenhagen) and I awaited Her Majesty's arrival at the railway station, where I had the honour of handing Her Majesty out of her compartment and escorting her to the carriage which was in waiting. She was accompanied by Madame D'Arcas and the Duke de Bassano, whom we found to be charming people.

On her arrival at the Royal Bath Hotel, my daughter presented a bouquet of flowers to Her Majesty, which she graciously accepted, and expressed her thanks.

A very interesting incident occurred on that occasion, for on walking through the lounge she noticed a cabinet, at which she seemed to be very much upset, and explained something in French in a very excited manner to Sir Arthur Bigge. I noticed she was almost in a fainting condition, and sat down in a chair. I immediately ordered one of the waiters in attendance to bring Her Majesty a glass of water, which she drank and recovered herself. Sir Arthur asked me afterwards where I had obtained the cabinet, as Her Majesty had recognised it as belonging to her, it having been part of the furnishing of her boudoir at St. Cloud. I told him that this cabinet, together with various other properties, I had purchased from Mr. John Anderson, of Glasgow, who purchased about £30,000 worth of art property, furniture, and effects at the sale in the Palais Royale after the Commune.

On her departure she expressed herself as being extremely pleased and delighted with everything, and said she "hoped to pay another visit to Bournemouth." She also expressed a hope that my wife and I would pay Her Majesty a visit at Farnborough Hill.

I afterwards received from her a valuable diamond ring, with the following inscription upon it:—"From the Empress Eugenie to M. Russell-Cotes, 31st January, 1881. Souvenir."

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Her Majesty was born at Granada in Spain, and was the daughter of Count Montijo, and on the mother's side of Scottish descent. She married Napoleon III in 1853, and for many years kept a brilliant court. During the Franco-Prussian War she escaped from Paris in disguise to England, Louis Napoleon joining her eventually. He died at Chislehurst, and the Prince Imperial went out to the Zulu War in 1879 and was killed there. Although a most regrettable circumstance, by his death he really escaped a life of intrigue, disappointment and worry. The Empress Eugénie, it has been said, was the real cause of the Franco-Prussian War through her advocacy of Popish claims and domination.

As one who has the interests of Bournemouth so much at heart, I was greatly delighted with the account of the entertainment of the King and Queen of Sweden in Bournemouth, which appeared in "The Times," May 26th, 1881 :—

"Before leaving Bournemouth an address of welcome was presented to their Majesties. The King in reply said : 'I beg to return, on behalf of myself and the Queen, my best thanks for your address, and for the feeling manner in which it has been spoken. Certainly, you may feel assured that we shall always, with warmest feelings, think of our stay amongst you, and we shall always have the best wishes for the welfare of this place.'

"An album was then presented to their Majesties containing some of the principal views of Bournemouth, amongst which were the new pier, opened by the Lord Mayor of London, and the Royal Bath Hotel, re-opened by his Lordship on the 11th August last.

"His Majesty was afterwards entertained at luncheon by a few of the principal inhabitants of Bournemouth, the chair being occupied by Dr. Alfred Meadows, physician to St. Mary's Hospital, London, who, after giving the usual loyal toasts, proposed the health of the King of Sweden.

King and Queen of Sweden

“ His Majesty, in acknowledging the toast, said : ‘ Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to express my most sincere and deeply felt thanks for the toast which you have so kindly proposed, and do so on behalf of myself, the Queen and my Royal Family, and in return I beg to propose to you a toast, viz : “ The Welfare of Bournemouth.” Long before I came here amongst you, I heard that Bournemouth was considered to be a comparatively new place, and after what I have seen I know it is a rising place. When the Queen of Sweden came here in the month of January last, in the midst of a winter which was, as you know, everywhere unusually hard, she did so to recover strength from long years of suffering, and on her arrival she was immediately struck with the charms of this place. She found here not only a quiet and comfortable home, but she was delighted with the softness of the air, the mildness of the climate, the dryness of the soil, and that charming evergreen which is to a northern eye of so great a value. She came back to Sweden, and with me returned here a few months later, when we both had occasion to appreciate, in a still higher degree, the merits of the place. Bournemouth was then in all the glories of springtime. The sun stood high in the pure sky, and shone glittering on the surface of the sea, casting its light on the beaches of the Isle of Wight and of this place, and behind those high beaches were the gardens in which the red rhododendrons and other flowers displayed their blossoms. We found here just what we wished. We desired a quiet, happy rest, and at the same time we found what we had scarcely dared to hope for, kindness and greeting from everyone from the first day we came among you. For this we feel indeed grateful to all of you, not only for the reception given to the Queen and myself to-day, but for the great kindness shown to us from the first moment we came here. We shall never forget this place, and shall ever feel the greatest interest in its prosperity and welfare. With these few remarks, I will

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ask you, ladies and gentlemen, to accept the toast I have great pleasure in proposing, "The Welfare of Bournemouth."'''

A few other visits of notabilities are indicated by the following extracts, which I feel sure will prove of interest.

From the "Daily Telegraph"—

"THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY AT BOURNEMOUTH.

"Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany, attended by Miss Edith Heron-Maxwell and Sir Robert Collins, visited Bournemouth yesterday for the purpose of distributing some prizes at the Industrial and Loan Exhibition in that town. Notwithstanding the continuous rain, which to some extent marred the day's proceedings, groups of spectators gathered around the station and along the route to the Royal Bath Hotel, and Her Royal Highness was heartily cheered. On alighting at the hotel, which was profusely decorated with bunting, the Duchess of Albany accepted a handsome bouquet of roses from Miss Clarie Cotes, and subsequently took luncheon in the south wing of the hotel, which commands an extensive view from the East Cliff.

"In the course of the afternoon the directors of the London and South Western Railway entertained a numerous company at luncheon in the dining hall of the Royal Bath Hotel."

From the "Court Journal," August 30th, 1882:—

"BOURNEMOUTH AS A SUMMER RESORT.

"The Duke and Duchess of Westminster stopped for several days last week at the Royal Bath Hotel, and this week that famous hostelry has been honoured with the presence of Sir Stafford and Lady Northcote. Sir Stafford occupied the rooms which were occupied by the late Earl Beaconsfield, when he visited Bournemouth during a severe illness some few years ago. Sir Stafford, during his sojourn, received an address from the local Conservative Association at the hotel, and he made an important speech in reply, Sir Stafford remark-

Sir Stafford Northcote's Visit

ing that he recognised the rooms reserved for him and Lady Northcote as being the same in which he had dined with the late Earl on his birthday, the 21st December, 1874. Sir Stafford was much charmed with the Japanese drawing room and souvenirs of the late Earl Beaconsfield's visit, more particularly the little table used by him during his illness, and sojourn at the hotel during the winter 1874 to 1875. In order to make the favourite watering place more accessible from the metropolis, Mr. Russell-Cotes has suggested to the directors of the London and South Western Railway a plan which they agreed to, to shorten the distance by rail between London and Bournemouth, by making a new line between Bournemouth and Brockenhurst, thus avoiding the narrow circuitous route between Christchurch and Ringwood. It is stated that the proposed line, when carried out, will render Bournemouth accessible from London by a journey of two and a half hours. The principal landowners concerned have signified their assent to the scheme."

Other doings in connection with my residence in the town may be gleaned from some of the accounts of visits to Bournemouth of various societies and notable people.

From the " Bournemouth Visitors' Directory " of November 22nd, 1890 :—

" THE VISIT OF THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

" A GENEROUS OFFER.

" Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, with his customary liberality has offered a contribution of no less than 200 guineas towards the guarantee fund in connection with the coming visit of the British Medical Association to Bournemouth. Mr. Russell-Cotes hopes that Bournemouth will give the association a right royal welcome, and as one of our leading townsmen, he has set a splendid example of liberality."

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From the "Bournemouth Visitors' Directory," August, 1891 :—

"VISIT OF THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

"GARDEN PARTY AT THE ROYAL BATH HOTEL.

"The unfavourable weather on Wednesday afternoon militated considerably against what would otherwise have been, in all probability, one of the most imposing outdoor functions of the British Medical Association week in Bournemouth, namely, the garden party given by Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, F.R.G.S., and Mrs. Russell-Cotes, at the Royal Bath Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes are noted for their liberality and hospitality on every occasion of public importance, but their previous endeavours in this direction were eclipsed by the arrangements which they had made for this occasion to administer to the pleasure of their guests, and to make a red letter mark in the history of the week's proceedings. The clerk of the weather, however, stepped in and put a damper on the arrangements. In the grounds of the hotel on the cliff, from which magnificent sea views are of course obtained, a handsomely equipped marquee or pavilion was erected with openings leading into the hotel at the end, and with French windows leading from the side into the grounds of the hotel. The roof of the pavilion was adorned with red and white striped drapery, the walls being painted to represent a room, and the panels intersected with long mirrors. It was of course carpeted throughout. At one end was a buffet at which the choicest of light refreshments were obtainable, while at the other end (that leading from the hotel) was a platform for the band and vocal music.

"The rooms of the hotel and the many handsome suites of apartments were open to the inspection of the visitors, and special interest was taken in the collection of high class paintings which adorned the walls; in the art treasures which Mr. Russell-Cotes had collected during his travels in all parts of

British Medical Association

the world; in Edward VII's room, in the Mikado's room, the Prince of Wales' room, the Empress Eugénie's room, the Duchess of Albany's room, the "Beaconsfield" and other rooms, of which Mr. Russell-Cotes is deservedly proud to speak. By special permission of Colonel Trotter, the band of the Grenadier Guards was present, and performed a fine selection of music. In addition to this Madame Cecil Newling sang splendidly during the afternoon in the pavilion, and in one of the rooms of the hotel. Mrs. Albert Barker gave several excellent recitations. A novel feature was the appearance of a number of correctly dressed Yeomen of the Guard, or 'Beefeaters,' as they are generally called, stationed at the doors and other entrances.

"The invitations accepted numbered considerably over five hundred and among those present were the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury, the Earl of Portarlington, Lady Meyrick, the Misses Meyrick, Mr. and Mrs. Meyrick, Lady Constance Munro, Sir R. N. Howard, Sir Henry Acland, Sir Walter Foster, Judge Mackonochie and Mrs. Mackonochie, the Mayor and Mayoress, Dr. J. Roberts Thomson (President of the Medical Association) and Mrs. Thomson, and many members of the association and leading inhabitants of Bournemouth and neighbourhood. The guests, as they arrived, were welcomed in the east corridor by Mr. and Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes, and although they were compelled to spend most of the time subsequently in the pavilion, about half-past five the sun shone out brilliantly and allowed a promenade in the well-kept grounds, the latter portion of the programme of music by the band of the Grenadier Guards, under Lieut. Dan Godfrey, being played on one of the terraces."

Quoted from "The Queen," August, 1891:—

"The reception and ball to be given by the President and local Medical Committee on the occasion of the visit of the British Medical Association to Bournemouth, July 29th next,

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is to be held at the Royal Bath Hotel, and on the following day the banquet to the members of the British Medical Association is also to be held at the Royal Bath Hotel. It will be a grand function, and we understand, besides various unique entertainments, the band of the Grenadier Guards (under Lieut. Dan Godfrey) will be retained by Mr. Russell-Cotes for these occasions. We hear that the latter gentleman has subscribed £260 towards the guarantee fund for the entertainment of the members of the British Medical Association."

Bournemouth had the privilege of listening to the splendid band of the Grenadier Guards, when, by permission of the Colonel, I engaged it to play on this occasion, and also on the visit of His Majesty, the late King Edward VII (then Prince of Wales) on the opening of the Royal Victoria Hospital; and on the visit of His Royal Highness, the late Prince Henry of Battenberg, as my guest, during my Mayoralty, June, 1895; and on another occasion, at the meeting of the British Medical Association, when my late beloved friend Dr. Roberts Thomson was President, when I was unanimously elected as the Honorary Contoller of the whole arrangements and proceedings, assisted by Dr. William Davison, a personal friend of mine, to oblige whom and my dear old friend Dr. Roberts Thomson, I was induced to abandon our winter sojourn abroad in order to devote my time to carrying out the details.

Letter from Clement Scott, the great journalist, *re* visit :—

15, Woburn Square, W.C.

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

You will see by the enclosed document that I have an important mission to perform at Bournemouth. Every sense of hospitality has been offered to me, but my friend, Mr. Joseph Pike, says that you know more of Bournemouth than any man living, and will help me in my task. I go first to the Isle of Wight

Yours sincerely,

CLEMENT SCOTT.

Belgian Journalists' Visit

Reprinted from the "Guardian," 28th July, 1906 :—

"VISIT OF BELGIAN JOURNALISTS.

"At a special meeting of the Bournemouth County Borough Council on Thursday, it was stated that a party of thirty journalists are to visit England in August. On August 7th they will arrive at Southampton, on the 8th they will visit Portsmouth, and on the 9th they will proceed to Cowes. Returning to Southampton, they will in the afternoon travel by train to Bournemouth, arriving at the Central Station at about four o'clock. They will then be taken for a ride round the borough by the Corporation, visiting the cliff drives and the parks, and in the evening will be entertained at dinner at the Royal Bath Hotel by Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, afterwards attending special *al fresco* concerts on the pier and at the Winter Gardens. In the evening the Central Gardens will be illuminated. Special cars will convey the visitors from the Square to the Central Station, where they will leave for Southampton at 10.35. These arrangements were ratified by the Council on the recommendation of the General Purposes Committee."

From the "Bournemouth Visitors' Directory," August 11th, 1906 :—

"The chairman and directors of the Royal Bath Hotel invited the members of the Belgian Press Association, together with the Mayor and members of the Corporation, to a banquet, and on arriving at the hotel the guests were received on behalf of the directors by Mr. H. V. M. Cotes. The guests were immediately escorted to the hotel ground. After, the company assembled for dinner, which was admirably served and of an excellent character, in the large dining hall. During dinner, the Royal Bath Hotel Orchestra, under the direction of Signor Antonio Meo, gave selections."

During the visit of the Belgian journalists to Bournemouth, the following appeared in the "Bournemouth Daily Echo" of the 10th August, 1906 :—

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" The Mayor then gave the toast of the Belgian Press Association, remarking he would liked to have submitted the toast in a language that would have been thoroughly understood by all his hearers, but would have to content himself by conveying his remarks in broken English. (Laughter.) He was present at a dinner a short time ago when the German editors were entertained. He was much impressed by the speeches, not by reason of what was said, but by the manner in which it was said. If anyone was to be impressed that evening by the speeches, he was afraid it would be himself. But he assured them that it was with the greatest pleasure that he proposed that toast, for it was with cordial sincerity that the town of Bournemouth welcomed its Belgian visitors. Meeting in that splendid hotel, he was reminded that the King of the Belgians had stayed there, as had indeed most of the celebrities of Europe. Under such happy auspices they were glad to welcome the journalists of Belgium, and were the more pleased because they knew it would strengthen the growth of that friendly feeling which was increasing between the two nations, and which they hoped would ever continue. . .

" Alderman Beale afterwards proposed the thanks of the gathering to the chairman and directors of the hotel for their hospitality. The name of Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, one known all over the country, was always associated with great hospitality. In their chairman they had the worthy son of a worthy sire. To Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, and to his son, Mr. Herbert V. M. Cotes, they expressed their most cordial and sincere thanks for the great hospitality shown. (Applause.)

" Mr. H. V. M. Cotes, in reply, thanked the company for the manner in which the toast had been received, and added that his father and himself were only too delighted to have had the honour of entertaining that company of Continental journalists. Even during his own short experience he had always found pressmen the very best of fellows, men of the world, and men of common sense, whom it was a pleasure to meet."



Tettenhall Church.
Showing my father's tomb below the ancient yew tree.



Tomb of the late Samuel Cotes, J.P., of Tettenhall, Staffs.
(This yew tree is many centuries old and its hollow trunk holds eight people.)



Boscobel Tower, Staffordshire.

Where Charles I was hidden in the chimney marked with X. Adjacent is the old oak tree in which he was afterwards hidden.



Merton College, Oxford.

" Intense mental activity, steadily directed to some leading pursuit, is the source of all distinction."

* * *

" Every man's concern with the place where he lives has something more in it than the mere amount of rates and taxes that he has to pay."

* * *

" It is the man who determines the dignity of the occupation, not the occupation which measures the dignity of the man."

* * *

" The immediately possible is hardly worth living for. It is the ideal that kindles enthusiasm, and gives inspiration and vigour to all human effort."

* * *

" The clouds I feared and worried about, and concerning which I wasted so much precious strength, lost their frown and revealed themselves as my friends. Other clouds never arrived—they were purely imaginary, or they melted away before they reached my threshold."

CHAPTER IV

Membership of the Board of Commissioners

Board of Commissioners—My friend Christopher Crabbe Creeke—Improved Railway Facilities for Bournemouth—Visit of H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany—Sir Charles Scotter—The “Sanitary” Hospital—Mayor’s Mace and Badge—“The Right Worshipful the Mayor”

“Those who are quite satisfied sit still and do nothing ; those who are not quite satisfied are the sole benefactors of the world.”

—W. S. LANDOR.

ONCE established in Bournemouth, my ideal of citizenship soon led to my making efforts towards its development.

As a first step I became a candidate along with Mr. Christopher Crabbe Creeke, who may in many senses be regarded as “the father” of Bournemouth, for a seat on the Board of Improvement Commissioners, and issued the following address to the ratepayers :—

TO THE RATEPAYERS OF BOURNEMOUTH.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—Having been invited by my fellow townsmen to offer myself—and being nominated by my friend, Mr. Beechey—as a candidate to represent your interests on the Board of Commissioners, I have pleasure in placing my services at your disposal. I think I cannot give a better reason for offering myself to fill the vacancy created by Mr. Beechey’s resignation than the endeavours I have made in co-operating by every means in my power to advance the popularity of our town, viz., the large sums I have expended in improvements, and the pleasure it gave me to entertain the Lord Mayor as your guest. It will at all times afford me equal satisfaction to ally myself, pecuniarily or otherwise, with any future movement that may be conducive to further promote

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the popularity of our now far-famed health resort. As one of the largest ratepayers, I shall be a determined opponent of any unnecessary expenditure of the public funds—particularly in VEXATIOUS LITIGATIONS. I shall uniformly support any measure calculated to the improvement of the town in making better provision for the COMFORT OF RESIDENTS AND VISITORS, they being the source of income. There are many ways in which the object might be promoted by a careful and well considered outlay. The proposal to erect Commissioners' offices, or any other buildings whatever, in any part of the pleasure grounds (one of our greatest attractions) I shall strenuously oppose. I would, however, endorse any moderate plan for widening the bridge at the "Square." I quite share the views of the medical faculty in their desire to increase the cultivation of pine trees, which are the primary cause of Bournemouth's rise to its present eminence, and I shall consider it my duty to assist in carrying out their ideas. I should also be glad to see—in furtherance of this view—evergreen trees planted along the whole of the public roads and open spaces, in order to give protection in the winter and shade in the summer. An accelerated train service is needed to and from London for the convenience of residents and their friends ; also better carriages and reduced goods rates—the latter being so high, presses heavily on our tradesmen, and does not give them a fair chance of competing with other seaside resorts, and consequently making it more expensive for families residing here. Deputations on these points to the London and South Western Railway Company should be persisted in, till these objects are attained. Should you confer on me the honour of electing me, I shall conscientiously strive to carry out your views, gain your confidence, and forward the bona fide interests of the

Board of Commissioners

town, and consequently those of my fellow townsmen and ratepayers.

I am,

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Your most obedient servant,

MERTON RUSSELL-COTES.*

24th March, 1881.

During our candidature, Mr. Creeke and I held a meeting of ratepayers at the South Western Hotel, Holdenhurst Road. The room was crowded to excess, and during my speech I ventured to prophesy that the time would come, and probably in a much shorter period than was expected, when Bournemouth would be connected with Christchurch on the east, and Poole on the west sides. Several of the audience, who evidently were natives, called out, "What do you know about it?" My reply was that "those who were looking at the game could frequently see the winning side quicker than those who were playing the game, and if the gentlemen who held different views from my own would kindly withhold their remarks until I had finished, I should be delighted if they would come on the platform and ventilate their own views of the case." This was received with acclamation, and I was allowed to finish my speech without further interruption. These remarks emanated from several of those who were natives of the place, and probably had never been more than twenty or thirty miles from the neighbourhood. I only state this incident to show the type of persecution a new-comer has to undergo who is anxious to develop and promote the welfare of the place in which he has made his home, but I suppose this is equally applicable to all other undeveloped places. The native born people of the place always look upon new-comers with suspicion and jealousy, and as interlopers. Such was the case with myself for many years, perhaps more

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especially because I left no stone unturned to introduce every improvement that would tend to induce the patronage of visitors to a health resort, because of there being at that time no attractions whatever in Bournemouth.

A *propos* of the above incident, at that period there were only about three houses dotted about between Boscombe Chine and Christchurch on the east side, and the same applied to the west side from Westbourne to Parkstone. Anyone who will take a tramcar from Poole to Christchurch will see that my words have been verified, and not only verified, but far beyond anything that anyone at that period could have imagined. Both of these suburbs are now covered with villas, streets and shops of every description, and from being a small, insignificant seaside resort, Bournemouth has become the leading health resort in the kingdom.

As Mr. Creeke worked so assiduously with me in so many of the schemes for the development of Bournemouth, this pen picture of him and his work from the columns of the "Guardian," February 6th, 1909, is not without interest —

"THE LATE MR. CHRISTOPHER CREEKE.

"There is something noble and refined about the town as Mr. Creeke helped to plan it, though he may have builded better than he knew. We remember the old man well. He had more of the architect about him than the surveyor, and he loved the early Bournemouth ground owners who so gladly gave him room to operate in. Yet he was no narrow visionary, thinking only of Bournemouth as a place of handsome mansions in acres of gardens. He knew the town was bound to grow, and though he died many years back and is now a memory, he advocated connecting Bournemouth and Boscombe with an undercliff drive, when there was not too much Bournemouth and precious little Boscombe. We like the old man for that, and years back got much of our enthusiasm for his projects from talks with him. A bit pompous, perhaps, in his way,

Christopher Crabbe Creeke

he was always open to discuss such things with any seemingly friendly person, and it would be no unfitting memorial of him if his statue were placed at the entrance to the present drive. The handsome marble bust of Mr. Creeke, presented to the town this week by Mr. Russell-Cotes, J.P., finds a fitting place in the Council chamber, and should be an incentive to our local legislators to continue to make Bournemouth as beautiful as our late revered friend conceived it in the early days.

“ Mr. Creeke was far-seeing and big-minded, not by any means a mere layer of sewers and paver of roads. Wherever the Bournemouth man comes across in the old town winding roads, roads with strips of bushes between the carriage way and the paths, roads with oases of trees where they met other road curves and bends, and an absence of right angles and stiffness, there he will see the mark of Christopher Crabbe Creeke. And that is only one thing, yet characteristic of him. For in all the planning he did for land magnates and the town that paid him a moderate salary, he worked on a big scale, and with an eye to artistic effect. For that we owe him a lot.

“ Our less imaginative minds jib at latter day miracles, and we accept the truth that our towns were like Topsy, and have simply ‘grewed.’ But even in that quiet process it is often possible to find out some person who may more aptly deserve the name of its ‘father’ than anyone else, and in the case of Bournemouth few who knew the late Mr. C. C. Creeke and his works will cavil at the application of that word to his name in regard to the town. Bournemouth was here before Mr. Creeke. The land has always preceded the man. The world was firm and well stocked with necessities before Adam started naming the animals and growing vegetables, and Bournemouth was an inhabited place, with its policeman, its postman and its public house, before Mr. Creeke intervened. It was, however,

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a very small place, and when its first surveyor opened his office door for business the map had to be drawn. Main out-lines were there, cliffs and chines and so on, also thousands of acres of young fir trees, and many more acres of open heath. And Mr. Creeke drew the map."

When a member of the Local Commissioners I fully realised how unsatisfactory was the service between London and Bournemouth on the L. & S.W. Railway. I, therefore, at once set to work determined to adopt every means in my power to "wake up" the directors and officials of the railway company.

Journeying down from Waterloo to Bournemouth we had to wait three-quarters of an hour at Ringwood, and from there to Bournemouth the railway consisted of a serpentine permanent way, which wriggled about from side to side in such a manner that we expected to be precipitated either to the right or the left. Many families coming to Bournemouth at that time would not risk going back the same way, and often engaged a carriage to take them to Ringwood, and so escape this undesirable journey. It was based upon these facts that I induced the late Sir Wyndham Portal to consider the advisability of cutting a direct line from Christchurch to Brockenhurst, which was eventually done at my instigation.

The matter came about just as I had hoped for. Sir Wyndham Portal—then Mr. Wyndham Portal—came to me and after chatting about various things, said "Is there anything, my friend, that you consider wants improving in regard to the railway facilities?" My reply was, "You want to make Bournemouth a first-class health resort? Well, you will never succeed in doing it!" "Why?" he asked. "Because," I said, "the railway facilities make it altogether impracticable. The journey from London to Bournemouth occupies double the time it should, but the sole obstacle for the travelling public is the line between Ringwood and Bourne-

The "Direct Line"

mouth." His reply was that the line had not been built by them, that it was a private enterprise, and that in obtaining Parliamentary powers, the land owners along the line agreed to it conditionally that it should be so constructed by the promoters, that it would take each owner to his own residence. Therefore this line had to twist about from one side to the other. Moreover, it was to the advantage of the contractors that it should be so, as it was to be paid for according to mileage and not by contract.

A few weeks after the above interview Mr. Wyndham Portal paid me a visit and with his genial smile and hearty handshake, exclaimed "Well, my dear friend, you are going to get your 'direct line' carried out, and you will have Jacomb and Verrinder down here very soon with their surveyors and plans." And so the direct line was carried through, but not without several serious difficulties arising, as we anticipated, one being with the late Sir George Meyrick, whom I knew intimately, so the directors of the L. & S.W. Railway appealed to me to see him, and I did so, but he would not listen to a word about the line running through his estate at first. I pointed out to him the different enormous advantages that would accrue to Bournemouth, and the improvement consequently in value to his Bournemouth estate, if he would not oppose this scheme. I had instructions from the directors to say that they would construct a station for him as near to Hinton Admiral as he desired. After a long talk, Lady Meyrick saw the advantages and persuaded Sir George to consent, which he eventually did, and so the line was carried out, as it now exists between Christchurch and Brockenhurst. The first contractor who took this in hand became bankrupt, because of the shifting sands in the cuttings. It was then handed over to Sir John Aird, who constructed the great Nile barrage. He made cuttings and filled them with stones and rubble.

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The new route, besides solving the problem of the railway facilities, had the desired effect of decreasing the length of the journey from about three or three and a half to two hours.

From the "Bournemouth Observer," April 2nd, 1881 :—

"RAILWAY FACILITIES FOR BOURNEMOUTH.

"To the Editor.

"Sir,—I have the pleasure to inform you that I have been in communication with Mr. Wyndham S. Portal, Deputy Chairman of the London and South Western Railway Company, in reference to the reduction of goods rates, accelerated train service, and better passenger accommodation, between London and Bournemouth, in order to raise this town from a 'branch' to a first-class station. I am now authorised by Mr. Wyndham S. Portal to state that he will be much pleased to meet a deputation on the above subjects at the Royal Bath Hotel, at 2 p.m., on Monday next, the 4th inst. Meanwhile, I shall be pleased to confer with any gentlemen upon any points appertaining to this matter in order to bring it to a successful issue. You will much favour me by inserting this letter, there not being sufficient time to call personally upon all those interested in the matter, or who would wish to take part in the deputation, this being a public question.

"Yours faithfully,

"April 1st, 1881."

"MERTON RUSSELL-COTES.

From the "Bournemouth Observer," April 6th, 1881 :—

"RAILWAY FACILITIES FOR BOURNEMOUTH.

"On Monday afternoon a deputation representing various Bournemouth interests in Bournemouth attended at the Royal Bath Hotel, on the invitation of Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, for the purpose of meeting Mr. Wyndham S. Portal, Deputy Chairman of the London and South Western Railway Company, in reference to the reduction of goods rates, accelerated train service, and better passenger accommodation between London

Railway Facilities for Bournemouth

and Bournemouth, in order to raise this town from a branch to a first-class station. Invitations had been sent to numerous residents.

“ Mr. Portal, on the deputation being introduced, said that at the request of Mr. Russell-Cotes, who appeared to be very active and zealous in trying to promote the good of Bournemouth, he (Mr. Portal), who was staying in the town, had consented to spend half an hour in meeting a few gentlemen of Bournemouth, in order that they might state to him, who happened to have the honour of being one of the directors of the South Western Railway Company, their views with regard to certain improvements which in their judgment they considered might be brought into practice for the benefit, no doubt, of the company, but certainly for the benefit of Bournemouth. He would like for there to be no possible misunderstanding as to the nature of that interview. He was present that day, not as a director of the company, but as one who was occupying a suite of rooms in the hotel in which they had met. There were, in fact, few things that he would less have expected than that he should have been asked to receive a deputation. Being a native of Hampshire, very fond of the country, and particularly so of Bournemouth, he had come to Bournemouth, after an absence of some years, and found that the place had undergone a kind of transformation.”

Further negotiations ensued and many visits from the London and South Western Railway officials, especially embracing my personal efforts to induce Sir George Meyrick to consent to the new line being cut through his estate at Hinton Admiral, took place. After obtaining this, the carrying out of the new line was at once proceeded with, to my great gratification and delight.

From the “ Bournemouth Observer ” :—

“ At a meeting of the Bournemouth Board of Improvement Commissioners, the committee reported that the Clerk had

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been instructed to write to the Chairman of the London and South Western Railway asking that the ceremony of cutting the first sod of the new direct line might take place at Bournemouth.

"The Clerk said he had written as directed to the Chairman of the South Western Company, and had, in reply, received a letter stating that the matter should be laid before the directors. He had also, at the direction of Mr. Russell-Cotes, written to Mr. Archibald Scott, the secretary of the company.

"Mr. Russell-Cotes mentioned that he had had some private correspondence on the subject with gentlemen connected with the South Western Company, and handed the following, amongst other letters, to the chairman:—

"London and South Western Railway,

"Traffic Superintendent's Office, Waterloo.

"November 1st, 1883.

"My dear Sir,—In reference to your letter of the 25th ult., I have seen Mr. Jacomb respecting the cutting of the first sod of the new line to Bournemouth, and so far as at present arranged, there will be two ceremonies, one near Christchurch, and the other at Bournemouth.

"I hope this will suit all parties.

"Yours faithfully,

"E. A. VERRINDER.

"To Merton Russell-Cotes, Esqre., Bournemouth."

These plans also had a personal interest, for among the numerous friends that I have loved and lost was my dear late friend, Sir Charles Scotter. I first knew him when he was connected with the M.S. & L. Railway, when he resided in Bowdon, Cheshire. On his being appointed general manager of the London and South Western Railway, we became fast and constant friends, and met repeatedly.

He was very fond of Bournemouth, and was a frequent visitor. He had the development and prosperity of Bourne-

Sir Charles Scotter

mouth very much at heart, and he did all he possibly could for the borough by his determined efforts to improve and accelerate the railway service between Waterloo and Bournemouth.

The inauguration of the running of the first Pullman cars on the line was performed by H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, who travelled down to Bournemouth in one of them, together with Sir Charles Scotter, Sir Wyndham Portal, and several of the other directors. On this occasion I placed our own private sitting room at their disposal, and we had lunch there. In this room I had a picture called "Weary," by Edwin Radford, which on noticing, H.R.H. remarked that she had one like it. The following, however, was actually what occurred : I purchased this picture in Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery, Bond Street, and I allowed it to remain until their exhibition closed. A few days after I had purchased it, the Duke and Duchess of Albany visited the gallery, saw this picture, and wished to purchase it. Mr. Dowdeswell explained to them that it was already sold to me, but that he would write to me, which he did, and I, not wishing to part with the picture, suggested that if Mr. Radford would not object to paint a replica, I would be perfectly willing for him to do so. This he did, the replica being slightly smaller.

On another occasion H.R.H. visited Bournemouth accompanied by Sir Charles, for the purpose of opening a small exhibition of pictures, to which I largely contributed.

Sir Charles was rather a martinet in his official capacity and rather brusque in his manner, especially to strangers, but was a generous and kindly hearted man and much beloved by the staff of employées under his control. Beneath his rough and abrupt manner he possessed a kindly disposition.

I often brought to his notice various matters appertaining to the railway which I thought were calculated to improve and accelerate the service, and in no case did I plead in vain.

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In fact, in season and out of season he co-operated with me in every possible way in developing and bringing Bournemouth to the front. He was not only a frequent visitor himself, but he rarely came alone, and had troops of friends, many of whom held important positions in the Government.

He was a welcome guest on all occasions, and he and Sir Wyndham Portal were invited by me to all my functions.

During one of Irving's short holiday visits, and after we had dined together, Sir Charles Scotter's card was brought up to me. I asked Irving if I might introduce him, and he replied, "By all means, I shall be delighted to meet him." It was on that occasion that Irving told us of the incident which occurred in a Harley Street doctor's consulting room, to which I have referred in my memoirs of my beloved late friend, Sir Henry Irving.

On the last occasion that I ever saw Sir Charles Scotter, he was at his office at Waterloo, where he had just arrived from the Board room. He appeared very unwell, having been seriously ill for some time previously. This illness was brought on by mental strain in connection with his official position as one of the members of the Irish Light Railway Commission. He, however, asked me if I would accompany him to make a call in Regent Street. We therefore drove in his carriage to the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., where he purchased a wedding present. We afterwards shook hands and said "good-bye," after which I never saw my dear old friend again. He had a relapse, grew worse, and passed away.

On his death Bournemouth lost one of its best and most ardent friends.

The fact of my having been the instigator of the new direct line being built between Christchurch and Brockenhurst was never known until Sir Charles Scotter, when chairman of the L. & S.W. Railway, stated it in his speech in proposing the health of my wife and myself on the occasion of the freedom

Instigator of Direct Line

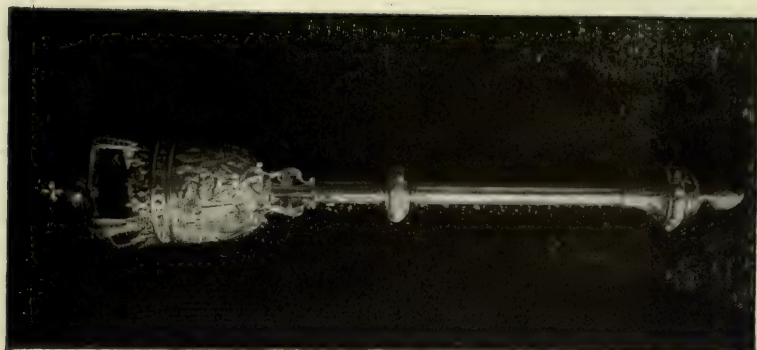
of the borough being conferred upon us, to which I have referred elsewhere. Many of the members of the corporation and others expressed their surprise to me that I had never mentioned it myself before. I replied, "Oh, if I had, the probability is that no one would have believed me."

The following was Sir Charles' speech on that occasion taken from "The Bournemouth Guardian" of July 18th, 1908:—

"Sir Charles Scotter, Bart., Chairman of the L. & S.W. Railway Company, in supplementing the remarks of the Mayor, said he had known Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes for—he would not exactly say how long—something like forty years. They formerly lived in the same place, a residential suburb of Manchester. His first knowledge of them was in connection with a work of charity, and from that day up to the present time they had been engaged in that noble occupation. (Hear, hear.) He remembered when he went to the same church which they attended, and some members of the congregation organised a bazaar—a very useful thing in those days (laughter)—with the object of raising a sum of money to build a vicarage for the vicar. That bazaar was eminently successful, and he remembered that the success was in a large measure due to Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes. That was a very remote period, some forty years ago. In the course of time Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes migrated and came south. He (Sir Charles) did the same, and he might say he thought it had been to their mutual advantage—(laughter and applause)—at any rate it was to his (the speaker's) advantage, and of one thing he was quite sure, and that was that it was pre-eminently to the advantage of Mr. Russell-Cotes in coming south, for he had benefited in health and prosperity. (Hear, hear.) After a few years he (Sir Charles) visited Bournemouth, long before he joined the London and South Western Railway, and went to the Royal Bath Hotel, which was a very different place

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from what it was at the present day. It was small, but well conducted. He had been there many times since, and he might say that he never remembered any man in Bournemouth whom he had ever met with a more sincere desire to benefit the place he had adopted as his home than Mr. Russell-Cotes. (Applause.) He (Sir Charles) had no desire to be egotistical, but he might say it had been said that the growth of Bournemouth had synchronised with his advent to Bournemouth (Applause.) He himself put it down primarily to the making by the L. and S.W.R. Company of the new line from Brockenhurst to Christchurch. (Hear, hear.) The first time he came to Bournemouth from London, the journey occupied four and a half hours ; now, as they all knew, the journey was accomplished in about two hours. The greatest help to the development of Bournemouth was undoubtedly that direct line—(hear, hear and applause)—and he believed that the *first suggestion for that direct line came from Mr. Russell-Cotes*—(applause)—he meant the *first practical suggestion* which was brought to the notice of the L. and S.W. Railway directors. From that time to the present there had never been any improvements in connection with the railway service or lines or stations connected with Bournemouth but what *Mr. Russell-Cotes had taken a deep and personal interest in them, and many suggestions afterwards acted upon had emanated from Mr. Russell-Cotes to him.* He (Sir Charles) had never regretted the money spent at Bournemouth. It had returned itself over and over again like all money well spent generally did, and money in Bournemouth particularly. (Applause.) The first time he came to Bournemouth he believed the population was about 9,000 ; now he thought he was right in saying that it had a population of at least between 50,000 and 60,000. (A voice : 'Over 70,000, Sir Charles.') Well, that showed that the growth of the place had been phenomenal, and no wonder either in view of the charming surroundings and



Badge presented by my Wife, and Mace presented by myself, to the
Borough of Bournemouth on its incorporation.



My Wife, myself and Family.

The Sanitary Hospital

splendid position of Bournemouth. (Applause.) In conclusion, Sir Charles expressed the pleasure he felt at being present at that afternoon's ceremony, which redounded to the credit of Bournemouth, and the credit and honour of Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes. (Applause.) Nothing could be more generous or more noble than that gift to their adopted town of such a magnificent villa as East Cliff Hall, and the magnificent art treasures which it contained—(applause)—treasures which he hoped future generations when visiting the town would find interesting and instructive, and would always remember the names of the donors, and that posterity would acknowledge that they had been worthy citizens of Bournemouth and a credit to the town in which they lived. (Applause.)”

Another scheme for which I worked long and earnestly was the provision of a sanitary hospital. In 1882 there were only about four or five doctors in Bournemouth, and they were intensely desirous of projecting a hospital for infectious and contagious diseases, which up till then Bournemouth did not possess. Several serious cases occurred, which, if the general public had known, they certainly would have avoided coming to Bournemouth at the time. I was urged by my dear late friend, Dr. Falls, who was then the senior physician in Bournemouth, to allow myself to be nominated as the doctors' candidate for the purpose of carrying out this hospital. To this I agreed, and with my dear old friend, the late Mr. Creeke, was returned at the top of the poll as a Member of the Board of Commissioners.

I devoted myself, as requested by the doctors, to bringing forward every kind of data and information to ventilate the matter among my colleagues on the board for the purpose of carrying out this project. Every obstacle was thrown in my way, but the greatest opposition that I received in my campaign on this matter was from two gentlemen who were too ignorant and obstinate to listen to any comments whatever on that subject.

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I spent days and nights in communicating with the medical officers of health of other seaside resorts, both at home and abroad, and in getting up every scrap of evidence that could be adduced to carry out my project. What perhaps distressed me most and created more suffering in my mental trouble, was the persecution by anonymous letters, postcards, etc., and more especially the personal animus which my efforts seemed to have created with these two men, who of course had their coterie; and everywhere, in whatever direction my committee went for the purpose of obtaining a site, we were met with rancorous abuse.

In talking the matter over with my wife, she suggested that the word "Fever" Hospital was very objectionable, and that it should be called the "Sanitary" Hospital. In bringing this forward at the meeting, one of the gentlemen (?) referred to it sneeringly and gulped out, "'San-nar-tarry'? What do you mean by 'san-nar-tarry'?" I replied, "If you will be good enough, when you get home, to consult your dictionary, you will find all the information you require." This of course was a signal for more abuse and vituperation, and from that time forward the word "sanitary" being mentioned became something like "holding a red rag up to a bull." However, I triumphed, and it was finally settled with the unanimous approval of the local medical men that it should be known and called in future as the "Sanitary Hospital," and so it was named and is so called to this day. To my wife, therefore, the borough is indebted for this admirable mode of solving this vexed question.

A site was finally acquired near to some nursery gardens, whose proprietor aroused the people to such a state of excitement and frightened them about what he called "the 'faver' hospital being brought under their noses" and "the depreciation in value of their land" that they eventually burned myself and one or two others on the committee in effigy.

Mayor's Mace and Badge

This was the "last straw that broke the camel's back," and at the earnest solicitations of Dr. Falls and the other doctors, I arranged to go on a long voyage. I had, however, fought my fight and conquered, and on my return home the sanitary hospital had become an accomplished fact.

It is impossible to express in words the unlimited amount of good and untold benefit which has accrued to the people of Bournemouth and its neighbourhood from the establishment of this most excellent institution.

When Bournemouth was incorporated I resolved, along with my wife, to do what was possible to add to the dignity of its position. We therefore, at once offered to present the borough with a mace and a badge, which were accepted as per annexed resolution :—

18th November, 1890.

At the adjourned meeting of the Council.

Present : The Mayor in the Chair.

Aldermen Beechey, Hiron, Ridley, H. W. Jenkins, George ; Councillors Hoare, Lawson, Brown, Ellison, Fyler, Fisher, Stockley, H. N. Jenkins, Rebbeck, Dyke, Davis, Roker, Trevanion, Webber, Hosker.

A letter was read from Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes offering to present the borough with a Mace, and on Mrs. Russell-Cotes' part to present the borough with a Badge of Office for the Mayor.

It was resolved to tender the most cordial thanks of the Council to Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes for their generous offer, and to gratefully accept the same.

T. J. HANKINSON,
Mayor.

"Truth" of the 27th November, 1890, says :—

"I see that the Mayor of Bournemouth has been presented by Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes with an official mace, while Mrs. Russell-Cotes has presented him with a badge of office. They do nothing by halves in Bournemouth, and evidently they are resolved that their Mayor shall be arrayed like Solomon in all his glory."

Home and Abroad

Extract from the "Midland Weekly News," April 11th, 1891 :—

"MR. MERTON RUSSELL-COTES, F.R.G.S.

"In a recent issue of the 'Midland Evening News,' reference was made to the handsome gift of a mace and mayoral badge to the newly incorporated borough of Bournemouth, by Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, F.R.G.S., who is a native of Wolverhampton. It may be interesting to know that Mr. Russell-Cotes is a descendant of the ancient family of Cotes of Woodcote and Pitchford, whose estates in Shropshire and Staffordshire have been handed down from generation to generation from their great ancestor, Sir Ricardus de Cotes, whose signal and distinguished services on the field of battle were rewarded with these grants by William the Conqueror.

"Mr. Charles Cecil Cotes, the present head of the family, is the son of the late Squire John and Lady Cotes, whose father was the Earl of Liverpool. Mr. Charles Cecil Cotes held office in Mr. Gladstone's last Cabinet as junior Lord of the Treasury, but on Mr. Gladstone's declaring himself in favour of the Home Rule Party, he resigned his seat and has since contented himself with the life of an English country gentleman, and a supervision of his fine estates.

"Mr. Russell-Cotes, of Bournemouth, is a kinsman of Mr. Charles Cecil Cotes, of Woodcote, his great-grandfather having bought an estate and settled about 200 years ago, at the village of Tettenhall, near Wolverhampton. The records in an old parchment register of the fine old village church, of which Lord Wrottesley is patron, give particulars of the births, deaths, etc., of this branch of the Cotes of Woodcote and Pitchford. This quaint old-time churchyard has one corner devoted to this ancient family, their history being traced from one to the other. It is here, too, in the family vault, lies Mr. Samuel Cotes, the father of Mr. Russell-Cotes. The vault is situated in a beautiful spot, beside what is well known

My Foster Father

to the villagers as 'stepping-stones,' and under the overhanging boughs of an antiquated yew tree of gigantic proportions, which has weathered the storm for many generations. The father of Mr. Russell-Cotes was the head of the firm of Messrs. Samuel and Benjamin Cotes, ironmasters and manufacturers, King-street, Wolverhampton, who were well known and highly respected, half a century ago, when the present generation of Cotes and Thorneycrofts were school-fellows and playmates. There are those who will recollect Mr. Benjamin Cotes, the managing partner of the firm of Messrs. Samuel and Benjamin Cotes. He was well known and highly respected, and his fine form, cheerful ruddy face, and white hair, were ever welcome. Few were better known, and none more highly honoured than those two Wolverhampton notables.

"Mr. Samuel Cotes died when Mr. Russell-Cotes was very young, and being a great favourite with a sister who married a Glasgow gentleman, Mr. James MacEwan, he was taken under their charge and educated at the Old College, in High Street, Glasgow, which is now used as a station for the Caledonian Railway, the college itself having its new stately edifice on the eminence at the West End Park. His education here was supplemented by the assistance of a private tutor, with a view to his going into the medical profession. His health, however, gave way from overstudy, and at the age of eighteen, under medical advice, it was decided that he should be sent out to Buenos Aires, to one of the firms (Messrs. Gifford Brothers), with whom Mr. James MacEwan was himself connected, with a view to embark in commercial pursuits. It was this voyage and sojourn in the Argentine provinces, and subsequent voyages to other distant lands, that laid in him the irresistible longing to visit other places, and this desire has been gratified to the utmost.

"Mr. Russell-Cotes' travels in remote and only partially known places, notably the Pacific Islands, exploring the

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great crater of Kilauea, Hawaii, and throughout the interior of Japan, etc., and his papers on these subjects obtained for him his well-earned distinction, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of England, a further and special honour conferred upon him being his election by the President, Sir Henry Barclay, K.C., K.C.B., the late Sir Clements Markham, and the Council. Among the many enterprises he has embarked on from time to time was valuable property in Bournemouth and elsewhere. The Royal Bath Hotel estate is perhaps the most perfect illustration of what can be effected by a determination to master an enterprise *con amore*, and carry out an original and unique idea of what a hotel should be, for perfect homeliness and thorough comfort. Mr. Russell-Cotes, since purchasing the Royal Bath estate in 1876, has made several extensive additions, and has now one of the finest, if not the finest, hotels in the world. Unquestionably as a storehouse of fine arts, curios, and bijouterie, it stands unrivalled. It has thus been enriched by the peculiarly rare and well-known taste of Mr. Russell-Cotes, who is a fine expert and connoisseur. Throughout the hotel rooms, niches, alcoves, and corridors are filled with fine art property and curios. Some specimens are of such rarity that many experts of considerable knowledge and experience have never met them before. These unique treasures have been collected during the last twenty-five years by Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes during their travels in the islands of the Pacific, Japan, China, India, Africa, Ceylon, the West Indies, Central America, the Colonies, etc. It is perhaps one of the best collections gathered together by any private travellers in the kingdom.

From the "Bournemouth Observer," 22nd November, 1890 :—

"THE BOROUGH OF BOURNEMOUTH.

"PRESENTATION OF A MACE AND GOLD BADGE.

"On Monday afternoon a very interesting ceremony

Gift of Mace and Badge

took place in the Royal Bath Hotel, Bournemouth, in the presence of an influential and representative assembly. The function to be performed was the presentation by Mr. and Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes of a very handsome mace and a beautiful and costly badge for the use of the Mayor and Corporation of Bournemouth, and their successors in office 'for ever.'

"The mace and badge had been placed on a crimson cushion in front of the chairs to be occupied by the donors. The mace, which is about three feet high, and of a very handsome design, is made of sterling silver gilded. The shaft or stem is polished, but nearly the whole of the other portions are richly chased and embellished in a manner that is intended to be emblematical of Bournemouth. Fir-cones are ingeniously and artistically introduced, and the representation at various points of fern-leaves is a very effective feature in the ornamentation. In general design this mace is a fac-simile of a very ancient one which now belongs to the Corporation of Wolverhampton, Mr. Russell-Cotes' native town. The Wolverhampton mace belonged originally to the (now extinct) borough of St. Mawes, Cornwall. On the dissolution of that borough, it was given back to the donor, the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, and at the Stowe sale it was purchased by Mr. G. B. Thorneycroft, one of the great Staffordshire ironmasters, and by him presented to the Corporation of Wolverhampton. The Bournemouth mace, however, is almost unique in one respect. The top, or head, represents the Royal Crown of England, and by detaching the Crown, and in the same way unscrewing the shaft of the mace, a capacious and beautifully chased loving-cup is revealed; so that it may be said that the donor has presented not only a mace, but a loving cup to the town. On one side of the mace are inscribed the Royal arms; on the other the arms and motto of the new borough of Bournemouth. Upon the Crown is inscribed the words,

Home and Abroad

‘Presented by Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes to the borough of Bournemouth, 1890.’

“The badge which Mrs. Russell-Cotes has presented to the town is a very beautiful one, both in respect of design and workmanship. It is of 18-carat gold, richly ornamented. It has a chased scroll border; the centre is enamelled with the arms of the borough of Bournemouth, and has a raised enamelled crest; the loop consists of enamelled ‘Hampshire rose.’ It should be stated, however, that all the roses introduced are of the heraldic type. The inscription, which is very similar to that on the mace, excepting that Mrs. Russell-Cotes’ name appears instead of that of her husband, is at the back of the pendant; the motto ‘*Pulchritudo et Salubritas*’ appears (as already indicated) prominently in the front. Altogether it is a richly finished and very beautiful ornament, and will be a valuable addition to the Mayor’s chain.

“As soon as the party had assembled in the dining-room, Mrs. Russell-Cotes entered, accompanied by the Mayoress, Mrs. Hankinson. The Countess of Portarlington would also have been present, had the state of her health permitted. Mrs. Russell-Cotes sat beside the Earl of Portarlington, and the Mayoress on the right of Mr. Russell-Cotes.

“Addressing the Mayor (who wore his chain of office), Mr. Russell-Cotes said he thought he should have informed those assembled that he received a large number of letters and telegrams from gentlemen who were unable to attend. Among those were letters from the Rev. Canon Fisher, Mr. W. Stevenson, Mr. Wyndham Portal, Colonel Venner, Captain Elwes, Mr. J. Haggard, Dr. Gunton Turner, and Dr. Roberts Thomson, who was away at Winchester, and expressed regret that he could not come. Having referred to these apologies, Mr. Russell-Cotes said he congratulated himself upon being the fortunate donor of the mace, because he felt it was a very great privilege to be permitted to hand it over to his fellow

Armorial Bearings

townsmen and burgesses of Bournemouth. It was, indeed, a source of the greatest joy to him that he had lived to be in a position to take some part in the inauguration of their new Corporation. (Applause.) He might say that he had made Bournemouth the place of his adoption, and although he had from ill-health been unable to identify himself with the town as he could have wished, still, having been once a member of the Board of Improvement Commissioners—at that time the governing body of the town—he felt that it would not be out of place on his part if he were to come forward and make the offer he had. (Hear, hear.) He had no desire in any way to obtrude himself, or to stand in the way of others in making the gift, and he believed that he explained very fully and explicitly to his Worship at the time that such was his desire and the desire also of Mrs. Russell-Cotes; that in offering to present a mace and a badge to the Corporation of Bournemouth, it was their special wish that if there were any other person or persons desirous of commemorating that great event by handing down to posterity such insignia of office, they themselves were perfectly willing to stand aside. (Hear, hear.) Well, they were assured that no one else had come forward except one lady who ultimately retired, and therefore they at once made the necessary arrangements for carrying out their proposed gift. Some delay had occurred in effecting that, but so far as he and Mrs. Russell-Cotes were concerned it was unavoidable. It arose in this way. They had designed what they considered would have been appropriate armorial bearings for the town. The design was approved by the Mayor, and they put it in the hands of the goldsmiths in London, who began to carry it out. But one day he was informed that the Herald's College would have none of it, and that they themselves were designing armorial bearings for the town, for which the Corporation would have to pay! A delay consequently arose, and it was not until a week ago that the

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mace arrived in Bournemouth ; the badge arrived a day or two later.

“ Mr. Russell-Cotes then explained that the mace before them was similar in pattern to the one now owned by the Corporation of his native town (Wolverhampton), and he illustrated also its peculiar construction in being convertible, and a portion usable as a loving-cup. He expressed the hope that the use of that loving-cup might be a means of promoting more love among the members of the Corporation, and pointed out from an economic point of view it would perhaps be an advantage in that it would save the Corporation from the necessity of purchasing another loving-cup. (Hear, hear.) At the close of that ceremony he hoped to inaugurate the gift of the mace and badge by the passing round of the loving cup ; and he did earnestly hope that it might be as it were a talisman, a forerunner of quite a new epoch among them ; that instead of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness—(laughter)—they would have shining forth in the future a most kindly and dove-like affection—(applause, laughter and hear, hear)—and that there would be such an abundance of the milk of human kindness that it would be absolutely overflowing. (Applause.) He would only say in conclusion that he hoped the new Corporation would now let them have in Bournemouth some of those improvements and developments which were absolutely essential for the good of the place. (Hear, hear.) He trusted that in the days to come Bournemouth would not retrograde. They had no staple article in Bournemouth except the medical profession—(much laughter)—and as he had just said, he looked upon it that Bournemouth was bound to have all requisite developments and improvements promptly carried out if she were to maintain her present pre-eminent position among health resorts. He would not enumerate what was required—there were for example an undercliff drive and a pavilion of some kind, and other things ; but those assembled

Milk of Human Kindness

knew what was needed as well, or perhaps better, than he did. He did most earnestly hope, however, that the Council would make a long pull and a strong pull, and pull altogether to give them in Bournemouth what they wanted so much. (Hear, hear.) They had got too big now for cheeseparings; they must dispense altogether with that parsimony which was perhaps necessary to some extent ten or fifteen years ago, when it was scarcely known in which county the town was situated. (Hear, hear.) In the present day it was looked upon as the centre of all that was beautiful and healthy; in fact, '*Pulchritudo et Salubritas*.' (Laughter, and hear, hear.)

"Continuing, Mr. Russell-Cotes said his heart was in Bournemouth; he never forgot its interests in whatever part of the world he might be travelling, and it would be ever among his great pleasures to do anything in his power to advance its prosperity. (Applause.) It was now his pleasing duty to hand to his Worship's care on behalf of his fellow-burgesses, the mace which they now saw before them, and which, with his heart full of deepest regard, he presented to them for the use of the Mayor and Corporation of Bournemouth for ever. (Applause.) His wife would now offer for his Worship's kind acceptance, on behalf of the borough, her offering of kindly goodwill, and they trusted that it might be worn by good men and true in the distant future, when Bournemouth would be a lodestone for their fellow-creatures from all quarters of the globe, and when that motto '*Pulchritudo et Salubritas*' should shine out in letters of gold, and act as a talisman to make known the beauty and health of the most uniformly charming health resort in the universe. (Applause.)

"The mace was then formally handed to the Mayor, and Mrs. Russell-Cotes attached the pendant to the chain of office which he was wearing.

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“ The Mayor in reply said that in the name of the Council and on behalf of the borough, which they represented, he most gladly accepted and heartily thanked Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes for those two beautiful gifts. He did not propose to move any formal vote of thanks to them at that moment, because he apprehended that at the next Council meeting it would be the pleasure of the Council to pass formally a vote of thanks and to communicate it in due course to Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes in the name of the town. They had heard from Mr. Russell-Cotes the reason which gave rise to that occasion, but he thought perhaps they would also like to hear from him some affirmation of the statement which he made, because he did think it would be of some little importance that the matter should be rightly understood. Very shortly after his election on the 10th of November, when he had the honour—the great honour—of being elected Mayor of that borough, Mr. Russell-Cotes addressed a letter to him containing personal congratulations, and also referring to his appreciation of the fact that the incorporation of Bournemouth was an accomplished fact ; and he then said that he should be delighted to mark the appreciation by the presentation of insignia of office such as the chain, mace, badge and so forth. As a matter of fact it had entered into the consideration of a few of the Council that it would be well to provide a chain by each Councillor contributing a link. That seemed to be received with some favour, and he (the Mayor) waited upon a large committee of the Council, and mentioned to them that he had received a letter from a gentleman offering the insignia of office, and suggesting that probably that offer might be accepted to the extent of the mace and badge, the Council providing their own chain. That suggestion he found to be received with much acceptance, and he communicated to Mr. Russell-Cotes to that effect. Afterwards Mr. Russell-

The Mayor's Thanks

Cotes did him the honour of calling upon him, when he stated, as he had stated that day most emphatically, that if there was any person who would more effectually fulfil the position he was seeking to fulfil, he was ready to stand aside, or, if there was any other person who contemplated the gift of the insignia of office, both he and Mrs. Russell-Cotes were ready to stand aside. He was able to assure Mr. Russell-Cotes that there was no such person beyond one lady who had expressed her willingness to assist in providing part of the insignia ; but the lady in question was not a resident, and he thought that it would be more acceptable to the town that the lady who was a resident in Bournemouth should perform that office. (Applause.)

“ There was abundant evidence of the use of municipal insignia, and if gentlemen were inclined to travel back into remote times, going back to the time when Joseph was made ruler over Egypt, when he was second to none with Pharaoh—only superior to him when on the throne—they would find that Joseph was inducted into his office by having a gold chain placed about his neck. Later on, Daniel, in the time of Belshazzar, when he was made the third ruler in the kingdom, was clothed in scarlet, and had a gold chain about his neck. There was also abundant evidence of the use of the insignia in our own time, prior to the times of the Plantagenets. He could give them an instance or two, if it would not be wearying them, but to come down to a later time than that, and to speak of the time of 1382 ; then municipal offices were so much under consideration, that the King at that time passed an Act of Parliament ordering that any Alderman who rode more than seven miles without a servant should pay a fine of ten shillings. He commended that to the Aldermen present. (Laughter.) It was pleasing to know that it would not affect him—he was not an Alderman, and he did not ever expect to be an Alderman—but they, if they had at all an antiquarian

Home and Abroad

taste, might be able with the assistance of the Town Clerk, to ascertain whether that was still in force, and see whether they could not be surcharged with some fine or another. (Laughter.) After that, in Elizabeth's time, there was an Act of Parliament which provided that the Mayor and Corporation of Hereford should wear scarlet and murrey-coloured clothes, with fur tippetts. So that they would see that this insignia of office had been the subject of great care amongst people of position and people of state. Then there was a warrant also for what Mr. Russell-Cotes had done in the actions of other people, some of them being if not illustrious, at any rate exalted. They all knew that the mace was originally used as a weapon of attack, and needed to be made of iron and steel, because it had to make acquaintance with iron and steel; it had to smash in the morion of some foot soldier, or batter about his breast-plate. In later days it was also useful in arresting prisoners, and he happened to have read that the mace of the Lord Mayor of London knocked down Wat Tyler. At any rate someone knocked him down with the mace. However, he had not found that any Mayor was in the habit of using the mace, except as a symbol of office and power, as chief magistrate of the borough. He did not know that it had been applied anywhere to coerce a Council when it became unruly. He apprehended that if the Mayor of Bournemouth tried it on his stalwart Aldermen, he would meet with considerable resistance, and something a little stronger. (Laughter.)

"In conclusion, the Mayor drew attention that Mr. Russell-Cotes with his keen eye to art, and to artistic matters of all kinds, had noticed an error in the representation of the Royal arms which it was desirable to rectify; this would necessitate the mace being sent away for a few days. He again thanked the donors in the name of the town, and read the inscription on both mace and pendant.

Wat Tyler and the Mace

“ The Earl of Portarlington added a few words of congratulation on the occasion, and in referring to the admirable arrangement by which the head of the mace was convertible into a loving-cup, jocularly remarked that if Mr. Russell-Cotes had given him a hint that it was to be brought into use for the first time that day, he might perhaps have got his nephew, the Marquis of Winchester, son of the last but one Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, who being hereditary bearer of the cup of maintenance, was on grand occasions called on to be cup-bearer to the sovereign, to have been there. (Hear, hear, and much laughter.) As regarded the uses to which corporate maces had been sometimes put, what the Mayor had said was perfectly true. He remembered that prior to the Bournemouth exhibition of last year which was opened by the Countess, and closed by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany, he went over to Kingston Lacey to see if Mr. Bankes would let him have the use of the ancient mace of Corfe Castle for a few days, in order that he might exhibit it at the exhibition. Mr. Bankes kindly showed it him, and allowed him to examine it as much as he liked ; but he would not let him take it away, for it had been a bone of contention, he said, between them and a very militant body called the Church Commissioners, and he was afraid it might be ‘ boned ’ on the way, and he might not see it again. (Laughter.) In looking it over, he found that the handle was of silver-gilt, and that the date upon it was 1572, but the whole of the head was of solid lead, so that they might suppose that those gentlemen of Corfe Castle in the olden times did indeed use the mace on somebody’s crown. (Laughter.)

“ The loving-cup was then filled, and Mr. Russell-Cotes (as the donor) first drank from it, remarking aloud, ‘ In drinking from this cup I pledge the toast “ Success and prosperity and wealth to Bournemouth.” ’ (Applause.)

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“ The passing round of the loving-cup closed the ceremony, but Mr. Russell-Cotes suggested that before they parted they might terminate the function in a constitutional way, and show their devotion to their beloved Queen by all joining in a verse of the National Anthem. ‘ God Save the Queen ’ was then sung, and several hearty cheers followed for Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes.

“ In the evening Mr. Russell-Cotes entertained the Earl of Portarlington, the Mayor, the Deputy Mayor, Mr. Scotter and other head officials of the London and South Western Railway Company, and a few other gentlemen, at dinner.

The following letters concerning the mace and badge from my old friend Mr. Hankinson, who as I have already stated, was the first Mayor of Bournemouth, may be of interest :

Eastbury,

Bournemouth.

November 13th, 1890.

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

I greatly appreciate your kind congratulations. I have had many from perfect strangers, some of them in a high social position, but none are so grateful to me as those which come from individuals among whom I have lived for so many years.

It has been especially gratifying to me to find the whole movement grown so popular and that the election to the Mayoralty is almost universally popular outside the Council.

Your offer is also very kind and generous. I mentioned it at a large committee to-day without disclosing your name until I had further communicated with you.

As soon as you have made up your mind what you will do, then, of course, the name of the donor will be disclosed, and will earn the hearty thanks, I am sure, of all.

I must tell you, however, that I had made a proposition to the Council that each member of it should contribute a certain sum, and the Mayor double, to provide the chain, and that at the back of each link the name of the Councillor or Alderman should be engraved, to hand down to posterity as being the first Aldermen and Councillors, and that I should get the badge, which would cost about £70—the whole chain costs from £200 to £250. The idea found favour with the Council.

Now it is not likely without such a generous offer as yours that the borough would have a mace, so that if you are inclined to give that,



My sister, Mrs. Clara Ellen MacEwan,
wife of James MacEwan, of Glasgow.



My brother Alfred.



My sister Georgina.



Our darling little Anita, died, aged 3 years.



Our darling little Lottie, died, aged 8 years.

Correspondence

I think it would be very acceptable. I think a silver gilt mace costs about 70 guineas.

If you will have the kindness to let me know definitely your wishes before Tuesday, when the Council next meets, I could then make the announcement in proper form.

Mrs. Hankinson joins me in kind regards to yourself, Mrs. Cotes and family.

Yours faithfully,

T. J. HANKINSON.

Eastbury, Bournemouth.

November 18th, 1890.

My dear Sir,

I am pleased to tell you that the Council cordially accepted yours and Mrs. Russell-Cotes' kind offer to provide the Mace and the Badge to the Mayor's Chain, and you will no doubt hear from the Town Clerk in due course to this effect.

I shall be glad to meet you to arrange the designs, etc., as suggested, at any time convenient to you and which my engagements will permit.

I have an engagement at 11, 11.30 and 3.30 to-morrow, and am free from 11 to 1 on Thursday.

Yours very truly,

T. J. HANKINSON.

Merton Russell-Cotes, Esq.

Commissioner's Office,
Bournemouth.

24th April, 1891.

Dear Sir,

By direction of the Council I have the pleasure to enclose herewith a sealed copy of a resolution passed by them thanking you and Mrs. Russell-Cotes for your gifts of Mace and Badge.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

Merton Russell-Cotes, Esq.

J. DRUITT, Junr.

Further efforts to fittingly honour the office of Mayor will appear from the following correspondence.

From the "Bournemouth Directory" of February 9th, 1895, I give the following extract:—

"THE MAYOR OF BOURNEMOUTH AND THE DESIGNATION
'RIGHT WORSHIPFUL.'

"At a meeting of the Borough Town Council yesterday (Tuesday), the Town Clerk, Mr. J. Druitt, said he wished to call attention to a matter which the Mayor particularly desired

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to be mentioned. The Mayor had been called in question as to the use of the title 'Right Worshipful,' a title which was used in various places. The Mayor had received various letters, and had desired him (the Town Clerk) to inform the Council of those letters. In the first place he had referred to 'Dod's Peerage,' which said that the proper way of addressing a Mayor was 'the Right Worshipful the Mayor of so and so.'

"He had received a letter from the Town Clerk of Dover, who said that all the Mayors of the Cinque Ports were addressed as the 'Right Worshipful' and the Aldermen were entitled to be addressed as the 'Worshipful.' (Laughter and a voice 'Hurrah.')

"The Town Clerk (continuing) said the Town Clerk of Dover in his letter added, 'This is a very ancient custom, and arose as I imagine from the fact of the extensive privileges of the free barons of the ports, some of which still exist.' The Town Clerk of Wolverhampton said, 'In reply to your letter I may say that the correct designation of a provincial Mayor is "The Right Worshipful the Mayor of."'" The Town Clerk of Canterbury wrote, 'In reply to the enquiries made in your letter of the 21st instant, I have much pleasure in forwarding the following information as to the way in which the Mayor of Canterbury is addressed or referred to. He is referred to as "The Mayor" in the minutes of the meetings over which he presides. Official notices are addressed "The Right Worshipful the Mayor." I am afraid I cannot tell you how long the title has been in use, but it is for very many years that the Mayor of the city has been addressed in this way.' The Town Clerk of Liverpool said, 'With regard to the Mayor, his title in Liverpool was always "the Worshipful," and I believe it is so in most other towns, but in Manchester I believe the Town Clerk started the idea of calling the Mayor the "Right Worshipful," but on what grounds I really don't know.' The Town Clerk of Manchester wrote to say that the correct title

Right Worshipful the Mayor

for a Mayor is 'The Right Worshipful' and not simply 'Worshipful,' but if other boroughs or cities did not use it, that had nothing to do with the legality or the correctness of it. This question was investigated very carefully in Manchester some years ago by the then Mayor, Sir Thomas Baker, and the question was considered as settled as above indicated. Sir Thomas Baker actually communicated with Herald's College and a lengthened correspondence then took place on the question.

"The Mayor of Bournemouth, may, therefore, with propriety, be addressed as 'The Worshipful' and as 'His Worship.'"

The "Evening Standard" gives the following:—

"Bournemouth, notwithstanding its size and admitted importance, takes to some of its honours grudgingly. It is as yet in its infancy as an incorporated municipality, and some few of its inhabitants appear to be unacquainted with the modes of address customary in official civic life. This is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that the residents are gathered from almost every corner of the kingdom, and are presumably capable of rising above local prejudices. Judging from an opinion recently expressed, it would seem, however, that Bournemouth is possessed of a timidity which one would not expect to discover in a town which boasts of being the Queen of Watering Places. Municipal modesty, it is suggested, has been wounded by the fact of the chief magistrate having been announced in several notices as 'The Right Worshipful' the Mayor of Bournemouth, and in a rash and thoughtless moment this designation has even been termed an absurdity. Such a characterisation of a mode of address which is the recognised formula for all official documents, must appear intensely amusing to those persons who have any knowledge whatever of the conduct of municipal business in other towns! To have questioned the title is to

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have expressed a lamentable want of information on civic official matters, and is a doubt that never could have arisen but in a town whose charter of incorporation had only just been obtained ! In this connection, whenever an attempt is made to minimise the glory of an office, it may be well to recall the words of Machiavelli that ' It is not titles that reflect honour on men, *but men on their titles.*' "

This paragraph evidently refers to the question which I raised as to the proper designation of the title of the Mayor of Bournemouth. Up till then it had not been used, but he was only spoken of as " His Worship." The objections to this were only raised by the obstructive coterie, to whom, as I have said before, everything was objectionable which had the slightest tendency to coincide with my views upon any subject. In fact, it was very much like the Irishman and his pig—if I wanted to carry out any object, I had to *condemn it*, and that was sure to have the desired result !



" One act of real usefulness is worth all the abstract sentiment in the world."

* * *

" He who gains the victory over great insults is often overpowered by the smallest ; so it is with our sorrows."

* * *

" Diogenes being asked what beasts were apt to bite the worst, he answered, ' Of all wild beasts—the slanderer ; and of all tame beasts—the flatterer.' "

* * *

" Man, though an image of the Deity, occasionally acts as if he were anxious to fill up a niche in the temple of the Devil."

* * *

" In the affairs of life, activity is to be preferred to dignity, and practical energy and despatch to premeditated composure and reserve."

* * *

" Battle against error and wrong ; be not turned aside by every wind that blows, but be strong in purpose, and keep fast hold of the hand of Truth : she will prove a faithful guide."

CHAPTER V

My Mayoral Year—Election—Opening of Meyrick Park—
Bournemouth School of Science and Art—Free Library—
Sir Robert Ball's Lecture—Fancy Dress Ball—Breakdown in
Health—Presentation to the Mayoress.

*"By example and not by precept. By doing, not by
professing. There is no contagion equal to the
contagion of life. Whatever we sow, that shall we
also reap, and each thing sown produces of its kind."*

THE many local activities already mentioned, in which I indulged, culminated in my being invited to the Mayoral Chair. The first invitation was given me in 1891, but I replied that while I greatly appreciated this honour, I could only accept on condition that the Borough Council would agree to co-operate with me in my scheme for an Undercliff Drive. This they could not see their way to agree to. The invitation was renewed in 1892 and 1893, and each time I referred to the terms mentioned. Eventually, in 1894, the Council generously promised to give their support to the Undercliff Drive if I would become chief magistrate. I, therefore, at once accepted, and experienced one of the most active years of my life.

In the "Bournemouth Observer" of November 7th, 1894, appeared the following paragraph:—

"It was understood at an informal meeting of the majority of the Town Council, a resolution was passed to invite Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes to be Mayor of Bournemouth for the ensuing year. We understand that a letter has been received from Mr. Russell-Cotes to the effect that, under qualified conditions necessitated by the circumstances of his delicate health, he is prepared to accept the invitation."

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The following leading article appeared in a subsequent issue :—

“ The mayoral duties are onerous, and much depends upon the personality of the gentleman fulfilling them. Considerable interest was naturally evinced in the meeting of the Council at noon yesterday, Friday, inasmuch as it was known that in addition to Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, who had been invited from without the Council to take the office, there were one or two members on the Council who aspired to the honour and dignity and who might possibly be supported in their aspirations by their friends. . . .

“ The function of installing the Mayor elect in office was held on the 9th November, 1894. The Council Chamber was crowded to excess, and many people were unable to obtain admission to the visitors' gallery. The retiring Mayor, Alderman Hirons, having announced that their first duty was to elect a Mayor, Councillor Trantrum, in eulogistic terms, proposed Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, F.R.G.S., as successor to Dr. Hirons. He described Mr. Russell-Cotes as being an old inhabitant, and a gentleman of high integrity and honour. As a member of the old Board of Commissioners, he did excellent service, and only relinquished the duties when his health broke down, necessitating a sojourn abroad for two years in order to recuperate. He concluded by expressing the hope that Mr. Russell-Cotes might enjoy good health during his year of office, so that as Mayor and Chief Magistrate of the borough he might be a most valuable worker and ornament in the town, as he had been in the past. As a precedent for electing a Mayor from without the Council, he cited the case of Cardiff electing the Marquis of Bute, and of Warwick electing the Earl of Warwick. Mr. Beckett, who seconded, paid a tribute to the zeal of Mr. Russell-Cotes in advertising the beauties of Bournemouth in every Continental city and in every quarter of the globe in which he had travelled. The motion, on being

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put, was unanimously carried, and Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, on being escorted into the Council Chamber by his proposer and seconder, met with a most enthusiastic reception, and was greeted with many cheers by the inhabitants in the visitors' gallery. He was invested with the insignia of office by Dr. Hirons, and after signing the usual declarations of allegiance to Her Majesty, thanked the Council for what he termed 'the very exceptional and special honour' which they had conferred upon him by selecting him, not from their 'inner charmed circle,' but as an 'outsider.' He casually referred to the work he had done on the Board of Commissioners—excellent, as many people know—to the fact that his health broke down under the strain he suffered in endeavouring to get a fever hospital established—a strain from which he had never thoroughly recovered—and the only reason he had had in being reluctant to accept the office with which they had desired to honour him, was because he had felt physically most incompetent. It was only the feeling of kindness and goodwill that every gentleman on the Council had extended towards him that had enabled him to come forward that day. Whether, he said, in the ensuing year, they thought alike or not, let them at all events agree to differ—an observation that was endorsed by the applause with which it was greeted. Whatever he had done to obtain their good feelings should be as a very minor matter compared to the efforts that he would endeavour to make during his year of office.

"The newly-elected Mayor then performed a gracious act by proposing a well-deserved vote of thanks to Dr. Hirons, who, his Worship said, had shown wonderful business aptitude and tact in the conduct of his office. His devotion to his office had been so great that it was now necessary to seek a few months' retirement to recover from his over-exertions."

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The following is quoted from the "Court Journal," 10th November, 1894 :—

" *Le roi est mort, vive le roi !* Alderman Hiron has completed his year of office as Mayor of the municipal borough of Bournemouth, and retires with the well-merited thanks of the burgesses for his excellent services. His successor has been elected, and duly installed, and the seals of office and the noble mace—his own gift to the Corporation—are now in the hands of Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, to whom we tender our hearty congratulations."

"The Municipal Journal" said :—

"Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes—though selected from *without* the Council, is no stranger to municipal work, having been a member of the old Board of Commissioners. Many of the townspeople have, we know, been anxious for his election as a member of the Corporation, and he, as we believe, has been repeatedly asked to allow himself to be put in nomination when vacancies have occurred. Circumstances, however, have hitherto prevented an acquiescent reply, but now at length the difficulties which stood in the way have been pushed aside, and Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes is now Mayor of Bournemouth, and Chairman of the Corporation, though neither an Alderman nor a Councillor."

The following is an extract from the "Bournemouth Directory," November 17th, 1894 :—

"That Mr. Russell-Cotes will well and worthily fulfil the duties and high position which he has been honoured with, admits of no doubt. His election will be a very popular one with the ratepayers, who recognise how deeply he is interested in everything that tends to the prosperity of Bournemouth, and how zealously he works to keep the town in the front rank of British watering places. A

Good Wishes from Local Press

resourceful man, with broad ideas, and a very firm faith in Bournemouth, and with a keen appreciation of the honour and dignity of the civic office, he has from the date of the incorporation of the borough, been looked upon as one of the coming men. Now the time has really arrived, and he has been duly installed in the civic chair. We wish him a happy and prosperous year of office."

The "Bournemouth Observer," November 12th, 1894, said:—

"Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, who with his wife gave the Mayor's badge and mace when Bournemouth was incorporated, has been unanimously elected from outside the Council as Mayor for the ensuing year. This is a well-merited honour, Mr. Russell-Cotes having been one of the most enterprising of men, and one who has done much for Bournemouth's prosperity and advancement. A great traveller, Mr. Russell-Cotes has brought bric-a-brac, curiosities, pictures, etc., from all parts of the globe. He is a great advocate of a sea drive, under the cliffs of Bournemouth, and his year's office will probably see the scheme initiated."

The "Southern Echo" of November 15th, 1894, said:—

"Bournemouthians have just reason to pride themselves on their new Mayor. So much appeared in this column on the suitability of Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes as the fifth Mayor of Bournemouth before his election, that it is difficult to add anything to what has already been written. It will undoubtedly be remembered by 'Southern Echo' readers that as early as Saturday, September 29th, I foreshadowed the possibility of the likely 'pitchforking' of so admirable a Mayor for 1895. I then advanced the necessity of Bournemouth being represented by one who could raise the Mayoralty of Bournemouth to a standard deserved by so important a watering place.

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Not that I suggest the unsuitability of the first four Mayors, but certainly there is no denying the fact that the civic banquet of the borough has not yet been maintained as in other places of equal importance. From the present Mayor great things are expected, and there is no reason to anticipate disappointment. He commenced well last Friday with a reception, and there is every promise of a munificent holder of the Mayoralty of Bournemouth. To turn from the hospitable to the business duties of our present Mayor, he has not given us much information in his address of thanks as to his views upon municipal matters. It can, however, be gathered that he will not be an advocate of ridiculous and false economy. He, in fact, believes in sowing, 'for if they do not sow they could not reap.' This parody has been construed by many as a reference to 'sowing' the Undercliff Drive so as to 'reap' the advantages. That our present Mayor is a firm believer in the possibilities of a marine drive there can be no question, after his many public statements thereon. If he only brings the proposal to a conclusion one way or the other during his Mayoralty, he will have done valuable service, not only in saving the time of the Council in superfluous discussion, but also protecting the columns of local contemporaries from being taxed with worthless correspondence.

"I am confident that we all unanimously wish our new municipal chief every improvement in health, combined with a prosperous year of office."

This verse appeared in the "Bournemouth Observer," 15th November, 1894:—

"The Mayor's a man on whose importance everybody dotes,
Give three loud cheers for F.R.G.S., Merton Russell-Cotes;
They say he's lots of money, and with resolution prime,
Our Mayor's a-going to spend some, well, it's not 'before
its time.'"

Editor of "Truth" and Bournemouth

An article upon "Bournemouth" in "Truth," November 14th, 1894, said :—

"Another promising event for Bournemouth is the selection of Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes as Mayor. Mr. Russell-Cotes had taken a prominent part in advocating the Undercliff Drive and other much needed improvements, and it may be expected that during the next year or two Bournemouth will go ahead conspicuously."

"Truth," December 26th, 1894, having referred to the great improvements of Bournemouth by the possession of the Meyrick Park and recreation grounds, and the golf links, went on to speak of "the improvements which the editor has repeatedly advised, as money thus spent would be profitably invested, and if they are wise they will now turn their attention to some of the other improvements which have been advocated in these columns. At one of the functions held last week, Mr. Russell-Cotes, the new Mayor, mentioned as the most urgent of these, the construction of a marine drive, and the only wonder, to anyone who does not know Bournemouth, is that this work should have been so long delayed."

Memorable happenings during my year of office may be noted from the following extracts.

THE OPENING OF MEYRICK PARK, BOURNEMOUTH.

From the "Lady's Pictorial," November, 1894 :—

"Beautiful Bournemouth, always rich in attractions, and favoured by nature with a delightful climate, a glorious sea, and charming inland scenery, has now gained one more advantage over its neighbouring towns by the opening on Wednesday last week of a beautiful new park and excellent golf links, which have been secured to the town for ever at a nominal cost, through the intervention of Mr. Merton Russell-

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Cotes and the generosity of Sir George Meyrick, who has given to the town manorial rights over about 126 acres of land worth about £100,000. The land was formerly known as the Turbary, or Poor's Common, over which certain holders had rights to cut turf. With sixty acres of golf links and about ten acres for cricket, football, bowling, etc., separated from the links by a well-made road, the most athletic inhabitant and visitor to Bournemouth should be content. The direct length of golf link course is two and a quarter miles, and it bristles with knolls and undulations, which, though pretty to the eye, are exceedingly trying to the player's calculations, and an excellent test of his skill. The ladies' course (nine-hole) is about 700 yards in length, and covers an area of four acres.

"The park was formally opened by Mrs. George Meyrick, daughter-in-law of Sir George Meyrick, who was received at the Wimborne Road entrance of the park by the Mayor, Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, and the Mayoress. Mrs. Meyrick received a gold key, and a ribbon stretched across the entrance of the park was then severed by her, and a procession was formed, led by Mrs. Meyrick, and proceeded through the park to the Corporation pavilion, where an address was presented to Mrs. Meyrick by the Mayor. Amid cheers, Mrs. Meyrick declared the park open, and opened the golf links by striking a ball from the teeing ground near the pavilion. After the ceremony a public luncheon was held at the Winter Gardens, and in the afternoon a reception was held at the Royal Bath Hotel, when a handsome and costly silver challenge cup for golf, the gift of the Mayor, was handed over to the borough to be competed for annually. Bournemouth is lucky in having for a Mayor this year so enterprising and cultivated a Chief Magistrate as Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes. The interests of Bournemouth will most certainly not suffer at his hands."

School of Science and Art

The "National Observer" of November 17th, 1894. In an article upon Bournemouth, the editor said:—

"I regret that I have returned to town, the more so as that eminent traveller, Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, has been elected Mayor, and will doubtless do something to make his obtaining the office worthy of his reputation as an entertainer of monarchs, princes, prime ministers, and other distinguished folk. If you ever go to Bournemouth, endeavour to get a glimpse of Mr. Russell-Cotes' Japanese Museum. How he ever managed to smuggle certain of his exhibits from the land of the chrysanthemum passes my understanding, and probably that of most collectors."

EAST BOURNEMOUTH SCHOOL OF SCIENCE AND ART.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

"At the prize distribution the chair was occupied by Mr. Leveson Scarth, the president, and the prizes and certificates were given to the successful students by the Mayor of Bournemouth (Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S.). The chairman, in introducing the Mayor, referred to the fact that that was the first public function of any kind in which the Mayor had taken part since his appointment. He alluded with pleasure to the fact that the Mayor was devoted to art, and had studied it in many different lands. They looked upon the Mayor as one whose sympathies were cosmopolitan, but whose affection they hoped remained in Bournemouth. (Applause.) In studying the exhibits he (the speaker) had been much struck with the general improvement and the advancement which had been made, and he was more especially delighted with the original designs in colour.

"The Mayor then distributed the prizes and certificates.

"The Mayor, after the distribution, expressed his pleasure at being there that evening, and thanked Mr. Leveson Scarth for the indulgent manner in which he had spoken. He

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certainly had a very great regard for the fine arts, and he had seen a great deal of the progress of the fine arts in many countries, but it had been reserved for that evening for him to discover that they had so much enterprise in art so near at home. He must say, and he apologised for his ignorance, that he was quite astonished at the extraordinary amount of talent, enterprise, energy, and perseverance, which had been displayed by the students of that most excellent institution. He thought that institution was a very great credit indeed to Bournemouth, and it only required to be a little better known to be still more appreciated. He wished it were nearer to the centre of Bournemouth—(laughter)—but still they did not wish to have all the good things in the centre, and certainly the committee of that school had taken care that they should not have them.”

The following is from the “Bournemouth Observer” of February, 1895, in regard to the Undercliff Drive:—

“The Mayor, in responding, said that within the last few weeks he had had his eyes opened as to the fact that the Corporation of Bournemouth, instead of having nothing to do, was one of the most hard worked bodies in the kingdom. They worked in season and out of season. (‘No doubt’ and laughter.) Nature, as they would admit, had done a great deal for that beautiful and charming health resort, but the ratepayers of Bournemouth were called upon to do something more. They were not to depend upon nature. In that town they did not intend to go to sleep. They did not intend to sit down and let weeds grow around them. But they intended to do that which was being done in other competitive health resorts. He was going to touch upon the very burning question of the Undercliff Drive. (Applause.) He did not expect it to be received with altogether unanimous enthusiasm. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) He was only thankful to see that it was

Undercliff Drive and Promenade

so enthusiastically received, because he was quite sure there was a great deal of darkness existing in the minds of many of his fellow townsmen in regard to it. If they would only go into the question thoroughly and consult practical experts before they began to write letters to the newspapers with a bogey—(laughter)—and frightening all the small shopkeepers and ladies, who knew nothing whatever of it, by persuading them that there was to be a terrible revolution in Bournemouth, and that the rates would go up goodness knows where, it would be much better, and to all that kind of thing he used the slang word ‘bunkum.’ (Laughter.) Seeing that there was so much enthusiasm on the one side and so much opposition on the other, he could only say that personally he did not believe in either, but what he did believe in was to take an unbiased and moderate view of the question. (Hear, hear.) He advised them, if they did not like to execute the whole of the scheme, to try a portion. (Hear, hear.) After alluding to the opinions in favour of the scheme of the late Sir Joseph Bazalgette, and their late surveyor, Mr. C. C. Creeke, the Mayor said that if his colleagues on the Town Council would co-operate with him they would ascertain the figures and facts applying to the whole question. (Hear, hear.) It was not right for ratepayers, without having any reliable data to go upon, to go about the town getting petitions—(hear, hear)—because if the drive was a bad thing they ought not to have it, but if it was a good thing they ought to have it. He was of the opinion that it would be a good thing. It would be a good thing for the wealthier classes who would come to Bournemouth and bring with them their carriages and horses. It was that class of people that had really made Bournemouth what it was, and many of them could remember the names of many who used to come to Bournemouth who never came now. He told them that the reason was in many cases that there were literally no drives and no marine drives. In fact, Bournemouth was

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like the play of 'Hamlet' without 'Hamlet,' a seaside resort without a marine promenade and drive close to the sea. There was no seaside resort without its marine drive. It was an anomaly. It was incongruous. (Laughter and applause.) Why should not Bournemouth have a marine drive? He would like to put it specially to those estimable and he believed honest and honourable gentlemen and ladies who were so terribly afraid of that bogey. They seemed afraid of the rates going up, and he was terribly afraid that they would go up unless they did something in the shape of a marine drive, and built a magnificent pavilion at the head of the pier. (Applause.) He hoped the gentlemen of the Winter Gardens Committee would accept an apology from him. He did not mean to throw any aspersions on their efforts. (Applause.) He thought they had done wonders, and as for Mr. Webber—(applause)—he was entitled, much as they might differ from him in some things, to credit for the most extraordinary manner in which he had gone *con amore* into the business, for which he did not receive the value of a row of pins, and yet worked, to his certain knowledge, like a slave in endeavouring to make that pavilion pay for the benefit of the ratepayers of Bournemouth. Where would Brighton be without Queen's Road? Where would its ratepayers be? Where would all the houses, that were crammed with tenants, be? They would not be there at all—(laughter)—for it would not be a health resort. He need not refer to other watering places, but if they went to the Riviera and took away from Nice the Promenade des Anglais, what would it be like? As it was, these places were nothing to be compared with Bournemouth. Not Brighton, nor Nice, nor any other place that he had ever seen, and he had travelled a great deal—he had, in fact, never seen any other health resort in the world at all to compare with Bournemouth. (Applause.) They must, however, sow before they could reap, and be prepared to go into the question of the

A Munificent Offer

Undercliff Drive. They had the most munificent offer of £10,000 from the London and South Western Railway Company. Some people there were who endeavoured to throw dust into their eyes, and make them believe that the offer was Utopian, but he stood there to tell them that they had only to say that they would undertake the Undercliff Drive, and the £10,000 would be forthcoming. (Applause.) He thought they might get a little more. He could not say what the Lord of the Manor was prepared to do, and Mr. Meyrick, but he was perfectly sure they would do something, and no doubt there were other landowners, Mr. Cooper Dean and Miss Durrant, and others, who would do something. If they went round with the hat they could get a good deal, and he for one was prepared to give, and he had no doubt other ratepayers would do so. (Applause.) Let them consider what the Undercliff Drive would mean. It would mean that invalids would be prepared to take carriage exercise in a veritable sun trap, for on a cold day with a north-east wind nearly cutting one in two, the beach was so warm that they would have to take their coats off. (Laughter, and hear, hear.) Was it not a crying shame that with such a place at their disposal they would not avail themselves of it? He begged them, he prayed them, he urged them, he besought them, not to allow themselves to be misled, but to wait till the Corporation had consulted experts and had laid before them data and figures as to what the Undercliff Drive would positively cost. (Applause.) There were towns not to be compared with Bournemouth that were prepared to spend £40,000, £50,000 or £70,000 on a marine drive and not an undercliff drive, and one at Bournemouth would have no equal in the world. They would not play second fiddle. (Applause.) To those ratepayers of Bournemouth who considered that the town was not in want of any more attractions, he would say that unless they did make more attractions people would leave it, and that unless they spent money in

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building a pavilion at the entrance to the pier, and an undercliff drive, they would in a few years look ruin in the face. (Applause.) The Mayor further went on to say that he would like to inaugurate in the spring, a battle of flowers in Bournemouth, as was done in other towns—(applause)—and observed, amid much laughter, that there was no public promenade where it could be carried out, which was another reason for an undercliff drive."

Referring to the visit of Mr. Arnold Morley, then Postmaster General, to Bournemouth, in regard to the opening of a new post office, the "Daily Telegraph" says:—

"The noble heart that understands and seizes quick hold of opportunity, can achieve everything, and with Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes as Mayor, we can rest assured that the matter will not escape immediate attention."

The following is quoted from the "Daily Telegraph" of January 11th, 1895:—

"The station superintendent, Mr. Harvey, and the railway officials connected with the London and South Western Railway, were entertained at a meeting by the Mayor and Mayoress (Mr. and Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes). Shortly after tea the arrival of the Mayor, together with Mr. Charles Scotter, the general manager of the L. and S.W. Railway, was greeted with loud cheers. The Mayor first responded to a vote of thanks and of welcome to himself and Mr. Scotter, proposed from the chair. Speaking of the progress made in railway matters in Bournemouth, he said he felt exceedingly proud at being able to say that the direct line to Bournemouth was suggested some 16 to 17 years ago to Mr. Wyndham Portal by himself. (Applause.) Referring to the Undercliff Drive question, he regretted sincerely that he found since he had been Mayor a large section of people in the town had been

Bogus Misrepresentations

doing their best to crush and misrepresent the scheme, and had been making bogus misrepresentations to the effect that it would cost £100,000 to begin with, and that it would mean an addition of a sixpenny rate at once, and that it would be necessary to erect a concrete wall as high as the cliff! The Borough Surveyor had carefully gone into one of the schemes for the drive, judged some years ago by the late Sir Joseph Bazalgette and Mr. Christopher Crabbe Creeke. That plan was to be exhibited the next evening at the Bijou Hall, and he hoped that they would come down and judge for themselves. It was his intention to take every opportunity during his term of office—if not killed in the meantime—(laughter)—to expose the gross deceptions practised by the opponents to this scheme. . . .”

THE MAYOR AS CHIEF MAGISTRATE.

“ At the Petty Sessions on Monday, before the magistrates had taken their seats on the Bench, Mr. Richard Stephens, the Chairman of the Borough Magistrates, offered the chair to the newly-elected Mayor, Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, who, however, said, ‘ I would like Mr. Stephens to take the chair, although as Chief Magistrate it is my privilege, but Mr. Stephens has been the senior magistrate for so many years and lived here before I did, that I would like him to take the chair.’ Mr. Stephens said ‘ he had always endeavoured to do his duty, and he felt very much complimented by what his Worship the Mayor had said.’ Mr. Stephens then took the chair. The other magistrates were the Mayor, the ex-Mayor, Major-General Galloway, Colonel Garrett, Captain Elwes, Mr. T. J. Hankinson, Dr. J. Roberts Thomson and Mr. W. W. Moore.”

Extract from “ The Bournemouth Observer ” :—

“ At one of the Town Council meetings, the question was suggested by the Mayor, Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, that a

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carriage drive should be made through the central gardens from the pier to Queen's Road, and through the gardens of the trustees of the Branksome Estate as far as Prince of Wales Road, and an arrangement made with Lord Leven for reciprocal rights through the Talbot Woods and Meyrick Park, and that his Lordship was willing to let the Corporation have the whole of Talbot Woods for £30,000.

"The ringleader of the obstructive party raised frivolous objections.

"The Mayor, in reply to Alderman Moore's objections, said that the more drives they had in the borough, the better it would be for the ratepayers. That particular drive through the gardens had been precipitated by the developments of the golf links and the Meyrick Park. There was no possible way of getting to the park, except through narrow and congested streets. This drive was no new idea, but it was not expedient to do it or press it before. Now they had the Meyrick Park they absolutely could not get there without going through congested thoroughfares and very narrow and tortuous streets. He did not expect it was going to commend itself to all. Even Sir George Meyrick was not personally in favour of it, but if the Council and the ratepayers agreed to have it, he would assent to the proposal. If they did not cut a carriage drive, they might at all events take some steps to widen Exeter Lane. He thought they ought to have a level, clear and unobstructed road between the centre of the town, the pier, and the Meyrick Park. There were many who believed the drive would be an enormous improvement. It would not be a costly affair, as the work would be carried out by their own men, and the drive to the Prince of Wales Road would be an exceedingly fine one.

"The debate on the 'Beach Nuisance' met with the usual argumentative discussion *pro* and *con*, for doing away with the nuisance of the 'three sticks a penny' and other

Council Meeting Dissolved

kinds of objectionable things, when the Mayor (Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes) said that it was not fair to remove the thing from one place to another, because if it were a nuisance they had the power of allocation, but not of suppression, and the allocation now proposed was made in order to divide the costermongers and the entertainers into sections, so that, instead of having one big crowd, there might be small ones. The pier belonged to the ratepayers, and so did the Winter Gardens, but by allowing all sorts of counter attractions on the beach, those undertakings would suffer. Under those circumstances the entertainments on the beach were not only a nuisance, but a direct loss to the ratepayers, from the fact that many people would not go on the pier so long as they could get plenty of attractions on the beach. The crowd was similar to "Donnybrook Fair," Billingsgate, or the Seven Dials. (No, no.) If they had a selected class of entertainers at the end of the pier, it would do away with the loss the ratepayers now suffered. The niggers were in the habit of taking from £40 to £60 a week. In addition to allocating the space at the end of the pier for entertainers, they might have small kiosks for the sale of light refreshments, papers and cigars. The motion to disagree with the recommendation was lost, six voting for and fourteen against.

"With reference to the matter of the resolution in *re* the Marine Drive Committee, after a severe altercation amongst the members the Mayor dissolved the meeting, but before doing so, he stated that he had received a letter from Sir George Meyrick's solicitors stating that Sir George and Mr. Meyrick were quite willing to accept the suggestion of Mr. Russell-Cotes, and offered the cliffs to the borough as pleasure grounds if the question of the Undercliff Drive were finally settled, including the approval of plans and such estimates as would show the matter to be feasible, and that in principle they were prepared that the estate should contribute to the

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cost of the Undercliff Drive, but to what extent would very much depend upon what the cost would be. He (the Mayor) thought that was something to the purpose."

From the "Bournemouth Directory" of January 5th, 1895:—

"BOURNEMOUTH FREE LIBRARY.

"His Worship the Mayor formally performed the opening ceremony at three o'clock on Tuesday. Only members of the Council and the Library Committee witnessed the proceedings from inside the building, but a fair number of interested onlookers waited in the roadway during the brief ceremony.

"The formal declaration by the Mayor was preceded by Mr. Riddle, the librarian, conducting his Worship to one of the bookshelves, from whence he selected a book. Having done this he signed a declaration in the minute book to the following effect: 'I certify that I have officially visited the Bournemouth Free Public Library this first day of January, 1895, and having borrowed the first book—Murray's "Japan"—have duly declared the library open for public use.' With the additional spoken declaration—'I beg to declare the Bournemouth Free Library open for ever' the proceedings terminated.

"Subsequently an adjournment was made to the Shaftesbury Hall, where a public meeting was held. The Mayor, who was very cordially received, said it had been his pleasure and gratification within the last half hour, to declare the public library open. The gentlemen who had developed that admirable institution had performed their duties *con amore*, and had accomplished the work thoroughly well. He had had the privilege of drawing from the library the first book which was entitled 'Japan,' by David Murray. (Applause.) It was his intention to present the library with a copy of that work, suitably bound, and he believed the committee were

My Favourite Authors

arranging to present him with a duplicate copy as a memento of that occasion. (Applause.) He would like to say a few words with regard to the books, and the general mode he would recommend the reading public who frequented the library to adopt. In the first place, they all knew that a man's character in a great measure was made by the books that he read from his youth upwards. They were also perfectly aware that there were various kinds of readers. There was the solid reader, the light reader, and the general reader who was capable of swallowing anything. The solid reader—the reader who really read with the intention of acquiring all the information he possibly could—he would submit, should read works by such men as Shakespeare, Chaucer, Macaulay, Ruskin, Carlyle, Froude, Browning, and he might add, Percy Bysshe Shelley. (Applause.) He need hardly tell them that Shelley was connected with this neighbourhood, and although in many parts of the world men may not have heard of Christchurch or of Bournemouth, they certainly must have heard of Shelley the poet. (Applause.) To those who preferred to read light literature he would recommend works by Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and among the numerous other novel writers he might mention Edna Lyall, Charles Kingsley, and George Macdonald. (Applause.) Then they came to the general reader, who could not do better than resort to the numerous works on history, biography, and travel. He would take upon himself to offer a little humble advice to some of the general readers who were continually wanting literary food in the shape of books, by strongly urging them to avoid as poison the ephemeral and impure literature which at present was emanating from the Press, and which he regretted very much to say they had far too much of. He had selected as the first book from the library a work upon Japan, because he had great sympathy with Japan from the fact that his wife and he travelled through that country ten years ago, and

Home and Abroad

had the pleasure—for it was a very great pleasure—of seeing how the Japanese were progressing in what they called the art of civilisation. The art of civilisation, unfortunately, carried with it, as they had been made aware of within the last few months, something more than they cared to know. They had proved to the world their prowess, and their marvellous adaptability to the art of war, and had developed such wonderful skill in it that all the warlike nations of Europe had been astonished at what the Japanese had been able to accomplish against the Chinese. Those who intended to visit Japan he advised to do so without delay, as the march of European civilisation in that country was so great that the old customs of the country would soon vanish. In conclusion he thought they owed a great debt of gratitude to his worthy friend, Mr. Leveson Scarth, for the arduous task he had undertaken and accomplished, and to those gentlemen who formed the committee and assisted him. (Applause.) They had all done their work admirably.”

From “Bournemouth Observer,” January, 1895 :—

“THE BOSCOMBE BRANCH.

“The Boscombe branch of the Bournemouth Free Library was opened on Tuesday evening by the Mayor of Bournemouth, Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes. Funds would not permit of Boscombe having a lending and reference library, and the only accommodation at present provided is a news room. The room is situated in the Arcade block of buildings, and is considered more convenient and spacious than that at the Central Library at Bournemouth. The public meeting, which followed the opening ceremony, took place in the Arcade Assembly Rooms. The Mayor, who was accompanied by Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes, on entering the room was preceded by the macebearer (carrying the mace) and took the chair. He was accompanied by the Town Clerk (Mr. J. Druitt) who

Boscombe Free Library

wore his wig and robes, and also members of the Corporation.

“The Mayor expressed the great pleasure it afforded him to be present that evening to open the branch reading room. He cordially congratulated the residents of Boscombe upon possessing such a room, which he must confess had agreeably surprised him. He congratulated the gentlemen of Boscombe upon having what he considered the enterprise, ‘go-aheadism’ and the other necessary qualifications for taking the wind out of the sails of the centre of Bournemouth. (Hear, hear.) He could not help telling the truth. (Laughter and applause.) In speaking of books, the Mayor advised all to avoid books which were not edifying, and he regretted the amount of abominable literature which existed in the ‘penny dreadful’ type. They could not get such books out of the library over which Mr. Leveson Scarth had had control, for the committee had the wisdom to exclude all such literature. In conclusion the Mayor said: ‘I have great pleasure in declaring the Boscombe free library and reading room open, and that for ever.’ (Applause.)”

And in another local paper was the following:—

“The list of books which the Mayor recommended to readers was fairly comprehensive in character. We missed, however, some names which we should have looked for in any list specially recommended to Bournemouth readers. His worship spoke of the poet Shelley as having been connected with the neighbourhood. That connection, however, was only post-mortem, though, on account of his son’s long residence at Boscombe, the memorial in Christchurch Priory, and other circumstances, the name will always remain very intimately associated with the town and district of Bournemouth. George Macdonald, who was included in the list of novelists quoted, resided at Bournemouth for some time and took considerable interest in local institutions. Walter Besant, too, has been

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a frequent visitor, if not a resident here, and in more than one of his books has made eulogistic reference to Bournemouth. James Payn—whose writings appear to be so much appreciated by the committee, that they have collected together nearly twenty of his works—has also sought a home at Bournemouth ; and last but not least there is the late Robert Louis Stevenson, whose face and figure were so well known to the people of Bournemouth some few years ago, before his self-inflicted banishment to Samoa. Among other authors who have been, or are, intimately associated with Bournemouth, we notice on a casual reference to the catalogue, the names of Lord Bury (now the Earl of Albemarle), the Duke of Argyll, the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, the Rev. Dr. Edersheim, the Rev. E. R. Conder (formerly of Poole), “ Rob Roy ” Macgregor, the late Earl of Malmesbury, Dr. Cunningham Geikie, Dr. Wallace (of Parkstone), and a number of others.”

During my mayoralty I had occasion to take the chair on several occasions when Sir Robert Ball, the eminent astronomer, gave lectures. I should like to quote a few of his remarks from one which he gave in the Winter Gardens, under my presidency. On introducing him, I said that though America boasted of having the greatest telescope in the world, at the Lick Observatory, England might boast of possessing the greatest astronomer of the world, Sir Robert Ball.

He referred to a postcard that he had just received : “ Sir, you are advertising a lecture this evening on what you call invisible stars. If the stars are invisible, I beg to ask whether you have seen them ? ” (Laughter.) Internal evidence, said the lecturer, that the writer was a countryman of his. (Laughter.) “ After a lecture on invisible stars,” the postcard continued, “ there ought to be an entertainment in the shape of a concert of inaudible music. (Laughter.) Did you ever detect the perfume of an inodorous flower ? ” There was

Invisible Stars

a postscript, "I shall be there." (Laughter.) Then Sir Robert gave an explanation of what he meant by invisible stars. On a clear night they could see thousands of glittering gems in the sky with the naked eye. With an opera glass they would be astonished at the spectacle that would be unfolded, and with a telescope the numbers would increase immensely, but if they did their utmost in the way of telescopic apparatus, they would still detect more and more little points of light. The lecturer then showed what appeared to be glittering masses of points countless in number, and Sir Robert said that as it was only one out of 10,000 sections into which the heavens had been cut up for the purpose of a grand photographic survey from ten different observatories, some idea could be gathered of the immense number of stars that, as he remarked, might be fairly considered as invisible to the human eye. With respect to the distance of the stars,* Sir Robert said that taking as his basis the fact that the electric spark would travel seven times round the world, that is 180,000 miles, in a second, it would take it a second to reach the moon, eight minutes to reach the sun, and three years to reach the nearest star. Stars that came to view under a telescope were at such tremendous distances that the electric spark bounding away at that enormous velocity would not reach them for eighty years, and tidings of the battle of Waterloo, which took place in 1815, if telegraphed to them,

* Sir Frank W. Dyson, the Astronomer Royal, speaking at the Victoria Institute recently, said it was now known that the nearest star was 250,000 times as far away as the sun. The distances of only a few of the nearest stars had yet been measured; their number did not amount to more than a few hundred. There were between one and two thousand stars within a measurable distance of 500 million million miles, and there were known to be twenty stars within 100 million million miles. If a globe the size of the earth were taken to represent a model to contain those twenty stars, the size of our sun would be about the size of a tennis ball compared with it. Recent work had shown there were stars two or three—perhaps four—thousand times further away than the distances he had been speaking of, and there were bodies 7,000 million times farther away than our sun. Lord Halsbury, who presided, said one of the most wonderful things in the creation of God was that He had endowed man with an intellect which made him capable of grappling with such wonderfully immense problems.

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would not yet have been known to the inhabitants of such stars. Further, when they came to stars that were revealed by the photograph, the intelligence of the battle of Hastings, in the year 1066, would not yet be known there, and the children of the board schools there might still think that the people of England walked about in a costume of woad. (Laughter.) More than that, there were stars where, if the news had been telegraphed over the universe, of the first day of Christendom, it would not yet have arrived, and when he thought of the fact that the distances he mentioned were trifles compared with the immensity of space, he was thankful that some of the stars had been so kind as to come near enough to be seen. (Laughter and applause.)

After dwelling in a facetious vein upon stars in general, especially winking or twinkling stars, which the ancients imagined were demons, Sir Robert, in conclusion, dwelt upon the marvellous infinitude of worlds that must be contained in the celestial space, where each of the myriad stars was a sun, and said that nothing else was needed to cause them to realise the full import of the words, "Let there be light."

The office of Mayor is not altogether a bed of roses ; but there are many gleams of sunshine, such as are recalled by these pleasant verses which appeared in the "Bournemouth Visitors' Directory" of February 16th, 1895 :—

"THE SEAGULLS.*

"To the Mayor of Bournemouth (Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S.).

"The seagulls at their last great meeting
Unto the Mayor of Bournemouth greeting.

*"During the cold weather the gulls in the grounds have been one of the most interesting sights. Scraps from the tables are placed daily in the bowl of a big fountain and the gulls swarm there. The other day when we watched them from the balcony of East Cliff Hall the grounds had the appearance of a gull pond in nesting time. There were hundreds flying round and round filling the air with their clamour, and a vigorous fight ever going on for a place on the delectable bowl. It was really a wonderful scene, the air full of white wings and the ground white with the snowy bodies of those too timid to fight and yet hungry for the morsels that dropped or were flung about."—"Guardian," February 12th, 1917.

The Mayor and the Seagulls

Thanks from our united band,
Whom cold and hunger drive to land,
When fish sought warmer climes below,
Whither we have no art to go,
And the sea lay a desert waste,
And beggars, we were landward chased,
You spread a table in your grounds
Where every luxury abounds,
And asked us all from far and near,
To come partake of your good cheer.
Sure such a sight was never seen
On any other sea-side green.
A thousand wings there flutter down
To fan your name into renown,
Bringing the famished to be fed,
And your hand ministers their bread.
For though the sea refused her store,
And earth, snow-wrapt, no harvest bore,
Yet your heart, frozen not, still yields
The fruit of love's glad summer fields.
From sea and land when food was gone,
Then your kind eye took pity on
Us rough, wild birds, without a friend,
And nothing in us to commend ;
Your happy wisdom broke the bar,
And hope shone out, the pilot's star.
Let shame attend the lonely hoard,
Honour the hospitable board ;
And blessed be your charity
To us poor toilers of the sea ;
And may you never lack an heir
To fill, like you, the civic chair.

J.G.

" February 14th, 1895."

Home and Abroad

From the "Bournemouth Visitors' Directory":—

"Some verses headed 'The Seagulls' and dedicated to the Mayor of Bournemouth, appeared in our last Saturday's issue. We have since received the following from his Worship the Mayor:—

"My dear little seagulls, my best thanks are due
For the kind "note" of gratitude coming from you
You'll ever be welcome my "table to share,"
So believe me to be, yours sincerely, the Mayor.'"

On the other hand, one has to contend with much criticism about comparatively small matters. In a leading article, the Editor of the "Observer" said:—

"The Mayor of Bournemouth, in a letter which appears in our report of Tuesday's Town Council meeting, has explained the circumstances connected with the recent children's carnival at the Winter Gardens, respecting which uncalled for and uncourteous remarks were made by several members at a recent meeting of the Council. The tenor of this explanation was given in our columns last week, and the full particulars now given only serve to show how two or three people tried to make a mole-hill into a mountain. It is to be regretted that ill-health compels Mr. Russell-Cotes to leave Bournemouth for a while and seek some rest from the onerous and manifold civic duties which have been pressed upon him; and we feel sure that everyone will join with the Deputy-Mayor in the hope that the Mayor will soon be restored to convalescence."

From the "Bournemouth Directory," January 30th, 1895:—

"At the annual meeting of the governors of the Bournemouth Royal Victoria Hospital, the Earl of Malmesbury being in the chair, a letter was read from the Mayor, Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, expressing regret that a severe cold

Juvenile Fancy Dress Ball

had confined him to his bedroom, preventing him from attending the meeting. Enclosed was a cheque for 15 guineas, the proceeds of the receipts for gallery tickets to view the children's fancy dress carnival recently given by the Mayor and Mayoress at the Winter Gardens. The letter explained that the amount would have been 25 guineas, but the Mayor had been called upon to pay £10 to the Corporation for the use of the pavilion for the carnival."

The following appeared in the "Bournemouth Directory" in reference to the charge which the Council insisted upon the Mayor paying for the use of the Winter Gardens for the children's fancy dress ball:—

"It would be a very partial and daring critic who would say that the Corporation had acted in a dignified or very generous manner with regard to the children's fancy dress ball, recently given at the Winter Gardens by the Mayor and Mayoress (Mr. and Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes). Bournemouth expects a great deal from the occupant of the civic chair, but unlike some other towns, gives him no entertaining allowance. He is expected to be enterprising and hospitable, a subscriber to societies, clubs, and associations almost innumerable, and to be ready at all times to maintain the honour and dignity of the borough. Surely he has a right, on the other hand, to look for sympathy and loyal support from the members of the Corporation. But 'blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall not be disappointed.'

"The Bournemouth municipal buildings are still in the clouds, and there being no town hall under the control of the Corporation, Mr. Russell-Cotes last month asked for the use of the Winter Gardens for a grand entertainment which he proposed to give in his capacity as Mayor of the borough. The Council gave a grudging assent, and then, when it was found that the carnival would necessitate the abandonment

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of the usual evening as well as afternoon entertainment, it was arranged to mulct the Mayor in the sum of £10. Though Mr. Cutler's description of the carnival as 'one of the grandest advertisements Bournemouth has ever had' was perhaps a little far-fetched, it was worth far more than £10 to the ratepayers, both as an advertisement and a stimulus to local trade at a rather dull time. Why then, quibble? The Council were able to stretch their powers far enough to utilise the building for a civic purpose on the occasion of the opening of the golf links; surely they could do the same in connection with another civic festivity. As to the charge made for admission to the gallery—the idea so to open the place was an excellent one, and seeing that every penny raised has gone to the support of local hospitals none of the ratepayers need grumble. If it hasn't gone into one of their pockets, it has gone into another."

From the "Bournemouth Directory":—

"The amount received for admission to the fancy dress ball recently given by the Mayor and Mayoress in the Winter Gardens amounted to £47 8s. This amount has been expended as under: Royal Victoria Hospital, £15 15s.; Boscombe ditto, £10 10s.; Sanatorium, £5 5s.; Hahnemann Home, £3 3s.; Advertisements in local Press, £2 15s.; and Corporation for hire of Pavilion, £10."

The "Observer," referring to the same charge by the Corporation, that is calling upon the Mayor to pay the sum of £10 for the use of the Winter Gardens for giving a fancy dress ball to the ratepayers' children, summed it up by stigmatising it as a "mean transaction," and wound up by saying:

"Certainly none of the spectators who paid grumbled at the small charge made, and the hospitals which have benefited have no cause for complaint. The charging for admission,

The Mayoress' Children's Carnival

as was done, and the extension of time beyond that originally understood to be granted, may involve a question of principle, but looking at all the surrounding circumstances, one is inclined to the opinion that some of the objections raised to the course Mr. Russell-Cotes pursued on the occasion in question were as paltry as some of the comments were unkind and that the discussion which was somewhat aptly described by Mr. Hoare as a storm in a teapot, added neither dignity to the Corporation, nor advantage to the town."

Quoted from the "Bournemouth Observer" :—

"With reference to the discussion at the last meeting of the Bournemouth Town Council respecting the granting of the use of the Winter Gardens to the Mayor on the occasion of the recent Children's Carnival, it appeared that the £10 which was paid in lieu of the evening concert proceeds was the sum which the Mayor was, by the Winter Gardens authorities, or their representative, asked to assent to, and was in no way a suggestion on the part of the Mayor, who had intended to follow the carnival by giving an adult party from nine or ten until one o'clock, but for the fact that the use of the building for the evening was declined when asked for. When it was subsequently proposed that ten pounds should be paid, the Mayor at first replied that he did not want the pavilion in the evening, but in order to avoid any unpleasantness or difficulty, he eventually agreed to it. This only aggravates the unfriendly tone of the debate upon which we commented last week."

Extract from "Bournemouth Observer," 16th Feb., 1895 :—

"The Town Clerk read the following letter he had received from the Mayor (Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes) :—

"Municipal Offices, Bournemouth.

"February 13th, 1895.

"Dear Mr. Druitt,—May I ask you to kindly express to the Council how deeply I regret that, in

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consequence of ill-health through over mental strain during the last few months, my doctor advises that I should seek complete rest and relief from all official duties for some time to come, but I trust that I may be sufficiently recovered to return in time to do my duty to the town during the visit of the Royal Counties Agricultural Society, and to entertain H.R.H. Prince Henry of Battenberg as my guest.

" I venture to take this opportunity of informing the Council that in regard to the question raised by Mr. Moore at the Council meeting in reference to the abandonment of the evening entertainment on the occasion of the carnival, this never was suggested or requested by me, but on the evening of the Thursday previous to the day on which the carnival was held, at about 9 p.m., Mr. Foreman called upon me, and told me he had seen Messrs. Haydon, Offer and Trantrum, who suggested that he should call upon me and point out to me the difficulty that might arise in preparing the Pavilion for the evening concert after the carnival, and that if I would pay £10, they thought that there could be no objection to it being so arranged.

" I distinctly explained to Mr. Foreman that I did not want the Pavilion after 7 p.m., and that it would be of no possible use to me, as everything was fully arranged ; but on his still urging me to agree to the proposition, I ultimately gave way and acquiesced.

" I cannot help but express my surprise that those gentlemen who had really been instrumental in bringing this matter about, should have allowed the entire responsibility, if any, to be thrown upon my shoulders, instead of acting in the same manly and straightforward way in which Mr. Trantrum did.

Mental Overstrain

" It may be satisfactory, however, to all concerned, to know that the amount paid by me as requested, was, I understand, greatly in excess of the average takings on Monday evenings.

" I may add that after the first meeting of the Winter Gardens Committee, I had relinquished all intention of holding a children's carnival at the Gardens, but it was afterwards urged upon me to carry out the idea as being a benefit to the tradesmen of the town, and as being approved by the ratepayers generally.

" I can only say now that I deeply regret that I should, as Mayor of Bournemouth, have been placed in such an invidious position by some members of the Council, as that in which the discussion of Tuesday last placed me (especially during my absence through ill-health), and it is very poor encouragement to me or any other Mayor who may follow me to use his effort to serve the town and uphold the dignity of the office.

" Believe me to be,

" Yours faithfully,

" MERTON RUSSELL-COTES, Mayor.

" J. Druitt, Jun., Esq., Town Clerk, Bournemouth.

" After this letter had been read :—

" The Deputy-Mayor said that as they had *pressed on Mr. Russell-Cotes the office of Mayor*, he was sure they would all hear with regret that the ill-health from which he was suffering was due to the mental effects in discharging the duties of that office. The Council looked forward with confidence to the advancement of the borough under his direction and guidance, and he was sure the programme of the various schemes which he had laid before them must meet the views of the most progressive member of the Corporation. They could not but regret that Mr. Russell-Cotes' ill-health caused

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him for a time to relinquish his duties, and they would all join with him in expressing a hope that he would return from his holiday abroad with renewed energies and restored health. (Hear, hear.)”

From the “Bournemouth Guardian” :—

“To the Editor.

“Dear Sir,—May I, through the columns of your journal, express how gratifying it is to me to have received so many kind letters from my fellow-townsmen of all classes, sympathising with me in my illness, during the last month, and also to express my deep regret that I am compelled to seek absolute rest and a change, for a time, in order to enable me to resume my mayoral duties to the town. I may add that it has given me great pleasure and encouragement to find that my efforts have been so far appreciated.

“Believe me to be,

“Yours faithfully,

“MERTON RUSSELL-COTES, Mayor.

“Bournemouth, February 25th, 1895.”

Extract from the “Daily Telegraph,” January 15th, 1895 :—

“CHILDREN’S CARNIVAL AT BOURNEMOUTH.

“The Mayor and Mayoress of Bournemouth, Mr. and Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes, entertained several hundred children yesterday afternoon, at a fancy dress carnival and ball in the Winter Gardens Pavilion, which was prettily decorated. The music was performed by the band under the direction of Mr. Dan Godfrey, Jun. Many picturesque and charming costumes were worn, among the most conspicuous being Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, several fairies, Lady Gainsborough, Spanish Cavalier, Little Bo-Peep and Little Boy Blue, Sunflower, Robin Redbreast, Buttercup,

The Wolf's Vote of Thanks

Snow, Forget-me-not, Robin Hood and Friar Tuck, Summer, Dick Whittington, Cherry Ripe, Marguerite, Empress Josephine, an English lady of a hundred years ago, and a Lancashire witch. Naval, military and other uniforms were prominent, and there were several representatives of China and Japan, the latter being regarded as somewhat appropriate, the Mayor being one of the founders of the Japan Society. After their reception by the Mayor and Mayoress, the children were grouped and photographed. The galleries were thrown open to the public and were crowded, the fund derived from the small admission fee charged being given to the local hospitals. The carnival, which was in every way a great success, concluded with a march past the civic chair.

"At the conclusion, Mr. Stidolph, as the 'Wolf,' proposed amid great applause, a hearty vote of thanks to the Mayor and Mayoress for the magnificent entertainment that they had provided. He was not used, he said, to public speaking, and therefore could not in an adequate manner propose a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes for that undertaking, which was unique in the history of Bournemouth. They had never had an entertainment given them on so magnificent a scale as that. (Applause.) In giving their thanks to the Mayor and Mayoress he knew that they as Bournemouth children would cheer as Bournemouth children only could. Hearty cheers were then given to the Mayor and Mayoress. Mr. Stidolph, addressing Mr. Russell-Cotes, said: 'Mr. Mayor, our most hearty and sincere thanks for this magnificent display of generosity on your part. I can assure you that, speaking for those here before you, we shall remember this when we are grown up and old men and women—in fact, we shall remember it until the end of our lives.' (Applause.)

"The Mayor, on behalf of the Mayoress and on his own behalf, acknowledged the cheering with which they were

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greeted and the vote of thanks, and said it had afforded them much gratification to have the privilege of entertaining them that day, and Mrs. Russell-Cotes and himself looked forward to giving them some day or other, another treat of a similar description. (Applause.)

"A vote of thanks was then accorded to Mr. Stidolph for his efforts to amuse the children, on the motion of the Mayor."

The "Bournemouth Directory" of January 19th, 1895, says:—

"The children's fancy dress carnival held at the Winter Gardens on Monday afternoon has been the topic of a great deal of conversation in Bournemouth during the week, and there is a remarkable consensus of opinion that the function arranged by the Mayor and Mayoress was one of the most charming and one of the most successful known in our local history. His Worship the Mayor believes in doing things thoroughly and well, and the grand entertainment which he provided for the little folk on Monday last was so complete in all its manifold details that, from first to last, there was not the slightest hitch. Everybody was delighted, the lookers-on in the gallery no less than the guests on the floor. The programme was an admirable one, with variety enough to suit all tastes. The decorations and general arrangements of the ballroom were artistic and highly effective, and when the company had assembled—and particularly when the 'limelight' effects were introduced—the picture presented was one that no spectator will soon forget. The stewards and lady assistants, who had undertaken the task of looking after the children, were untiring in their efforts, thoroughly in harmony with the spirit of the proceedings, and evidently determined that the children's fancy dress carnival of 1895, planned on a scale of such splendour and magnificence by



Photos of my wife and self in July, 1909.

TELEGRAMS: "CONSERVATIVE" LONDON.
ADDRESS
TELEPHONE NO 3163. (GERARD)
LIEUT. COL. A. B. HAIG, C.V.O., C.M.G.,
P. FINCH, A.G.
C. J. MENNINGS, SECRETARY.

Conservative Central Office,
St Stephen's Chambers,
Westminster, S.W.

28th Nov 1905

Dear Sir
In the absence of
I write to thank
you for your letter of
yesterday. He will be
sorry to learn you do
not see your way to
contest Oldham but will
fully appreciate your reasons.

Perhaps some easier
constituency may require
a candidate than the
election more nearly approaches.

Yours faithfully
C. J. Mennings

W. Russell Bates Esq

Having been invited by the Conservative Central Offices to stand as their candidate for Oldham, I placed the matter before Dr. David Ferrier, who vetoed the suggestion on account of my health. The above letter was in reply to one from me regretting my inability to accept the invitation.



One of our Sitting Rooms.



Our dear old, and never-to-be-forgotten "Bungalow," wherein we spent our earliest and happiest days in Bournemouth.
In this bungalow we entertained many distinguished friends.

Is that the King ?

Mr. and Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes, should be the most successful entertainment of its kind ever held in Bournemouth. Their desire was fully realised ; indeed, it is difficult to imagine anything that could, by any possibility, have made the carnival more popular than it proved to be.

“ An amusing incident occurred during the ball. A little dot, finding her way to the dais on which the Mayor and Mayoress and their suite were sitting, gazed enquiringly into the face of the Town Clerk, who wore the wig and gown denoting that he is learned in the law. Then espying the Mayor, who was arrayed in robes of scarlet and sable, and occupied the massive civic chair, which had been conveyed from the Municipal Offices to the pavilion for the carnival, and noticing also his silk cocked hat, gold chain, and insignia of office, she whisperingly asked ‘ Is that the King ? ’ The Town Clerk was evidently in a playful mood, and recognising that the interest of the ball was due to the fact that it was a huge impersonation of more or less distinguished characters, he had no qualms of conscience in promptly replying, with as much dignity as he could summon to his aid, in a muffled ‘ Yes.’ But this did not satiate the curiosity of his youthful interrogator. She had never before seen a king, and wishing to make his acquaintance she communicated to the Town Clerk her desire to shake hands with his Majesty. By this time the Mayor and Mayoress had become extremely interested in Mr. Druitt’s juvenile client, and when Mr. Russell-Cotes was apprised of her wish, he readily assented. The little one, somewhat reassured by the kindly smile of the Mayoress, and the benignant presence of the Mayor, notwithstanding his august attire, then ventured to seek one more favour, and this was to ‘ sit on the King’s knee.’ This petition was immediately granted, and when the child had surveyed the ballroom scene from her exalted position, she toddled away to rejoin her companions, beaming with satisfaction, which seemed to

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increase as she recounted to her friends the magnanimous way in which she had been received by the King of the Carnival."

The following is quoted from the "Bournemouth Observer," 19th March, 1896:—

"PRESENTATION TO MRS. MERTON RUSSELL-COTES.

"On Saturday, the 28th ult., the presentation of a handsome photograph album took place, the recipient being Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes, ex-Mayoress of Bournemouth. The album was subscribed for by the parents and friends of the children who were so kindly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes during Mr. Russell-Cotes' Mayoralty last January. The album, which contained the photographs of the children in their fancy dress costumes, as they appeared at the ball and carnival at the Winter Gardens, was presented by the committee who acted for the subscribers, on behalf of whom Mr. H. E. Hawker, in making the presentation, said that he had been requested by the committee to explain that after the fancy dress carnival held at the Winter Gardens on January 14th, 1895, it was the general wish of the parents and friends of the children, who accepted the Mayoress' hospitality, to present her with some souvenir of the happy occasion. It had therefore been decided to obtain an illuminated album, and to place therein the portraits of the children in their fancy costumes. He also explained that the subscribers regretted that the unavoidable absence of the Mayor and Mayoress from Bournemouth prevented the presentation being made at an earlier date, but he now had great pleasure in presenting the album, trusting that it would be an acceptable memento of the carnival. Mr. Hawker then read the words of the illuminated address, which appeared on the second page of the album as follows:

"This album is presented to the Mayoress of Bournemouth, Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes, by the

Presentation to my Wife

parents and friends of the children who were present at the fancy dress ball and carnival given by the Mayor and Mayoress in the Pavilion of the Winter Gardens on the 14th January, 1895, as an expression of their gratitude to the Mayoress for originating the entertainment, and as a testimony to the great success that attended her thoughtful care to promote the comfort and happiness of those who were present.

“ ‘Committee: Harry E. Hawker, Frank H. Hankinson, Arthur H. Trevanion.’

“ Mrs. Russell-Cotes replied, thanking the members of the committee and the subscribers for their kind presentation. ‘I cannot,’ she said, ‘express to you how much your great kindness has touched me. It is so generous of the parents and friends of the children to subscribe to so handsome a gift for me, and it is further enhanced by the portraits of the children. Had I been consulted upon the matter there is nothing that I could have wished as more appropriate to the occasion. Believe me when I say that the carnival, where so many dear little ones seemed so happy, gave me so much pleasure that this most magnificent album will remain with me for the rest of my life, a most delightful souvenir of our mayoralty.’ The album is handsomely bound and beautifully illuminated, the following words being impressed in gilt letters on the cover: ‘Presented to Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes, Mayoress of Bournemouth, 1894-1895.’ The first page is an illuminated title page, in which the Bournemouth borough arms are introduced, with coloured reproductions of the sketches which appeared in the ‘Daily Graphic’ illustrating the fancy dress ball and carnival. Above these are placed the photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes, and the arms, crest, and motto of the family. The second page is an illuminated address above referred to, and is a most minutely executed

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work of art. Then follow the photographs of the children, to the number of 192.

The High School for Boys,
Westbourne Road,
January 24th, 1895.

To the Mayoress of Bournemouth.

Dear Mrs. Russell-Cotes,

Please accept our heartiest thanks for the very great pleasure your Children's Carnival gave to our little boy, and also to ourselves. I do not remember having seen a prettier or more brilliant scene. I trust that neither yourself nor Mr. Russell-Cotes feel any ill-effects from all the trouble and fatigue you must have undergone in connection with the Carnival.

With our united kindest regards,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

ERNEST COLLIER DUCHESNE.

ART AND PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION AT BOURNEMOUTH.

This should have been opened by me, but I had to write regretting my inability to be present, as I was confined to my room with a severe nerve breakdown.

Reprinted from the "Guardian" of February 9th, 1895 :—

"The Mayor wrote and asked Mr. T. J. Hankinson to act as his deputy, which he did, and in taking the chair, he said he was glad to be able to fill the gap, though he deeply regretted that it must be to the disadvantage of the society that the Mayor was not present. Mr. Russell-Cotes was a gentleman of great artistic sympathy, and a patron—a very liberal patron—of art. He was also a very generous distributor of art and was constantly lending some of his valuable pictures, which it had taken him a life-time to acquire. He was sure they would all sympathise with him in his present state of health. He felt greatly honoured by being asked to open that exhibition on behalf of the Mayor.

No remuneration during Mayoralty

“ After making many comments upon the good work that he saw round him, he said that the judges had expressed their opinion that the exhibition was of a most excellent character. Certainly Bournemouth was very much to be congratulated at having such an exhibition, which he declared open.”

From the “ Bournemouth Observer,” November 9th, 1899 :—

“ THE MAYOR’S REMUNERATION.

“ Sir,—In the report of the discussion on this question in the Town Council, I notice that Councillor Gunning is reported to have stated that the Council ‘ had previously voted money to the Mayor.’

“ Councillor Stockley also stated that ‘ he had before him the different sums expended by the different Mayors, during the nine years since Bournemouth had been incorporated.’

“ From these statements the ratepayers of Bournemouth would naturally infer that each and every Mayor had received grants of money for the outlay they had incurred during the tenure of their Mayoralty, and consequently that it included my tenure of office.

“ Therefore I feel it incumbent upon me to state that during my Mayoralty I never received in any shape or form, any remuneration whatever for any public functions that I myself undertook and carried out, or guests I entertained on behalf of the town ; all of which I did entirely at my own expense, neither asking nor receiving anything.

“ This also applies to the visit of that most estimable Prince—His Royal Highness the late Prince Henry of Battenberg—whom I had the honour of entertaining on behalf of the town, and which I did with much pleasure, *free of all cost to the burgesses of Bournemouth.*

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" I was the first Mayor to give a children's carnival and ball in the Winter Gardens, for the use of which I paid, although I believe no other Mayor has done so.

" I might go into further particulars, but abstain, simply desiring to put on record that at least one Mayor did not receive at any time or for any purpose any money or remuneration, and I may conclude by quoting Councillor Vye's views : ' If the honour of being a Mayor of Bournemouth is not worth the two or three hundred pounds which it was said to cost the Mayors out of their pockets, such men ought not to be on the Council at all.'

" These sentiments receive my most cordial and heartiest endorsement.

" Believe me, yours sincerely,

" MERTON RUSSELL-COTES (ex-Mayor).

" November 6th, 1899."

The following extract is taken from the " Bournemouth Daily Echo," December 9th, 1903 :—

" During a meeting of burgesses the following letter was read :

" Dear Mr. Mayor,—I regret my inability to attend your meeting to-morrow afternoon. I should like to say, however, that I am an enthusiastic and ardent supporter of any scheme that will tend to augment the prosperity of the trading community of Bournemouth, who, by their energy, liberality, and earnestness of purpose, have so significantly contributed to its existing well-being and past development. Should any contribution be necessary from the ratepayers to further the admirable purpose you have in view, I have much pleasure in enclosing a small cheque for five guineas, and should some scheme not be devised whereby the Council can provide the means to advertise the town as other health resorts do with which we are in competition, and an annual subscription is

Advertising Bournemouth

necessary by the ratepayers, I shall be very pleased if you will kindly put my name down for an annual subscription of ten guineas, it being of course understood that a proper committee will be constituted, and that the town and its attractions will be the sole object of the scheme, and that it shall not in any way be used as a channel for any individual enterprise, but for the benefit of the entire community. Wishing not only this, but every other well-devised scheme, including the Undercliff Promenade and Pavilion, every possible success, believe me to be, dear Mr. Mayor,

“ Yours very sincerely,

“ MERTON RUSSELL-COTES.”

Bournemouth.

*How shall I sing thy praise, fair favoured spot,
That nestles 'mid thy hills and silvery groves,
Of fragrant pines ? From out thy dense alcoves,
Bright villas peep—'t has been my happy lot
To dwell amid thy shady nooks, I wot,
Through many winters. How my fancy loves
Thy chines where rhododendrons bloom ; thy coves
Where gentle wavelets curl ! There's not
One charm, slight though it be, that e'er shall fail
To fill my heart with joy ; cold winds may blow,
But they who dwell with thee need fear nor hail
Nor snow ; but through thy pines there whisper low
Murmuring winds ; o'erhead the lark doth sail.
His song is wafted on the balmy gale.*

CHAPTER VI

The History of Bournemouth

Bournemouth forty-three years ago—Opposition to the Promenade and Undercliff Drive—Poor's Common—My efforts to secure the Advancement of Bournemouth—Extracts from newspaper correspondence and articles.

"Every noble work is at first impossible."—CARLYLE.

ALTHOUGH anything of a recriminatory nature is most repulsive to my temperament, I am bound to admit that my reminiscences would be incomplete without some reference to what has really eventuated during the forty-three years of my life in Bournemouth. On taking up my residence here, the population consisted of between 5,000 and 6,000, the number of medical men was six, the rateable value was about £5,000, and there was a Board of Improvement Commissioners governing the town. All this has undergone almost what amounts to an incredible metamorphosis.

Now, in the year A.D. 1919* the comparative figures are astounding and are only comparable with the marvellous developments of what the Americans call a "city." These are developed from a few acres of land with a genial climate, and adjacent to the sea, to which a railway is projected; the sites are pegged out, a day is advertised when these sites

* See page 158.

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will be put up for auction, the auctioneer comes down, all are sold, and in the course of a year or two one goes there to find that it is a flourishing and prosperous "city." Such has been the development of Bournemouth—to wit, we have at the present moment no less than about 140 medical practitioners, many of whom are the leading specialists of the country, who are continually being added to, and whom people come to consult from far and near. Schools of the very highest order have been founded here, and Bournemouth has consequently become quite a scholastic centre. The rateable value in 1910 was £650,000. It has for some years been a corporate body. The Council consists of the Mayor, twelve Aldermen, and thirty-three Councillors. All this has been achieved, not through the efforts of the ground landlords, nor the trading community, nor the limited income residents, but from the strenuous and arduous efforts of a few men whose number can be counted on the fingers of one hand, and this, too, with every possible opposition and obstruction being thrown in their way. Nevertheless, these protagonists worked on in season and out of season, with a grim persistence and tenacity which is worthy of the name of an Anglo-Saxon.

As it is not my object in this work to hold the mirror up to nature, I refrain from quoting the names, but I may say generally that in the early history of the town cliques prevailed, actuated by jealousy of new-comers, and what the Yankees call generally "cussedness." Of this I have had some very severe experiences during my own personal endeavours to convert Bournemouth into what it now styles itself, viz., "The Queen of British Seaside Watering-Places," as it undoubtedly has the right to do, the acclaim of visitors from all parts of the earth bearing enthusiastic witness.

Sir George Meyrick, the Lord of the Manor, is one of the few from whom Bournemouth has really received benefits to any extent, he having made over the "Poor's Common,"

Lord Leven and Talbot Woods

which eventually has been converted into what is now called the Meyrick Park, the opening of which was the first function with which I was concerned after accepting the mayoral chair. This park was opened by Mrs. Meyrick in November, 1894.

A still more important transaction, which in a measure was the "crowning of the edifice," was the making over by Sir George to the Corporation, of the cliffs and beach which enabled me to pursue my endeavours to carry out the Undercliff Promenade and Drive scheme. Sir George, however, could never have accomplished this had the scheme which certain gentlemen endeavoured to carry out been adopted, which, without the slightest shadow of a doubt, would have ruined Bournemouth for ever as a first-class health resort. I have referred to that scheme elsewhere.

It is owing to the determined opposition that I have always offered to measures calculated to injure the amenities of the town and to vulgarise it, that I have been the object of so much personal animus and jealousy, although every effort I have endeavoured to make for the prosperity and advancement of Bournemouth has been, not the outcome of selfishness and egoism, but of an earnest desire to serve the whole town.

Among the various enormous improvements that might have been carried out through my instrumentality, was one of far-reaching importance, when the Earl of Leven and Melville, who was a personal friend of my own, offered through me to let the town have the whole of Talbot Woods for £30,000, but this was refused upon the plea that "*he ought to give it to the town!*" He then offered again, through me, to let the town have a considerable slice of Talbot Woods, running parallel with the golf links, if the town would allow him to have a carriage road connecting from the road running through Meyrick Park into Talbot Woods, even though it went along

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the side of, and adjacent to, the railway, but this the Corporation also refused.

Another serious loss to the town was the opposition to Sir Joseph Bazalgette's and Mr. Christopher C. Creeke's scheme for carrying out the main outfall opposite the Manor Plot.

When I first came to Bournemouth it was practically a *terra incognita*. If one asked at Waterloo Station for a ticket to Bournemouth, they wondered what you meant, and after some enquiries would have to write out a ticket on a piece of paper.

"ADVANCE, BOURNEMOUTH."

The editor of the "Bournemouth Observer," 1893, says in one of the leaders:—

"The initiative in respect of this particular correspondence emanates from Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes. Fresh from his travels on the Continent and in more distant parts of the world, he has returned to Bournemouth with new and vivid impressions of the attractions which he has seen elsewhere, and with an evident determination to do all that in him lies to stir up the residents to due realisations of Bournemouth's requirements, and to arouse the Corporate Authority. He has a large interest in the town's prosperity, and in proportion to that interest, would be his financial obligations in connection with the carrying out of any large works of public improvement.

"Personal and private considerations and miserable small-minded quibbling over matters for which the public at large care not one jot, have from time to time hindered that broader and calmer view of Bournemouth's real needs, which otherwise might possibly have been taken; and thus it is we now find a general outcry that 'something must be done,' and this is exactly the crux of the whole matter, for which Mr. Russell-Cotes has been all along contending. Various useful ideas

“Why should Bournemouth wait?”

have been thrown out by him, none of them very new, certainly, for several have been before the public for the past eight or ten years, and we are glad to know that some practical steps are about to be taken by the Town Council in the desired direction.

“The progressive spirit now manifested is at all events a hopeful sign, and it would seem to warrant the Town Council in embarking upon a far more enterprising course of action in regard to schemes ripe for fruition, than hitherto they may have felt quite justified in pursuing.”

I have written volumes of letters persistently advocating all and any of such improvements as are to be found in other first class health resorts, especially those on the Continent, it being a household word that corporate bodies do not know how to develop watering places, and that is the crux of the whole matter.

One of the remarks frequently made was that by my suggested improvements, I should drive all the invalids away. Well, a very good job, too, as it was not invalids that were wanted in particular. In point of fact it takes more than one swallow to make a summer, and Bournemouth would certainly never have become what it is as a favourite health resort of the world, if it had been confined to the reception of invalids. This is only one example of the state of things with which I have had to contend, all emanating from the same source. The following extracts speak for themselves.

From the “Bournemouth Daily Echo,” October, 1892 :—

“WHY SHOULD BOURNEMOUTH WAIT?”

“To the Editor.

“Sir,—Surely the time has now arrived for the ratepayers of Bournemouth to realise the absolute and urgent need of a marine drive and promenade on the sea front and on the sea

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level. I do not think that anyone who has travelled, and studied the question and the needs of Bournemouth as a seaside health resort, can, for one moment, doubt the immense advantages that would accrue to the town by the carrying out of such a vital and important scheme.

“ This question has been before the ratepayers since the late Sir Joseph Bazalgette and Mr. Creeke put forward their plans upwards of a quarter of a century ago, and still Bournemouth is about the only seaside resort in the world which is content to go on year after year without what is considered to be at every other seaside resort, the greatest and most important attraction, viz., a marine drive and promenade, where everyone will meet and enjoy the ozone, which cannot be obtained otherwise than on the seashore.

“ A promenade such as this on our sea front, I state from practical experience, and without fear of contradiction, will surpass in every respect any other in the world, and will be an inestimable boon to everyone, and will, I am satisfied, induce many wealthy families to take up their residence in Bournemouth, especially those who have horses and carriages, and who have at present no means afforded them to drive up and down the sea front ; and those, too, who prefer to walk, will be able to do so without wading through the sand.

“ Those who know Bournemouth best must realise the great need of such a road along the beach for the future prosperity and advantage of the town.

“ I may state as a fact, that I personally know many influential families who would prefer it as a place of residence to such places along the Riviera during the winter, or Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Llandudno, Aberystwyth, or any other summer resort possessing a marine road for walking and driving on, and which are exposed, and do not possess the grand protection of the cliffs from the north and east winds which our marine promenade would afford.

Sir William Jenner, M.D.

"Among other visitors to Bournemouth, the late Dr. Sir William Jenner not only expressed his profound amazement that the people of Bournemouth had not provided such a drive for the benefit of its patrons, but he himself left Bournemouth solely because he, having brought his horses and carriages, could not drive along the shore, where he maintained pure ozone could alone be inhaled.

"I can well understand that to many ratepayers it is a simple matter of £ s. d. ; they in fact oppose the scheme solely because they fear such an outlay will increase the rates, but from a business point of view it will have the reverse effect, because it will become one of the greatest inducements for the best class of families to take up their quarters in Bournemouth, and so become ratepayers themselves similarly to thousands of the existing ratepayers, who came first as visitors, and are now permanent residents, and this is the policy on which all business matters are based, viz., 'To reap you must sow.'

"In conclusion, may I, as one deeply interested in the welfare of our beautiful town, urge my fellow ratepayers to use every effort in earnestly supporting the hands of the Council in carrying out a project which will contribute more to promote the success and prosperity of Bournemouth as a seaside resort than any other possible improvement. In short, it will be then, and not until then, entitled to the appellation of 'The Queen of Watering Places.'

"I am, sir, yours sincerely,

"PULCHRITUDO ET SALUBRITAS."

"WHY SHOULD BOURNEMOUTH WAIT?"

"Sir,—I emphatically endorse the views of the Press in a correspondent's letter in a contemporary. Practically, I think, I may be permitted to express my opinion. I have travelled in every part of the world. I have visited the loveliest and most beautiful places on God's earth, and I now say, without fear of contradiction, that Bournemouth—taking all its

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natural beauties into consideration—is by far the most unique and charming seaside resort. Nature has done all this, but what have we done to co-operate with her? I have resided here for 17 years, and I may venture to say that little or nothing has been done to cater for wealthy winter visitors who are the backbone of the place. The Undercliff Drive (which once accomplished would make Bournemouth the envy of every other health resort and the admiration of the world), the Pavilion (or ‘rendezvous’), the Park (now called the ‘Poor’s Common’), have been ‘talked about’ ever since I was a member of the Board of Commissioners, and long before. It is still talk, talk, talk; time is fleeting; the reputation of Bournemouth, as a place of attraction, is waning. I hear of it everywhere I go. ‘It is no use going to Bournemouth; there are no attractions.’ Another says, ‘I am sick of Bournemouth and its Arcade; the same old thing over and over again.’ Another says, ‘We cannot take our horses to Bournemouth; we have nowhere to drive except up and down the same old bit of road on the East Cliff.’

“To us in Bournemouth this may appear exaggeration or nonsense. Well, the facts speak for themselves. Call a meeting of the ratepayers who have their capital sunk in Bournemouth, in business, and let them say what they think of the future prospects of our town unless more energy is employed, and less talk indulged in.

“Why should Bournemouth wait? Now is the time. Let us ‘strike the iron whilst it’s hot.’ We have a ‘gem of the first water.’ Surely it is worth cutting and polishing, and setting in virgin gold. Look at other health resorts. Go to Switzerland, to the Italian lakes, to the Riviera, to the Rhine resorts; what do you find? Why, without anything like the charms of our lovely town, they expend every cent they can accumulate to lay out in the most attractive and seductive manner every available spot; to build (regardless of expense,

“ Our Town is a Health Resort ”

knowing that it will all come back a hundred-fold) pavilions, conversation halls, concert halls, picture and fine art galleries, public reading rooms, grand drives, charming walks in every direction, band-stands and bands at every important point, etc., etc., etc. And yet we express surprise at our own countrymen and Royal Family patronising foreign watering-places and health resorts !

“ Let us then be up and doing. Let us rival these places. None of these places, I again repeat, are at all comparable with ‘ beautiful Bournemouth.’ Let us then sow the seed as our Continental rivals have done, and Bournemouth will flourish, aye, like the green bay tree. Let us have an Undercliff Drive, east and west. Let us have the Pavilion (‘ rendez-vous ’). Let us form a grand and glorious park of the newly-acquired ‘ Poor’s Common.’ Let us have an incomparable drive (‘ Rotten Row ’) right up the centre of the pleasure grounds, for carriages and horses. If the pleasure grounds are not for such purposes, what are they for ? Some may say vandalism, I say, ‘ bosh ! ’ Our town is a health resort. Provide, therefore, roads and drives everywhere, and make the place attractive, and instead of a nervous feeling about our future success, we shall stand alone with such a galaxy of unique and exceptional attractions that no other health resort in the world possesses.

“ Yours sincerely,

“ MERTON RUSSELL-COTES.

“ 26th October, 1892.”

Extract from local paper, 14th November, 1892 :—

“ ADVANCE, BOURNEMOUTH.

“ Sir,—‘ Another Resident’s ’ remarks are entitled to every consideration, but I again repeat that Bournemouth is a ‘ Health Resort,’ not for residents alone, but for everyone, and all who seek its health-giving qualities. Our first duty,

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therefore, is to lay out our town in the most attractive way we can, and with this object in view, the late Mr. C. C. Creeke did all in his power, but his initial efforts were on a too-limited scale, and every road is far too narrow to admit of horse and carriage exercise similar to what can be obtained at Brighton (the 'Sea Drive'), Eastbourne, etc., etc. In fact, I know of many influential families who have entirely ceased from visiting Bournemouth, because of the roads in the town and suburbs being so narrow, with acute corners (making it most dangerous for carriage and horse exercise) and there being no 'drive' for that purpose. Instead, therefore, of the gardens being made less attractive by a carriage drive, it would enhance their value, utility and attractiveness. Take the narrow pleasure grounds, opposite the King's Palace, in Brussels. Is there not a drive such as I suggest from one end to the other—walks on either side, with rows of chairs, crowded with the *élite* of Brussels, and children innumerable racing about in every direction. Adjacent to this 'drive' also is the Grand Bandstand ; in short, they are what they profess to be, namely, pleasure grounds, not pseudo private gardens for a small minority to play tennis in, and children to monopolise. The road outside the gardens is not a 'drive,' it is far too narrow, with the danger, too, of meeting butchers' carts, waggons, railway vans, etc. Moreover, the 'pleasure road round the gardens' does not go round the gardens, but only along a few hundred feet of one side of it ; instead of a carriage drive destroying the beauty of the grounds, it would add to it very materially by giving it life, animation, and colour. Does the drive through the Champs Elysees in Paris destroy its beauty ; to make Bournemouth the health resort *par excellence* we must consider ourselves less, and the general public more, and try and follow a more cosmopolitan course.

" Personally, I have no special ends to serve in advocating this or any other improvement ; I have only the same interest

Drive through the Pleasure Grounds

in these matters identically with any other ratepayer who has a considerable stake in the future prosperity of our town, and the desire to see it progress and not the reverse. Motives have been, and always will be, imputed to those whose success is the honest reward of their own hard work and energy. Motives are imputed to me. I can with a perfectly clear conscience declare I have no motives except to see Bournemouth flourish and the town prosper, and with it every one and everything in it.

" In conclusion, it is a source of congratulation that the Town Council at their last meetings referred to my letters, and in recognising the imperative necessity of carrying out my views, *re* the Undercliff Drive, Pavilion, and Park, admitted with regret the years that had been wasted and nothing done. Let this be the 'beginning of the end'; with the advent of 1893, begin all their grand work with an earnest determination to carry them through for the improvement of the town, the benefit of the ratepayers, and the admiration of the world.

" Yours faithfully,

" MERTON RUSSELL-COTES.

" Bournemouth, 14th November, 1892.

" P.S.—Another great feature in favour of a 'drive' through the pleasure grounds is that it is almost a dead level for nearly two miles and such a 'drive' would be most attractive and beautiful, and afford an opportunity to a large majority to appreciate these charming gardens.—M.R.C."

From the " Bournemouth Directory," November, 1892 :—

" To the Editor.

" Sir,—Every person interested in the welfare of Bournemouth, it is hoped, has read the most sensible, honest and most business-like letter of Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, in your issue of October 29th. All residents—whether property owners or not, in trade or out of it—must admit that the

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arguments therein, so ably given, should receive immediate attention and be carried out without further delay as they are thoroughly necessary and practical, if carried out to-morrow. One and all would rejoice to see our beautiful town made the best of, and would at once give universal satisfaction to those who reside here, who have been and who are yet to come. As private enterprise has up to the present headed the advancement of our acknowledged health resort, why do our Town Council wait longer before they show us practically their desire to improve and carry out a policy which everyone admits is necessary to maintain, and still increase the wants and requirements as enumerated in Mr. Russell-Cotes' letter, which is simply the expressed and unexpressed opinion of one and all. Why do not our new Town Council distinguish themselves as having carried out these requirements, and so earn the gratitude of their constituents? Mr. Russell-Cotes believes no longer in further delay, and who is responsible for it? If the Town Council are frightened to suggest or carry out the wishes of the majority—which should be sufficient without appealing individually to the ratepayers—it would be well to assure them no true friend or ratepayer would object to their using their own personal discretion in voting for or against such improvements. Personally speaking, we want such men and ideas to represent us as Mr. Russell-Cotes, who well deserves all honour for advocating the many desired improvements with so much force of argument, and a thousand pities for Bournemouth he is not the chairman of some Council committee where 'Forward' is more needed to be represented than at present. As I am personally interested in vested interests of property here I speak feelingly, and subscribe myself

“A WELL-WISHER RESIDENT WHO WOULD LIKE
BOURNEMOUTH TO BE THE QUEEN OF WATERING-
PLACES.”

Undercliff Drive and Promenade

Letter which appeared in a local paper dated September 10th, 1894 :—

“ THE UNDERCLIFF DRIVE AND SEA PROMENADE.

“ Sir,—I have received a large number of letters from all sorts and conditions of men on the subject of the undercliff drive and promenade, and the beach nuisance questions, and after a most careful perusal of this voluminous correspondence, only one set of conclusions can be arrived at from the consensus of opinions expressed therein, viz. :—

“ (1) That the ratepayers, like myself, realise the great advantages that a grand sea drive and promenade, which at present we do not possess, would confer upon the town. But the first question which naturally arises is, what is to be the *cost*? Well, our credit stands high, and we could borrow at three per cent. the amount required. *Ergo*, a penny rate would place at our disposal a very handsome nucleus to commence with, and if the ratepayers expressed it as their wish at a general meeting called for the purpose of deciding the question that only one half or one third should be constructed to *begin* with experimentally, the wishes of the ratepayers ought most emphatically to be carried out.

“ (2) As one of the largest ratepayers in Bournemouth, no one could be possibly more anxious to keep down the rates than I am, but from my practical experience of other seaside resorts, I am persuaded that this project would not only pay its own way, but ultimately be the direct means of reducing the rates, because I am prepared to prove that numbers of the wealthiest and best families have discontinued coming to Bournemouth because there is no drive along the sea front, as there is in every other first-class seaside resort in the world. These visitors would unquestionably be induced to come back again, inasmuch as they otherwise greatly admire Bournemouth. No doubt in many instances they would buy houses and settle here, as has been the case at Brighton, the Riviera, and else-

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where, incontestably proving that a marine drive and promenade is the greatest attraction at a seaside resort. Besides, for invalids, both rich and poor, in the winter time it would be an inexpressible boon, for they could walk, ride or drive in a veritable Madeira, from the fact that they would not only be perfectly sheltered from north and east winds, but derive the fullest benefit of the sun due south.

“(3) Take away the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, and the promenades at Cannes, Brighton, Eastbourne, Llandudno, and scores of other places, and where would their attractions be? Look for a moment at the crowds of carriages, horses, and pedestrians which throng these promenades from morning till night. Can anyone who has the interest of Bournemouth at heart doubt for one moment the benefit that would accrue from our providing a similar attraction? Surely from a medical and picturesque point of view there would be nothing in the world to compare with it.

“(4) Whilst there is only one possible objection to the development of this scheme, viz., a probable trifling increase in the rates—for a great future gain—there are innumerable and undoubted facts in its favour, for as a seaside resort we cannot afford to lag behind or ‘play second fiddle’ to any other similar place in the world.

“(5) We have during the last twenty years bid high for the best class of visitors, and we are all interested in maintaining and still further developing the high reputation we have struggled hard to build up. We must at all hazards keep abreast of the times and of other competitive health resorts.

“(6) Every tradesman knows that he cannot sell without buying, neither can he buy without sinking his capital, and whatever trade he embarks in, he must secure his customers by catering for them and offering them the latest attractions, even though he does so at some future risk. The ratepayers of Bournemouth, if they want to pay their way, and ultimately

Scarborough and its Spa

have their rates reduced by an influx of the best class of visitors, must adopt similar means. It is a simple axiom, but a forcible one, that you must 'sow before you can reap.' Surely beautiful Bournemouth ought to be prepared to do this! We ought to recollect, too, that we are *per se* a seaside resort and not an inland town, and visitors from the latter yearn for a drive along the sea front. What do they come for but this?

"(7) We have £15,000 actually promised for this scheme, and no doubt more will be forthcoming. If the Corporation do not possess the powers, they no doubt can obtain them to levy a small graduated toll upon pedestrians, equestrians and carriages with one or two horses, or if this is not practicable, then it might be arranged to have *one* entrance to the pier and undercliff drive, and double or treble the existing pier tolls, giving everyone the *entree* to both pier and undercliff drive. I believe at Scarborough the minimum charge is 6d. to go on the spa, which is quite an insignificant affair compared with what our pier is, and what our undercliff drive would be, neither of which do they possess. Then they have hydraulic lifts, for which a charge of 1d. is made each way, from the top of the cliff to the spa or beach. These are so popular, and so easy of access, that they are crowded throughout the day, and are a source of immense profit. We might follow suit, and have three or six of these fixed on the cliffs. They would be of great convenience to the public and of profit to the ratepayers.

"In conclusion, whilst as a practical man I can see nothing but advantages accruing to the ratepayers from this project, I would not for one moment wish to be a party to an increase of the rates, but, on the contrary, have always done, and should always endeavour to do, everything possible to keep them down, and this, I venture to assert, would eventually

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result if the ratepayers backed up the Corporation in carrying out this scheme.

“ Yours faithfully,

“ MERTON RUSSELL-COTES.

“ P.S.—Regarding the ‘ beach nuisance,’ as it is called, many of my correspondents suggest that in the event of the Corporation not possessing the powers which should enable them to clear away the nuisance entirely, the best and fairest means to adopt would be to allocate spaces on the beach at the two extreme limits of the borough, leaving the piers and the winter garden in the centre, free from itinerant competitors. As these are the ratepayers’ property, they should be left uninterfered with by competition from outsiders, and the shopkeepers protected from similar competition from stall holders on the beach, who vulgarise the town, and in most cases pay neither rent nor rates, nor support the town in any way.—M.R.C.”

My opinions in this matter were backed by a non-resident like Mr. Howard Paul, who writes :—“ It is a matter of surprise to me that the Corporation of Bournemouth have not made an undercliff drive and promenade, as the evergreen town possesses undoubted claims as a winter resort, which many people of ample means visit, instead of going to the south of Europe. Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, a resident of Bournemouth for twenty-seven years, and a large individual ratepayer, has addressed the Mayor and Corporation on the subject, urging upon them the necessity of constructing an undercliff drive and promenade. The contour of the cliffs and beach, as Mr. Russell-Cotes points out, lends itself in an admirable manner to that purpose. The last winter has not been a prosperous one for Bournemouth, but I believe the carrying out of an undercliff drive would place the town in the front rank of

The late Duke of Argyll

seaside resorts. I believe Mr. Russell-Cotes to be quite correct in his judgment, for in the winter this town, like all others, is visited by occasional storms and east winds, and the suggested drive would be an excellent protection for those who desire to drive in the open air." The late Sir Joseph Bazalgette and the late Duke of Argyll * were strongly in favour of an undercliff drive, and regretted its absence.

The following is an extract from a letter in the "Observer" of November 14th, 1892. Speaking generally of the several improvements alluded to in the speeches which were given on the election of Mayor, the writer thinks:—

"In addition to this, Mr. Russell-Cotes, in a letter which also appears in Saturday's issue, suggests an improvement which in my opinion is very desirable, viz., a drive through the pleasure grounds. As he puts it in his letter, 'Why not make the road wide enough for a drive while they are at it . . . from the Pier to the Square, and if afterwards they find it a success, carry the drive right through, as he suggests, up to the 'Coy Pond.'"

* I had the pleasure of meeting the Duke of Argyll, the father of the late Duke, for the first time in 1876, and on several occasions afterwards during his visits to Bournemouth. The Duke possessed an exceedingly pleasant manner, although rather sententious, and whatever the subject on which he was speaking, he was always brief and to the point. One of his great idiosyncrasies consisted of his strict economy in every way. For example, he would not allow his toast to be trimmed by cutting the crust off, neither would he allow his chops or cutlets to be cooked with the fat on them, giving as his reason that he could not eat it, and it would therefore be wasted. We chatted together frequently, and it was his representations that really induced me to develop the Royal Bath Hotel, one of the properties which I had purchased on taking up my residence in Bournemouth. He was most cordially kind to and became quite familiar with anyone to whom he took a liking, and I for one evidently enjoyed his friendship.

In this connection I may say that the same friendly associations existed between the Earl of Warwick and myself. His lordship was a most delightful little man, amiable and lovable to the last degree. Many and many a time have I walked with him in the grounds. There he noticed a plant, the *Lavandula spica* (common or garden name, "French lavender") which he evidently had not seen elsewhere. He delighted in rubbing his hands among the stems of this plant, and inhaling its

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The following is quoted from "The World" of 17th March, 1895 :—

"The question of having a marine drive at Bournemouth has long agitated the minds of Bournemouth ratepayers, and so far as we can see there is every probability of its continuing to agitate them for some time before anything is definitely decided upon. It is a well-known fact that Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, F.R.G.S., who was unanimously elected to the civic chair, notwithstanding that he did not belong to the 'inner charmed circle' of the Council, and had taken no particular part in the deliberations of the municipal assembly, is strongly in favour of an undercliff marine drive, and has accepted office for the express purpose of carrying such an undertaking to a successful issue. Mr. Russell-Cotes is acknowledged to be a man of considerable firmness of purpose, and in whatever he has hitherto taken in hand he has displayed a remarkable spirit of enterprise, vigour, and tenacity. Once convinced of the desirability of any object, he spares no effort in securing it: It is this peculiar characteristic which has distinguished him from other men, and has enabled him to make a success of his schemes. Those principles which have made him successful as a man of business he is applying to municipal affairs. His courageous optimism is sometimes too much for his colleagues on the Council, and whenever the question of an undercliff drive is broached, he is met with a stubborn opposition of sufficient strength to make it formidable."

peculiarly refreshing and delicious perfume. Before returning to Warwick on one occasion he incidentally remarked that he should very much like to have a root of this plant. I therefore at once instructed my head gardener to take up several roots and forward them to the Earl of Warwick's head gardener at Warwick Castle, where I have seen it since on several occasions considerably increased. It was a delightful experience to see the present Earl meet his father. The depth of affection that seemed to exist between them was clearly obvious, and although not the usual English manner, when they met they always kissed and embraced each other, the Earl exclaiming, "My dear boy, I am most delighted to meet you."

“ Truth ” and “ The World ”

The Editor of “ Truth ” and Bournemouth :—

“ I have already taken an interest in the improvement of Bournemouth, and probably from this reason I have been favoured with cuttings from some correspondence on this subject in the local papers. On the one hand Mr. Russell-Cotes urges the view which has been so often expressed in ‘ Truth ’ that if Bournemouth is to become—as it ought to become—a really fashionable English wintering place, it needs first and foremost a pavilion or casino, with a good theatre, ball-room, winter garden and various minor conveniences ; and secondly, a good drive on the sea front, which ought of course to be an ‘ Undercliff ’ drive. On the other hand sundry ‘ residents ’ urge the view that Bournemouth is a nice, quiet place for invalids, as it also is for retired military and naval veterans, and fogies of various kinds, and that the attempt to make the place fashionable and popular will spoil it. Between these two views, of course, there can be no compromise. The place may be kept dull, cheerless and comfortless for the benefit of a select few invalids and fogies ; or it may be bright, cheerful, and attractive for the benefit of all England. But I should have thought that the vast majority of ratepayers would go very strongly for the second alternative.”

From “ The World,” March, 1893 :—

“ THE UNDERCLIFF MARINE DRIVE.

“ The Bournemouth Town Council are being subjected to much criticism for their alleged want of enterprise in carrying out improvements, which it is claimed will make Bournemouth still more attractive to the winter visitor. Mr. Russell-Cotes is the principal critic and leader of the ‘ progressives ’ outside the Council. They ask for a marine drive, a pavilion, and a drive through the pleasure gardens. Whatever may be said as to the drive through the pleasure grounds, the arguments

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in favour of the Undercliff Marine Drive seem to be irresistible. Apart from the fact that such an addition would be a boon to visitors, and the reported readiness of Sir George Meyrick and the South Western Railway to contribute several thousand pounds towards this object, the prevention of the disappearance of the cliffs will necessitate some such method of roadmaking and cliff preservation being adopted, as were proposed by Sir Joseph Bazalgette years ago."

From the "Times," March 1st, 1893 :—

"MR. MERTON RUSSELL-COTES.

"Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes is amazed at another attempt by the Corporation to foist upon this borough the purchase of a 'White Elephant,' that 'damp lugubrious hole' yecept the 'Winter Gardens.' He tells us that many attempts have been made to float the scheme by forming a syndicate, but always failed. No one has the courage of his convictions to put his hand in his pocket for such a purpose, but some do not object to attempt it with the ratepayers' money.

"This certainly looks bad! We are in favour of open spaces, wherever situated, but the scheme to rent or purchase must be debated and criticised before the verdict of the town is asked or expense incurred.

"Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes goes on to speak of the Pier Pavilion, the Undercliff Drive, the park, and the Horse Shoe; yes, and he might have enumerated Boscombe's wants, viz., a railway station, the pier purchased by the Corporation, and the Undercliff Drive certainly, but with it the Poor's Common as a recreation ground. He concludes as follows:

"'For about the same outlay, a grand and unique improvement could be carried out, viz., the whole of the space from the Square up to the London Hotel and Congregational Church filled in, levelled, and laid with concrete pavement, a small and elegant pavilion placed in the centre (of an oval

A grand and unique improvement

form and one storey only) and surrounded with flowers, shrubs, trees, statuary, etc. ; fountains each side, and bandstands, and illuminated at night by electric light. This site would form the most central and convenient rendezvous, in the very heart of the town, and by making a grand drive between it and the Pier Pavilion, Bournemouth would possess one of the most attractive features of any health resort in the world.' ”

From “ The World,” May, 1892 :—

“ Why Bournemouth persistently turns its back on its bay has always puzzled me. One must almost think that the sight of salt water was considered vulgar in the south-west of Hampshire. The bay is a fine stretch of sea with a noble coast line. The sandy cliffs run eastward to Hengistbury Head, with a great patch of green in them where Boscombe Chine comes down to the waves, and to the west are the woods and the bluffs of Branksome and Canford, with a break where a silver channel runs into Poole Harbour, and far to the south the rocky pillars of the Foreland and Durlston Head. The waves lap up a shore of gently sloping sand. The tide scarcely rises and falls more than does the level Mediterranean. The Needles stand like dim guardian ghosts far out to the east, so that this golden crescent, holding a pale blue sea, has both shelter and beauty. Bournemouth, however, steadily refuses to recognise that it is a seaside place. The club certainly is to be found on the sea front, but it nestles very close into the cliff, as if no one will notice its position ; but the finest site in the town, the great oval space between the gardens and the entrance to the pier, the spot which should be a centre of life, is given over to a rickety cab shelter, apparently constructed of biscuit tins, a horse-trough, a great iron mast, surmounted by a bunch of electric lights.

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“ Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes and other enthusiastic advocates of the Undercliff Drive say that a sheltered drive should be constructed along the two miles of coast from Boscombe to the pier, and prophesy that if this road is made, those very desirable people who ride in carriages, who require a drive sheltered from the bleak north wind, and not cut out by tramway lines, will come down once again in shoals to Bournemouth ; that the value of property will go up in consequence, and that the little additional sum put on the rates will come back a hundredfold into the pockets of all good townsmen. If you have a chance of interrupting a Bournemouth man who has once begun to talk about the Undercliff Drive, which is not likely, and if you insinuate that the cliff might fall on the road, or the road be washed away by a storm, he, if he is an advocate of the drive, will refer you to the opinions of great engineers, who say that a drive would be the salvation of the cliffs, and will assure you that no wave would be so unmannerly as to cut the road.

“ My sympathies are with the ‘ retired classes,’ as they are called at Bournemouth ; the widows, the officers of the Reserve, the men of small fixed incomes ; but they are between Scylla and Charybdis. If Bournemouth is to keep abreast of the times, money must be spent. Her rivals not only organise, but they build. Cannes has completed her great jetty named after our King, and has opened her English club ; the golf club at Nice is fresh from the builders’ hands, and a great new casino is planned ; Monte Carlo has a new club and a new winter garden ; even sleepy old Mentone finds that she cannot exist without links and a casino ; and though Bournemouth may not be aware what the towns of the south of France, already rich in flowers, and blue seas, and splendid drives by the shore, and soft airs are doing, the people with long purses who wish to spend their winter where they will be sheltered and amused, keep themselves well informed of all that has

“A Greenhouse in the back blocks”

been done on the rim of the Mediterranean. If Bournemouth becomes a ‘has-been’ as she will become unless she is in the forefront of the battle, the small landowners will, I believe, suffer as much in proportion as do the larger ones in the depreciation of the value of their property. An undercliff drive and the planning of the East Cliff would most undoubtedly add greatly to the attractions of Bournemouth. When the matter was seriously discussed, the estimated cost of making the drive was roughly put at £40,000, and towards this £15,000 is promised as a gift. Are the great men of the town less liberal now, and could not the sum be doubled?

“The other pressing question concerning Bournemouth is where the new pleasure pavilion is to be. Bournemouth has a splendid band, conducted by Mr. Dan Godfrey, but this band is sometimes split up, part of it playing on the pier, and when it is heard at its best in full number, it is hidden away in an exaggerated greenhouse somewhere in the back blocks. Big boards and finger-posts now direct the intrepid discoverer in the right direction, and the concerts, at which great singers and violinists appear, are well advertised on posters, the next week’s attractions being given, as well as those of the current one; but the first time I went to Bournemouth, I spent three days in the town without knowing that it possessed a Winter Gardens, and now with a full knowledge of its whereabouts, I find that a little resolution is required to get there, whereas the building should confront one a dozen times during the day, and one could walk into it as a matter of course, which would happen if the big glass building were in some central position.

“The great vacant space before the entrance of the pier seems to me to be the ideal position for a hall of amusement, and if a road leading to it was made through the gardens from the centre of the town, I do not think that the quiet of this beauty spot would be interfered with so long as the road was

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only used as a park road, and not given over to butchers' and bakers' carts as a short cut. Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes and some of the progressives of Bournemouth think that a site amidst pines on the high ground in the gardens would be the better site for a pavilion, and it has the advantage of being sheltered. The third improvement now under discussion at Bournemouth is the making of new links. The town has already one golf ground, and with two it should be a southern place of pilgrimage for English golfers.

"Bournemouth is so beautiful as she lies snug and warm in her nest of pines, her gardens and public places are so well kept, her avenues are so picturesque, her hotels so comfortable; Nature has sheltered her from so many of the biting winds; she has her theatre and her admirable band—creation and man have done so much for her, that I hope she will not give up the battle when it is half won; and that some way may be found by which the sinews of war may be provided without trenching too deeply on the shallow purses."

From the "Bournemouth Guardian" of June 13th, 1903:—

"COMMITTEE, OR OPEN COUNCIL?"

"... As the matter stands at present, all the information with respect to the control of the cliffs vouchsafed by the Town Council to the ratepayers, is, so far as we have been able to trace, contained in the minutes of the General Purposes Committee of May 27th, as follows:—

"At the meeting of the General Purposes Committee, held on May 27th, a letter (dated 3rd April) from Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes was read, together with the Surveyor's report, and the committee resolved to recommend the Council to adopt the scheme of an overcliff drive from Durley Chine to the pier, and thence onwards to East Cliff Road (now "Russell-Cotes Road"), and from the east end of it to the East Cliff

Adoption of the Scheme proposed

entrance of Boscombe Chine, including (subject to the consent of the owners of the cliffs) an undercliff drive from Durley Chine to the pier, and from the pier to opposite Meyrick Road, such scheme being estimated to cost (including the acquisition of certain properties to render necessary the construction of a bridge at Durley Chine), the sum of £65,000. It was further resolved that the scheme and plans should be submitted to the owners of the cliffs for their approval, and that on such approval being obtained, detailed plans, specifications, and estimates be prepared for submission to the Local Government Board, and that application be made to the Board for the borrowing of the sum of £65,000 for the purpose of carrying out the scheme.' ”

From the “ Bournemouth Directory,” June 29th, 1903 :—

“ WHY SHOULD BOURNEMOUTH WAIT ?

“ Sir,—Feeling that the future commercial prosperity of Bournemouth is now in the balance, I cannot help but give expression to certain views, and disprove certain statements.

“ The whole matter of the ‘ Under ’ and ‘ Overcliff ’ Drives is of vital importance to this town if she hopes to compete in the future with her rivals for the winter trade, both at home and on the Continent.

“ First let me point out that our privilege of building the Undercliff Drive will lapse in ten years. Now, time soon flies, and if by that time Bournemouth has not of her own free will completed the scheme, Sir George Meyrick will enter again, and will be at liberty to sell the rights to the highest bidder, which bidder will be a building syndicate, who will ruin our front by building an undercliff drive on which houses and shops will be placed (as such a syndicate will want to see a direct profit), and instead of a beautiful drive with no such horrors attached to it, we shall see it gradually turning into a second-class Margate front. We cannot shut our eyes to

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the fact that as time goes on the public demand as a necessity what a few years ago they looked upon as a luxury, and they therefore demand in Bournemouth what they get at all other first-class seaside places, *e.g.*, Llandudno, Scarborough, etc., etc.

“Bournemouth cannot be dissimilar to every other town in this respect, namely, that it must either go on or back ; it cannot remain stationary—such a thing is against all the laws of nature. It is going back, and as it goes back, our present burdens will be individually increased, as there will not be the same number of ratepayers to share them. But if we can do aught to make the town go ahead, and induce others to come and live here, then any extra rate that may be laid on us will be shared by them. Indeed, I have such confidence in the future of Bournemouth as a winter health resort (providing that we keep up with modern demands) that I cannot but feel that the rates will not be individually increased.

“I would ask those who are against the scheme to go deeply into the matter, and not form opinions until the whole thing has been deeply sifted by them individually ; let them go to those who are able to judge (namely, the hotel men, the boarding-house keepers, and the shopkeepers) what the best class of our visitors ask for, and they will be astonished to hear the constant repetition of the words, ‘Undercliff Drive.’

“I was amazed only three or four days ago, in talking to a gentleman who wishes to take a house with stabling, to see the large sheaf of permits of houses that he held in his hand, and when I remarked on it he gave a laugh, and from his pocket pulled a lot more. This does not look like a well-filled and prosperous town, and please note these permits were for the best class of houses, and the houses once inhabited by people who, by residing here, helped to make Bournemouth, and are the people whom we wish to get back again. This same gentleman remarked that he had heard that there was a

A Veritable Sun-bath !

scheme for an undercliff drive, and said he sincerely hoped that the matter would be carried through, as it would make such a grand drive in the winter. 'Imagine,' said he, 'a cold northerly wind blowing. We should then be able to go and drive at the foot of the cliff with the sun shining full on us, and the cold wind passing far above our heads. Why, it would be a veritable sun-bath'—and truly it would be.

"It would make a drive the like of which no town that I have ever been to could possibly possess, and would, in a very short time, be the talk of Europe. The medical faculty would take it up, and then Bournemouth would far outshine her competitors. Nature has done all she can for us, and all she asks us in return is to make a road. Let it be remembered by those who are physically capable of walking and enjoying themselves on the sand, how they thoroughly relish being so near to the sea. Do they wish to rob of the same pleasures that they enjoy, those who come down here, and have not the strength to plough through such heavy walking. Again, there are those who, if a walk were provided, would promenade along constantly, but who naturally object to ruining good boots with sand and salt, and above all, there are carriage people to whom such a drive would be a tremendous boon, and for which no overcliff drive (beautiful as it may be) can offer the same adequate protection. Some say that this road would cause the beach to disappear. By what right do they make this statement? When on the sands themselves we find absolute disproof of it. To take one example, the Bournemouth Club has a concrete and cement wall in front of its premises. With what result? That the sand is always piled up against it, and at times over it! Both the abutments of Bournemouth and Boscombe Piers go to show the same thing. The sand is undoubtedly washed up by the sea, and not supplied by the cliffs, as some would argue. And any geologist would point out that the greater portion of the cliffs and the sand

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on the shore are quite dissimilar in character, and also that if the cliffs did supply the sand, the rate of their consumption would be so terrible that no man could dream of building a house within sight of them. If it takes cliffs to make sand, how is it that constantly round our coasts we find beautiful stretches of sand at the foot of cliffs of rock? Also how is it that there are any sands left at Ostend, where there are no cliffs of any kind whatsoever, and where they certainly have a most beautiful promenade, etc., which is the making of the place? That town has to face the fiercest gales known, namely, those of the North Sea, and yet they think little about them in the matter of upkeep, whilst we here in Bournemouth, practically speaking, who are landlocked from the full south-westerly and easterly storms, are shivering in our shoes at the possible upkeep.

“And so I could go on naming other towns in the full blast of the storm, and how often do we hear of really great injuries to the marine drive? And then it is always in the case of a sea wall, which ours would not be, seeing that the drive would be (on the average) a hundred feet from the sea at mean tide, and fifty feet away at ordinary high water. If the drive is carried deep enough the sand will bank itself in front, and form an actual barrier to the first impact of wave of the occasional storms that we have, and of which we only get a small portion of the full force.

“Our surveyor states that the cost of the proposed Undercliff Drive would be £45,000. Why, therefore, should anyone spread the report that it will cost ‘hundreds of thousands’! What is £45,000 to a borough like Bournemouth? The annual outlay by the average business man on his premises is individually comparatively far greater than £45,000 is to the whole borough. Again, the individual has to pay the capital down, but the borough only pays the interest on borrowed money and sinking fund.

“What a Magnificent Scheme !”

“Of course, there is bound to be upkeep. If you leave a house alone year after year, it will get into a dilapidated state, but if it is kept in proper repair one hardly thinks of the expense, providing it is a properly built house to begin with. As a matter of fact, with the few heavy gales we get, say two a year, that reach the cliffs for an hour or so, and the protection I have already spoken of, our upkeep would be ridiculously small, and we should give our town such an advertisement as it has never had before.

“Again, it must not be forgotten that we are now responsible for the upkeep of the cliffs, and we shall have to do it. Is it proposed that we should go on spending money year after year in sums ranging to any figure for the support of these cliffs, and practically get no return? No, we must look the matter in the face; let us build an undercliff drive, bring people here from all parts of the globe thereby (and note well that out of our visitors our residents spring). Let us thereby fill our empty houses, and keep our architects, builders, and workmen of all types busily at it, providing for the ever-increasing demand; let us plant the cliffs with tamarisk (for it is in such soil that it flourishes), sand binding grasses, and numerous other plants; let us make foot-walks; let us tap the surface water, and let us have our Overcliff Drive. What a magnificent scheme! Here we provide all the year round for the wants of our visitors—over the cliffs on the warm summer days, and under the cliffs on the days when the bitter north-east wind is blowing.

“How there can be two thoughts about such a thing is to me extraordinary, and it behoves the man who is against the scheme to long hesitate ere he votes to put an end to it, as he will most undoubtedly be driving a nail into the coffin of Bournemouth.

“I am, dear sirs,

“Yours faithfully,

“MERTON RUSSELL-COTES.

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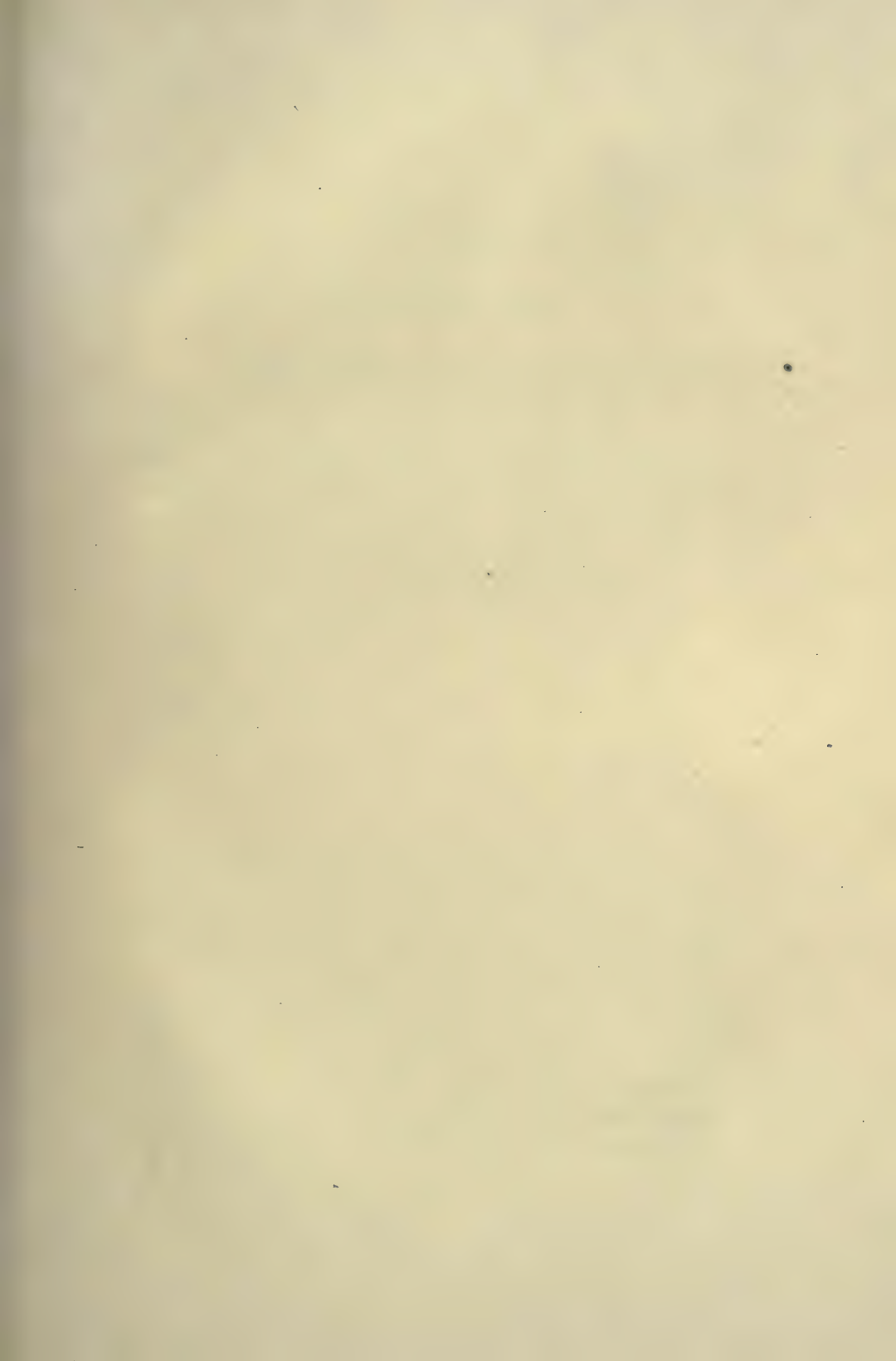
“ P.S.—There is an absurd rumour being spread broadcast that it is intended to spoil the contour of the cliffs. This is absolutely the reverse of fact, for in the first place, it is the desire of all those who favour the Undercliff Drive scheme, that the cliffs should be preserved in their present state to the utmost extent in order that visitors and residents walking and driving on the Undercliff Drive should be able to admire their beauty from the only spot where such a view is possible, and where so few are able to go at present. It is very certain that no conception of the beauty of the cliffs can be obtained from the top of them.”

* * * *

The rateable values of Bournemouth, 1856—£3,653 ; 1878—£102,351 ; 1918—£790,896.

The increase in population both as regards residents and visitors has been phenomenal, and has never been exceeded or for that matter equalled, by any other health resort in Great Britain. Indeed, I seriously question if any similar type of town in the world has achieved such rapid and solid success.

The population of Bournemouth when we took up our residence here was between four and five thousand. It is now between eighty and ninety thousand.



From the Bournemouth Graphic, 26th May, 1904 :—

“ Mr. Russell-Cotes, to whom I think we may all say belongs the credit of having brought the Undercliff Drive, Promenade, and Pavilion League into being, has reason to feel proud of the support which the movement has already obtained. Mr. Russell-Cotes sends me a copy of the newly-issued prospectus—would it not be more correct to call it the ‘ Charta ’?—and from it I gather that he has succeeded in enlisting the active sympathy and support of a large number of influential local gentlemen. One fact is distinctly worthy of notice. The names of most of the local medical men are included among the list of vice-presidents, and the position of president is occupied by Mr. J. Roberts Thomson, M.D., F.R.C.P.”

* * * *

“ Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you a hundred virtues which the idle never know.”

CHAPTER VII

The History of Bournemouth

(continued).

Further correspondence concerning the Undercliff Drive—Local Government Board Enquiry—Official sanction received—Completion of first section—My conjuring trick—I cross-examine counsel!

"Large minds, like large pictures, are seen best at a distance ; this is the reason, to say nothing of envious motives, why we generally undervalue our contemporaries, and overrate the ancients."

From the "Bournemouth Observer," November 13th, 1903 :—

"REPLY TO A RESIDENT'S LETTER RE UNDERCLIFF DRIVE.

"To the Editor.

"Sir,—Being one of the largest—if not the largest—individual ratepayer, and having resided in Bournemouth for thirty-three years, and during that period actively taken part in the promotion of its popularity and prosperity, by the expenditure of large sums in various ways, and being, as I am, deeply interested in its welfare, perhaps I may be permitted to express my views on the Undercliff Promenade question.

"Upwards of a quarter of a century ago, I had intimate relations with the late Mr. Creeke (the first town surveyor) and Sir Joseph Bazalgette, and have sat for hours with them discussing plans for the Undercliff Promenade, which was to have been an integral part of the main drainage scheme for both Bournemouth and Boscombe, the main sewer running right below it, with manholes at suitable distances, the outfall

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being opposite to the 'Manor Plot.' Being honorary secretary of the Medical Committee at that time, and in 1891 having the arrangement and control for the reception and entertainment of the British Medical Association in my hands, I came in contact with those whose opinions were most valuable, and who looked upon an undercliff promenade as an absolute *sine qua non* if Bournemouth was to retain its prestige for being a winter health resort, and it would be there, and there only, where comfort and warmth could be obtained during the winter months in England. Under these circumstances, I venture to think that I am in a position to offer an unbiassed and somewhat experienced opinion without attempting the role of an amateur engineer, which I prefer leaving in the hands of our thoroughly efficient Borough Engineer, Mr. Lacey, and other competent authorities.

" *A propos* of this, I remember the late Mr. Cunnington (who was then, like myself, a member of the Board of Commissioners), who took a special delight in taking upon himself the role of town surveyor and advisory engineer to the Board of Commissioners, and in order to give practical proof of his skill, used to frequent the operations at the shore end of the pier, and poke holes in the concrete with his umbrella before it was set, declaring it was not of the proper standard, and would be cleared away by the first storm ! To-day the concrete and cement work at the shore end of the pier testifies to the worthlessness of the opinions of amateur experts and would-be engineers.

" Well, now I will take the liberty of analysing the views expressed in your correspondent's letter *seriatim*, because he represents an acknowledged body of ratepayers, for whose opinion I have the greatest respect, although I feel, and always have felt, that they are labouring under the most misguided impression in regard to the Undercliff Promenade and Drive, and it has always been a matter of the most profound amaze-

The Retired Classes Opposition

ment, and quite incomprehensible, to me why the retired classes should consistently, and systematically, oppose a magnificent scheme which they and their friends (especially those owning horses and carriages) would derive as much benefit from, if not more, than ordinary pedestrians.

" 1. The writer says that ' this is an expensive time for municipal borrowing,' etc. I say it is just the reverse. Money was rarely, if ever, cheaper. Moreover, I would draw the attention of the ratepayers to the fact that whilst he points out that ' it is an expensive time to borrow money,' his committee, nevertheless, support a proposition to build municipal buildings, etc., which would cost infinitely more, and which, as everybody knows, could wait, and should wait, until Bournemouth's visitors and those who ' pay the piper ' are gratified, and the ratepayers put in possession of such constructions as would further attract and draw the wealthier and better classes to our town, especially during the winter season, and so put us in a fair position to compete with the south of France and other winter health resorts.

" 2. That ' a gentleman of acknowledged business energy and capacity was instructed by Sir George Meyrick,' etc., etc. Now, I presume that the gentleman referred to everybody knows, and I further presume that everybody knows that he, like so many more, found that so large an undertaking was beyond the executive power of one man to carry out. Moreover, I am perfectly aware that many obstacles were thrown in his way, because everyone who, like myself, had the interests of Bournemouth at heart, emphatically objected to the erection of any buildings whatever beneath the cliffs, or in any way connected with the Undercliff Drive, and it was this, and this alone, that wrecked his scheme, and I am not ashamed to say that I opposed his building scheme ' tooth and nail,' and did everything I could to prevent its being carried out under such conditions, much as I have consistently and continuously urged

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the construction of such a road below the cliffs that would enable visitors to walk or drive sheltered from the east and north wind, and at the same time enjoy the advantage of inhaling the pure air and ozone arising from the sea.

"3. The writer says that an 'undercliff drive is not essential.' Now, I undertake to say that out of a hundred thoroughly practical experts and engineers, ninety-nine at least, if not the whole, would give it as their opinion that the Undercliff Drive and Promenade is an 'essential,' and that for a seaside health resort it is an absolute *sine qua non*.

"4. He further says that 'if an undercliff drive is constructed and is a commercial failure, the effect on the rates will be disastrous.' This is a 'bogey,' a very old friend trimmed up for the occasion, a regular Fifth of November 'guy'—and it is so familiar that one cannot help smiling at the repetition, after its having been thrashed out over and over again. *A propos* of this point, I maintain that by constructing so necessary an adjunct as a seaside promenade on the beach, we should induce the wealthier classes to flock to Bournemouth, and bring with them their horses and carriages, and still further the increase and population of the ratepaying community, by filling not only the existing large empty houses, but also causing a demand for more, and so instead of the rates being raised, they would be necessarily decreased, and the rates would not 'cost us more.'

"5. This clause is scarcely worth referring to, simply because we know perfectly well that those who have persistently and doggedly kept up an opposition to the carrying out of this all-important scheme are utterly irreconcilable, and will *à l'outrance* go on opposing anything that has a tendency to promote the benefit of the trading community, and the consequent prosperity, and the future development of our town.

"Finally, I would ask every ratepayer to seriously weigh the advantages of this undercliff drive and promenade against the 'bogies' and amateur engineering fads and quibbles. For

Resident Ratepayers' Association

they, like myself, have a heavy stake in the future welfare of our beautiful health resort.

" I would further earnestly appeal to the section of the Resident Ratepayers' Association who oppose the scheme, to seriously reconsider the position they have taken up in this question. These gentlemen suggest municipal buildings, etc. (which unquestionably are important adjuncts to the comfort of the Council and law officers of the town), but I am sure these gentlemen will willingly wait, if it could be shown that by doing so the carrying out of any other scheme would still further develop the prosperity of the town. They also advocate a new golf links. Well, even this is an admirable idea, but I maintain it should be subordinate to the far greater importance of the Undercliff Drive and Promenade, which the ratepayers ought to have possessed a quarter of a century ago.

" In conclusion, if the trading community of Bournemouth do not wish to see bankruptcy rearing its head in our midst, every tradesman must waken up, and vote with both hands for an undercliff drive and promenade—the scheme, the only scheme, to retrieve the fortunes of the town.

" Yours sincerely,

" MERTON RUSSELL-COTES."

From the " Bournemouth Observer," October, 1893 :—

" ANOTHER UNDERCLIFF ROAD ' BOGEY.' "

" To the Editor.

" Dear Sir,—I think it must now have become perfectly clear and very obvious to the progressive ratepayers that the members of the Bournemouth Residents' Association are determined to seize upon every real or imaginary protest for ' throwing cold water ' on every expenditure by the Corporation, having for its object the further development and future prosperity of the town.

" First one ' bogey ' has been brought forward in the

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shape of 'an eminent geologist.' Then we have a gentleman stigmatising our beautiful and picturesque bay as a 'grey and monotonous sea,' and another anonymous writer calls it a 'dull, monotonous sea.'

"What do the ratepayers think of such an 'advertisement' for our health resort as this, emanating as it does from those who ought to know better, and should be the last to cry 'stinking fish.' However, this is the element and spirit that prevails among the members of the association, and it would be well for this beautiful health resort if the progressive ratepayers would throw off their apathy and 'waken up,' and recognise this fact.

"Now Mr. Fisher as a last resort raises a 'financial bogey,' and would persuade us that everything in Bournemouth is to stand still, and that the Corporation is absolutely to 'do nothing' for the advancement of the ratepayers' interest, simply because Russia and Japan are fighting as to which is to predominate in the Far East!

"The Undercliff Promenade as a protection to and as a base for the preservation of the cliffs, will cost about say £50,000, and I should like, therefore, to put it to any intelligent or rational ratepayer who has any real interest in the future and well-being of our beautiful health resort, if we are to be deprived of our unparalleled seaside road for such a small expenditure through the intervention of the 'do-nothing' party, a section of which has just robbed the town of Mr. Norton's princely gift (the value of £10,000) through their intense selfishness, opposing it under the plea that 'it would affect their repose and the amenity of their adjoining houses'; and this, too, in the face of the fact that 'Ascham House' and 'Woodcote' have been carried on as boys' schools long before most of these resident ratepayers had probably ever heard of Bournemouth!

“Do-Nothing Policy”

“I knew Dr. West intimately, he and I being appointed joint assessors of income tax many years ago. I consequently had frequent occasion to see him there, when I have seen and heard from a hundred to a hundred and fifty boys running about and holloaing as boys know how to ; and yet the interest these resident ratepayers have in the town extends just as far as affects their own personal feelings.

“It is this spirit, too, that is all prevailing, and has successfully up till now opposed everything having for its object the real interests of the town (but stubbornly striving to keep it as a ‘sleepy hollow’), and so in consequence we have lost the gas works, water works, and in short everything which from a business point of view, would have paid a large proportion of our rates ; but it is simply ‘gilding refined gold’ for me to make further comment on this persistent ‘do-nothing’ policy.

“Yours sincerely,

“MERTON RUSSELL-COTES.”

From the “Bournemouth Echo,” February 13th, 1904 :—

“THE UNDERCLIFF DRIVE QUESTION.

“To the Editor.

“Sir,—In reply to Mr. Symonds’ letter in your issue of this date, I would like to know whether he is a self-appointed censor, or has he been appointed by someone else ? Is he not a lawyer ? Does he not realise what ‘special pleading’ means ? Does he think that I am fighting as an advocate for something indispensable for the future success and prosperity of Bournemouth simply for amusement ?

“I wish him to understand that I am in deadly earnest, and I consider that when solicitors take upon themselves the role of engineers, and become the mouthpiece of a section of the community whose object is to oppose everything, and do nothing, they lay themselves open to free comment from any ratepayer who thinks otherwise.

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"What is wanted is an undercliff seaside road, and we ought to leave the technical and scientific conditions to responsible engineers, and all this useless and endless weekly letter writing could then be dispensed with.

"The 'do-nothing' party are all as well aware as I am that it is purely an engineering matter, and not for a lot of twaddle and useless letter writing; but their object is not to listen to anything or anyone, but to burke and 'choke it off,' if they can possibly succeed in doing so by adopting every means in their power. In fact, I think this is their avowed intention. If this is so, it is the 'Alpha and Omega' of their policy.

"I now challenge them to employ such an engineer as I have indicated, and let the ratepayers have the text of his report! Allow me to take this opportunity to absolutely disabuse the minds of Mr. Symonds or any gentleman constituting his committee, or any other member of the 'do-nothing' party, that I am actuated by any personal motives in the slightest degree. On the contrary, as gentlemen, I have nothing but profound respect for them. This, however, does not extend to their views and opinions, *re* attractions which are imperatively necessary, and urgently needed for the future success and prosperity of 'Beautiful Bournemouth.'

"Yours sincerely,

"MERTON RUSSELL-COTES."

From "Bournemouth Observer," 16th February, 1904:—

"Sir,—Is the question of an undercliff seaside drive a question for legal acumen or for the professional opinion and skill of engineers? It would appear to be the opinion of some that the above is the case, although singular to relate the reverse is admitted in a letter signed 'H. Symonds,' wherein he says, 'This (matter) is to a great extent, if not entirely, a matter for experts.' Quite right; this has always been my

“Vested Interests”

contention, but what ‘experts’? Not solicitors certainly, nor geologists, but engineers. Again, the gentleman says, ‘I suppose most agree that the cliffs must be preserved somehow.’ Well, this is an admission which I am glad to emphasise and endorse, and then again, he says, ‘Then, if with preserving the cliffs a distinct attraction to the town can be reasonably combined, so much the better for the town.’ I again endorse this view as being admirable, and which I have contended for for upwards of a quarter of a century. But the true interests of the town demand a ‘progressive policy,’ which must and will become the motto and ‘guiding star’ of the Corporation of Bournemouth sooner or later, because the gentlemen constituting that body are selected by the ratepayers as their representatives, for the sole purpose of developing the town and its attractions, these being our only assets and ‘staple’ article; and I believe that these gentlemen will not hesitate to do what they consider to be necessary to induce ‘winter visitors to patronise beautiful Bournemouth as a winter health resort,’ and put us into ‘line’ with those on the Riviera.

“Yours sincerely,

“MERTON RUSSELL-COTES.”

From the “Observer,” February 27th, 1904 :—

“THE BENEFIT OF THE GROUND LANDLORD.

“To the Editor.

“Dear Sir,—Your correspondent, ‘Nemo,’ hides his identity, after writing a long letter, under a *nom de plume*. As I have appended my signature to the letter he refers to, with deference I submit that he is not treating me fairly, and that in answering an anonymous correspondent, I am placed at a disadvantage. Personally, I have only a similar interest in Bournemouth to most of the ratepayers. We all have ‘vested interests,’ but my contention is that a splendid seaside road at the base of the cliffs, enabling everyone to walk, ride

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or drive along our unrivalled bay, would be one of the finest assets the ratepayers of Bournemouth could possess, and not that I think 'vested interests' are to be discussed from the point of view which this gentleman supposes. Where the 'gigantic folly' comes in, I fail to see.

"In referring to the 'Mayor and Corporation, town clerk, head gardener and surveyor,' my anonymous friend knows perfectly well that I simply referred to them as a body of gentlemen who each and everyone in his own capacity were gentlemen who were capable, experienced and trustworthy. If 'Nemo' had perused my letters, he would see that I have always protested against any dealing with the cliffs or its proposed sea road by anyone except a thoroughly able engineer.

"I did not say, nor do I contend, that the above gentlemen are more capable of judging upon the merits of the scheme from an engineering point of view (excepting Mr. Lacey) than others; neither did I infer, directly or indirectly, that they were authorities, except in so far as their own particular offices were concerned. I do not recede from that position, but fearlessly maintain that better officials at the head of our several departments could not possibly be obtained, and I believe thoroughly in giving credit where credit is due. Where, therefore, our anonymous friend's remarks apply, I fail to see. I, however, smilingly round upon him, and dub such irrelevant comments 'twaddle'—absolute 'twaddle.'

"Then our anonymous friend goes off at a tangent and tells us what the cliffs are composed of, and 'what we are to look at,' and asks a few engineering questions, whether addressed to myself or others, I know not; and then he winds up by saying, what we all know, that where there is sand and wind combined, the former is generally at the mercy of the latter. In fact, whilst dealing with my remarks in a frivolous spirit, he evidently thinks that he possesses the talent and characteristics of a geologist and engineer rolled into one, and

“ Three Wonderful Men ”

then, without rhyme or reason, he gives a parting ‘ back-hander ’ to two officials, one who represents the interests of the town and that of every ratepayer in it, and the other a remarkably skilled and admirable official whose work testifies to his capabilities in every part of the borough—I mean, to make it perfectly clear, Mr. Stevenson, the head gardener.

“ Then he proceeds to dictate to the Mayor and Corporation as to what they are to do and how they are to do it, and suggests that our surveyor and engineer who is perhaps as competent as any man in the kingdom, is to be ‘ hung up ’ on a hook at the back of the door until three other engineers think they would like to have his opinion, although whatever Mr. Lacey’s opinion on the subject may be, the decision is to be exclusively that of the (three) ‘ gentlemen employed.’ ”

“ Then he suggests the fee that these three wonderful men are to receive, and that their opinions are to be ‘ wholly unprejudiced and unassisted in any way, and their decision is to be final.’ Here our anonymous friend condescendingly admits Mr. Lacey would be ‘ quite competent to work out any scheme they might propose.’ ”

“ Then, whilst cordially admitting the necessity for protecting the cliffs, he asks ‘ if the drive be the boon that is claimed for it ? ’ My reply would be, ‘ Go to other seaside winter and summer resorts, and judge for yourself,’ but instead of which he asks a question and answers it himself.

“ Then he adopts a favourite argument about a ‘ dull and monotonous sea, without a single ship to enliven it.’ Dull or not, it is what every visitor without exception comes to Bournemouth for, and as to the ships, this gentleman must be peculiarly short-sighted, and ‘ who so blind as he that will not see ? ’ ”

“ In conclusion, he protests against ‘ my argument ’ that ‘ every project is for the benefit of the trading community.’ I did not say so, and never have said so, but my contention

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is that the trading community have their capital and their stock-in-trade at stake, and that they will be the first to suffer from any maladministration of the affairs of Bournemouth, and that whilst the 'fixed income' class can easily 'pack up and go,' those forming the trading community, if worse times come to the town, would probably find themselves face to face with bankruptcy.

"He says 'those who walk may see that there have not been of late the number of carriages that there used to be: it was the envy of other health resorts, marked as a place for imparting health and vigour for the wealthy and well-to-do middle classes,' from which we may draw the inference that such is not the case now, and if so, why not? Simply by the lack of attractions that can be found elsewhere. Well, now, after perusing this gentleman's prosy letter, are any of his readers any the wiser for it, and is he aware, when taking this matter in hand, that whatever money is expended on patching the cliffs will revert back to the Meyrick Estate at the end of ten years unless a road is carried out along the shore at the base of the cliffs?

"Believe me, sincerely yours,

"MERTON RUSSELL-COTES.

"23rd February, 1904."

From the "Bournemouth Observer," March, 1904 :—

"Sir,—I should like to quote the objections which are urged in a pamphlet issued by the Resident Ratepayers' Association against the Undercliff Drive.

"First, they say 'that it is in no way essential to the preservation of the cliffs.' I deny this statement, *in toto*, and challenge them to adduce proofs from some eminent and reliable engineer to that effect.

"Secondly, they say 'the capital so expended will reach a very large sum, involving a very large increase in the rates.'

“Promenade des Anglais”

I deny this also, and ask them for their proofs, for they know no more about it than I do, or any other ratepayer, and have no more right to arrogate to themselves such a position than any other small minority of the ratepayers, and this is clearly proved, because we are still waiting for the report of the representatives of the Council, who are, I presume, the real representatives of the ratepayers—and not the Residents' Association.

“Thirdly, they say ‘for a similar reason a yearly expenditure in maintenance of such a drive will represent a large yearly charge on the rates.’

“This is absolutely nothing in the world but imagination, for neither they nor I, nor any other unprofessional man (who is not an engineer) can make any such statement, with certainty, in anticipation of a project which they know nothing whatever about, and which it is the height of presumption for any novice to venture an opinion upon, and is only done to frighten the timid ratepayers!

“Fourthly, they say ‘the capital so expended will bring in no direct income.’ I say, without fear of contradiction, that it will bring in indirect income, and a very large income, too, because it will considerably increase the inducements and attractions for visitors to patronise Bournemouth, both winter and summer, instead of their going during the former to Nice, where the greatest attraction is, admittedly, the ‘Promenade des Anglais,’ which, however, would not in any way compare with what our promenade would be when carried out.

“I say, therefore, bathing huts and chairs on our sands and bungalows on our ‘promenade’ would bring in a very large income, and any view to the contrary is pure imagination, which no business man would listen to for one moment, because it is utterly opposed to the spirit of the times and the development of an undertaking, no matter whether it is that of an individual or a health resort.

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"No one can embark in any enterprise successfully if he is not prepared to 'back up' his undertaking by an energetic and enterprising spirit, together with a determination to succeed, and this cannot be done without the necessary expenditure of capital.

"Here is an extract from a leading weekly journal to prove the bona fides of my contention: 'Is there in all the world a parade so fine as that of the "Promenade des Anglais," a mile and a half in length, nearly a hundred feet wide? It was chiefly English money which paid for its being made, and it gave work to the unemployed of Nice during a very bad season. It looks seaward on the beautiful bay. . . . All the life of Nice comes to this magnificent promenade, which is crowded during the afternoon.' *Verb sap.*

"Sincerely yours,

"MERTON RUSSELL-COTES."

From the "Bournemouth Observer":—

"MR. RUSSELL-COTES ON A GEOLOGICAL BOGEY.

"Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes writes from East Cliff Hall, as follows:—

"Engineering, like surgery, electricity and other sciences, has been developed to such a marvellous pitch during the Victorian era, that no one, not even 'an eminent geologist,' would attempt to say that the great works that have been accomplished within the last half-century would have been carried out if the great engineers who planned them had listened to the prejudiced and whimsical views of geologists.

"As object lessons, we have, throughout the world, marvels of engineering skill, that have overcome such incredible difficulties that dealing with the cliffs at Bournemouth is, by comparison, utterly insignificant.

"Every member of the medical faculty knows that surgical operations which never would have been attempted

“Geological Bogeys”

or dreamt of half-a-century ago, can now be accomplished by members of their profession in a marvellous and skilful manner, and the result rapid and reliable, and similar progress has been made in engineering.

“ Besides the great work accomplished at Assouan of the barrage carried out by Sir John Aird, we have the harbour at Colombo, which was constructed in ‘ direct opposition ’ to the views expressed by many who were only guided by the difficulties ‘ which Nature had thrown in their way,’ but which were treated with indifference, or even with contempt, by the engineers who carried out this great project, and the result was a permanent and magnificent harbour for ships lying in the open roadstead, where formerly no ship could ride at certain seasons of the year in safety, and through this harbour being so constructed, Colombo has obtained the name of ‘ The Clapham Junction of the East,’ ships from every part of the world now calling there.

“ As an object lesson, however, may I venture to ask any sceptical person who has doubts on the subject, and who is disposed to listen to these geological bogeys (raised no doubt to frighten generally the good people of Bournemouth, but particularly those who may have a prejudice against the construction of a marine drive, which there cannot be any question would be the greatest benefit to every man, woman and child who resides in Bournemouth, or those who visit it), to go up to ‘ Flaghead,’ Canford Cliffs, and see for themselves what my late friend, Colonel Mercier, did in spite of all the pessimistic warnings and prophecies.

“ The whole of the cliffs there have been treated in such a manner that they have never given way, nor in the slightest degree shown any signs of doing so since they were thus treated by Colonel Mercier (who looked upon the geological question with ridicule, and carried out the work himself—with his own men—although he was an artist, and was not an

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engineer or even a geologist), proving incontestably, in a limited measure, what could be accomplished under the control of the Borough Engineer, with skilful workmen, to carry out the whole scheme of drainage and consolidating the cliffs, and forming an integral support for them along the beach by the construction of an undercliff marine road.

“ Up till now, no one can walk along the shore and inhale the ozone as it rises from the sea without going over their shoe tops in sand and water ; horses cannot with any degree of comfort to the rider move along the sands, and no wheeled conveyance can be driven along. *Ergo*, what is the use of our splendid seashore to us or our visitors ? In the face of these facts, and also that every other seaside health resort worthy of the name has provided, or is providing, a marine road for the purposes above referred to, are the people of Bournemouth going to be scared out of carrying out an imperative improvement and allow themselves to be eclipsed by other seaside resorts, or will they maintain the reputation of the town, and provide for the ‘ best and wealthiest class of visitors during the winter season,’ they having built up and made Bournemouth what it is ?

“ Take Scarborough, the population and ratepaying value of which are in no way comparable to Bournemouth, and yet with a summer season of only two or three months they have found it necessary to carry marine drives around the Castle Rock (under the greatest engineering difficulties) and along the whole of their sea frontage at a cost of at least one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, which is about two-thirds more ‘ than Bournemouth need expend ’ ; from the configuration and formation of the cliffs and shore, which Nature has adapted so admirably for the purpose ; and not only that, but has provided everything necessary on the spot for the construction of it, except Portland cement.

Great Orme's Head

" Llandudno, again, is another object lesson, which, as everybody knows, carried a magnificent drive right round the ' Great Orme's Head,' which was looked upon by many as an absolute superfluity, because they had already a splendid marine drive along the whole frontage of their town ; but they were not content with this, and were determined to add to the attractions of the place, and consequently they have ' raised their seaside resort from being a fifth or sixth-class seaside village to one of the most important and thriving health resorts in Great Britain ! '

" Having retired from business pursuits, it is a matter of little or no moment to me from that point of view, whether the Marine Road and Pavilion are constructed or not, except that I, like most of my fellow ratepayers, have a considerable stake in the town, and, to use a homely phrase, have ' all my eggs in one basket.' I therefore cannot stand aloof and see and hear those who have little or no interest in the town persistently advocate a ' do-nothing ' policy, which, if listened to by my fellow townsmen, will end in Bournemouth ' being outdone by every more enterprising seaside resort which does intend to cater for its visitors by the discreet expenditure of capital in providing attractions which will not fail to increase its reputation,' and therefore cannot fail to increase its popularity.

" MERTON RUSSELL-COTES.

" P.S.—It is the absolute province of engineering to overcome Nature, and this is being accomplished daily throughout the world.—M.R.C."

From the " Guardian," April 9th, 1904 :—

" THE RESIDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

We should be sorry to convey a wrong impression at any time. In writing the article recently on the need for a progressive association for Bournemouth, we had in mind

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solely the question of the Undercliff Drive and Pavilion scheme, which the Bournemouth Residents' Association had decided to oppose. We have no doubt that not all the members of this association object to these two important schemes. In fact we know some who are in favour of them. Therefore it is obvious that the attitude of the association has been decided by a majority. But this majority has the power to speak with the authority of the association, as a body, and thereby a wrong impression may have been created. Indeed, we think it has. It being then evident that this was the case, and that this important association, which has taken a stronger line in public affairs than most of its predecessors, and with most of whose views we agree, is committed to an uncompromising opposition to proposals for the improvement of Bournemouth, which we have very much at heart, our suggestion was that some other way should be adopted of voicing the views of the minority of that association, and the majority in the town, who are in favour of progress in this particular direction. We have strong hopes that such a body pledged to back up the Bournemouth Corporation in its efforts to realise the Undercliff Drive and Pavilion, will come to the front, and by its exertions place the facts in favour of a scheme before the ratepayers. It is too much to expect that one man and one newspaper in a town should do all the active work of educating the public! *We know that Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes has spent a good sum in this way already, but it is not quite fair that he should alone bear the cost.*"

From the "Guardian," April 9th, 1904:—

"THE MARINE PROMENADE.

"Sir,—My name having been mentioned by a member of the Council at a meeting on the 29th March regarding Dr. Philpots' comment upon the circulation of the printed matter issued by the 'Resident Ratepayers' Association,' it is only

Pavilion an Absolute Necessity

right that what really did take place should be made known. Briefly, it may be summed up thus :—It was the circulars issued by the ' Resident Ratepayers' Association ' *re* Undercliff Drive, to which exception was taken, Dr. Philpots expressing his surprise ' that gentlemen should sign their names to documents containing statements which were absolutely as opposed to facts as the east was to the west,' and it was the same circulars that Mr. Alderman Lawson advised ' should be thrown into the waste-paper basket ' !

" Yours sincerely,

" MERTON RUSSELL-COTES.

" 5th April, 1904."

From the " Guardian," April 9th, 1904 :—

" ADVANCE, BOURNEMOUTH.

" Sir,—Should it not be practicable to carry out the whole of the Undercliff Road at present, it has occurred to me that the ratepayers who do not approve of it on account of the outlay, would not raise so much objection to a small part being carried out, in order that they might see it and judge for themselves.

" Should this idea commend itself to the authorities, perhaps the best mode of dealing with it would be from the pier towards Durley Chine. This would be only about one third of the distance which it would be if carried out between the two piers eastward to Boscombe.

" In order to meet the views of other ratepayers who are equally in favour of the carrying out of the municipal buildings and pavilion, and as a matter of fairness all round, I submit that it would be an admirable idea to construct a section of the first of the above, comprising the Law Courts and offices appertaining to it, only at present, and leave the Municipal Offices proper to be carried out at a future date. *A pavilion is an absolute necessity*, and would not only pay

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its own way, but yield a large revenue, which could be appropriated for paying the interest on the two latter schemes.

"Yours sincerely,

"MERTON RUSSELL-COTES."

From the "Guardian," April 23rd, 1904 :—

"UNDERCLIFF DRIVE, PROMENADE AND PAVILION LEAGUE.

"The suggestion we made some three weeks ago that an association should be formed of Bournemouth ratepayers who were favourable to the building of an undercliff drive in connection with, and as part of the work of protecting the cliffs, and the erection of a pavilion, as a centre for visitors and residents, and the home of the Municipal Orchestra has, thanks very largely to the energy of Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, taken definite shape. At a preliminary meeting held a fortnight ago it was decided to inaugurate an association under the above title, whose sole object should be to support generally the recommendations of the Bournemouth Town Council, which were arrived at after a long and careful consideration of the report of the deputation which in September last visited a number of English and Continental watering places. This deputation made a careful and close examination and study of cliff protection works, sea walls, undercliff drives, promenades and pavilions in towns where the conditions were approximately in whole or in part similar to those which prevail in Bournemouth, and strongly urged on the Town Council the desirability of constructing (1) an undercliff drive and promenade in connection with the protection of the cliffs ; (2) a pavilion embracing a concert room for the Municipal Orchestra, reading room, café, indoor and outdoor refreshments, shelters, and all other accommodation and advantages. At a subsequent meeting held in Messrs. Rebbek Brothers' offices, this question was further discussed, and the league entered upon a larger

Dr. Roberts Thomson

phase of existence. Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes presided,* and there was an influential gathering. Councillor C. R. Hutchings, who has in the past fought many skirmishes with the opposition in the town on behalf of the Undercliff Drive, and has the facts at his finger-ends, was appointed honorary secretary, and Mr. Russell-Cotes as honorary treasurer. A large and representative committee was formed. Indeed, from the preliminary list of names of those who have up till now joined the league, it is quite evident that the Bournemouth Town Council will have a very important and active organisation, helping them in their efforts to provide the town with essential attractions, that in these days of the go-ahead rivalry of other seaside resorts, we are convinced are absolutely necessary. We note with pleasure among the list of supporters of the league at this early hour of its existence, the names of the Mayors of Bournemouth and Poole, the latter having a business interest in Bournemouth as a leading ratepayer. The following ex-Mayors of Bournemouth: Mr. William Hoare, Alderman G. J. Lawson, Alderman J. C. Webber, Alderman W. Mattocks, Councillor G. Frost, M.D., Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, Dr. J. A. Hosker; Dr. J. Roberts Thomson, the ex-Town Clerk of Bournemouth (Mr. James Druitt, Jun.), Dr. Fraser, Dr. T. B. Scott, Mr. H. E. Hawker, Mr. T. Wilson Hogue, besides many members of the Town Council. The list is being added to daily.

* By the way, I must not omit mentioning a slight incident which occurred during the second meeting held of the members of the newly formed league. We had just settled the preliminary arrangements, and the appointment of the different honorary officials, I being voted to the chair, when the door opened, and to our amazement and delight, in hurried Dr. Roberts Thomson, who declared that he had only "popped in to see how we were getting on!" I immediately vacated the chair, and begged him to take it, and on the other members endorsing my request he did so, although he had made it a *sine qua non* that he should not be asked to attend or speak at any meetings; he was therefore not invited to attend the meeting; how, therefore, he was aware of its being held was a mystery!

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From the "Observer," May 21st, 1904 :—

" A BOURNEMOUTH MICAWBER.

" If the cost of all the legal advice, all the printing, all the stationery, and all the added ' professional services,' to say nothing of the value of the time spent by members of our various governing bodies during the past quarter of a century in the consideration of the Undercliff Drive question could be ' pooled,' we venture to think it would represent a sum which would go very far towards defraying the work upon which it has been ' theoretically ' spent. Of course there must be discussion upon all public questions, but it seems that in the case of the undercliff or marine drive, there has been a superabundance. For many years the local authority waited patiently, philosophically, like Micawber, for something to ' turn up.' That something was the ' control ' of the cliffs. They were offered, through Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, ten thousand by the railway company, and what was equivalent to four or five thousand pounds by Sir George Meyrick to encourage them to make up their minds to carry out the scheme. But they declined to move. Then the promised support faded away, and still they waited for the control of the cliffs, which was to usher in the long-looked-for cliff protection works."

The following is quoted from the " Bournemouth Guardian," March 17th, 1905 :—

" NEED OF AN UNDERCLIFF DRIVE.

" Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, who has gained almost a unique experience of the opinions of influential visitors to Bournemouth in the many years in which he has been the chairman of the Royal Bath Hotel, writes us strongly urging the burgesses of Bournemouth to ' waken up ' the Town Council in its Undercliff Drive proposals. In it he points out that such a promenade would be a great boon to visitors,

“ A Commodious Pavilion ”

enabling them to drive or walk in comfort close to the sea level, and for the most part delightfully sheltered. He says: ‘ I could also give the names of a great number of wealthy families who do not now come to Bournemouth during the winter, because they cannot drive or walk, or have invalid chairs wheeled along the sea shore, the top of the cliff being far too exposed, cold and windy, whereas below, on the beach, it is always much milder, with little or no wind. As the burgesses are fully aware, it is the winter visitors who have made and supported our borough, and if they are not catered for, and such attractions offered to induce them to come here, they will naturally go to other winter seaside resorts, where they are catered for, and we shall gradually lose our hold upon them, and the tone and trade of Bournemouth will gradually decrease, and the value of property be much reduced. The trading community will be the first to suffer, because it is the trading community who reap the primary advantage of visitors coming to Bournemouth, and staying at the hotels, boarding and lodging houses, and who perhaps take up their permanent residence here, for the better class of residents are those who originally came to Bournemouth as visitors.’

“ A WINTER HEALTH RESORT.

“ ‘ I venture to say,’ he adds, ‘ that few, after thirty years’ practical experience, can know much better than I do, what are the actual needs and requirements of a fashionable and high-class winter health resort, not only from the fact that I have been in the habit of meeting thousands of such visitors and listening to their views, but I have visited, during my travels, nearly every health resort in the world, and I say that Bournemouth cannot hold its own against other competing winter health resorts, until it possesses the same accommodation, attractions, and conveniences as they do, viz., a marine promenade and drive along the shore, and a commodious pavilion, free from discomfort, draughts, and other objection-

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able features, and where music, etc., can be comfortably enjoyed. I may add, that I am one of the largest ratepayers in the borough, and am deeply interested in the advancement and future prosperity of our beautiful town, which can only be accomplished by providing such attractions for visitors as will induce them to patronise Bournemouth, instead of going elsewhere.'

"AS TO THE PAVILION.

" 'Now, as to the pavilion,' he continues, 'from my practical experience I would say there are only two really unique and suitable sites for a pavilion for winter and summer visitors, viz., the shore end of the pier, and the Belle Vue Hotel and Tachbrook sites—of the two, from a business point of view, and as an admirable investment, I prefer the Belle Vue, because I have every reason to believe it would in every way meet all requirements, but failing this, the shore end of the pier. If the Belle Vue site could be arranged, I would advocate incorporating the town hall and pavilion on that site, and get Sir George Meyrick's consent to take in any extra ground required at the rear,* with suitable approaches from, say the Arcade, or Square, through the pleasure grounds. I submit that it will be a most regrettable misfortune if bricks and mortar are placed upon the unique Dean Park "Horse Shoe" instead of it being left as an ornamental open space.' "

"TRAVEL TALK" from "The Queen."

"Another excellent scheme was proposed by Mr. Russell-Cotes about the same time, or later, to make a drive from the shore through the public pleasure grounds as far as the Prince of Wales Road. There it would bifurcate, to the east skirting Meyrick Park and Talbot Woods; to the west via the Prince of Wales Road and the Avenue as far as Branksome Chine.

* This additional large piece of ground I eventually induced Sir George Meyrick to give to the town.

“ Russell-Cotes Road ”

From these drives, now only partially opened up, all the finest country round would be readily accessible. Have the Bournemouth residents seen its prospective value? They have not. . . .”

From the “ Bournemouth Directory,” 30th May, 1906 :—

“ At a meeting of the Bournemouth County Borough Council, the following took place :

“ OVERCLIFF DRIVES, ETC. IMPORTANT PROPOSAL.

“ £65,000 SUGGESTED TO BE BORROWED.

“ At the meeting of the General Purposes Committee, held on May 27th, a letter (dated 3rd April) from Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes was read, together with the surveyor's report, and the committee resolved to recommend the Council to adopt the scheme of an overcliff drive from Durley Chine to the pier, and thence onward to East Cliff Road (now Russell-Cotes Road), and from the east end of it to the East Cliff entrance to Boscombe Chine, including (subject to the consent of the owners of the cliff) an undercliff drive from Durley Chine to the pier, and from the pier to opposite Meyrick Road, such scheme being estimated to cost (including the acquisition of certain property to render unnecessary the construction of a bridge at Durley Chine) the sum of £65,000. It was further resolved that the scheme and plans should be submitted to the owners of the cliff for their approval and that on such approval being obtained, detailed plans, specification and estimate be prepared for submission to the Local Government Board, and that application be made to the Board for their sanction to the borrowing of the sum of £65,000, for the purpose of carrying out the scheme.”

An enquiry was held in due course, at which I was a witness, as is shown by the following amusing extract from “ The Bournemouth Graphic ” of May 31st, 1906 :—

“ During the Undercliff Drive Enquiry, the following occurred :

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"WE ARE 'A STUPID LOT.'"

"Mr. Russell-Cotes, who possesses the second largest assessment in Bournemouth, and who is one of the chief advocates of the Undercliff Drive, said that during the past thirty years he had met thousands of visitors who had the same view of the subject. He caused considerable amusement by narrating that Sir William Jenner said that they were a 'stupid lot' at Bournemouth to oppose such a drive. The Overcliff Drive was no substitute, its position being too bleak and exposed. In cross-examination Mr. Russell-Cotes denied the insinuation that there had been any encroachment by the Royal Bath Hotel. He thought the ratepayers should regard the falling of the cliffs with greater concern than himself, as they would lose their promenade, whereas its loss would virtually be a gain to the hotel, giving it greater privacy, although he would personally be very sorry for the visitors and ratepayers. He believed that during the winter season hundreds of thousands of visitors would be disposed to come to Bournemouth—'not,' he remarked, amidst considerable laughter, 'all on the same day!' After very vigorously *cross-examining* Mr. Williams (counsel for the Residents' Association), Mr. Russell-Cotes quite 'brought down the house,' by turning to Mr. Stacpoole (the other counsel for the opposition) and asking '*Now, have you anything to say!*'"

From the "Bournemouth Echo," November 9th, 1906 :

"UNDERCLIFF DRIVE.

"OFFICIAL SANCTION RECEIVED.

"The Town Clerk of Bournemouth to-day received from the Local Government Board formal sanction to the borrowing by the Bournemouth Town Council of the sum of £18,000 for the purpose of constructing an undercliff drive and works of cliff preservation and protection between the Bournemouth Pier and a point opposite the end of Meyrick Road.

“ Mr. Russell-Cotes’ Crusade ”

“ At the October meeting of the Council a contract was provisionally accepted with the intention of starting the work immediately.

“ After months of waiting, the Corporation to-day received from the Local Government Board sanction to the Undercliff Drive scheme. It is seven months ago when the proposal was enquired into by the Board, and the delay has been exceptional, and due, one suspects, in some measure to the communications between the local ratepayers’ associations and the authorities. Of course, the consent was anticipated by letters from the Board, published in our columns, and indicating their favourable view, but now the last fence has been cleared, the first portion of the long-talked of Undercliff Drive may be started at once. The slow procedure in the final stages was, after all, only in keeping with its leisurely progress of *Mr. Russell-Cotes’ crusade for upwards of a quarter of a century.*”

From the “ Evening Standard,” November 29th, 1906 :—

“ BOURNEMOUTH’S DRIVE.

“ LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD SANCTIONS LOAN.

“ We are informed that the Local Government Board yesterday gave its sanction to the raising of a loan of £18,000 by the Town Council of Bournemouth for the purpose of constructing the proposed new Undercliff Drive.

“ This work, when completed, will not only form a handsome new promenade, but will also serve to preserve and protect the cliff, for which purpose it has been designed between Bournemouth Pier and Meyrick Road. The new drive is about 850 yards long, and forms part of a scheme for linking Bournemouth and its neighbour Boscombe by a new carriage-way, estimated to cost altogether £60,000.”

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From the "Bournemouth Observer," November 9th, 1907:—

"THE PROGRESS OF BOURNEMOUTH.

"The year 1907 has seen the construction and completion, and formal opening of a section of the Undercliff Drive, which has been the subject of controversy for more than a quarter of a century. The controversy is not ended yet—but we may, nevertheless, venture to hope that the drive will prove to be a real attraction to Bournemouth, that it will be a popular resort both of visitors and residents, and that in return for any charge it may make upon the rates, there will be substantial, if indirect, advantage to the town. The Undercliff Drive, however, is but one of the features of what seems to be taking shape as a foreshore policy by the Town Council. Greater and greater attention is being concentrated on the amenities of the sea front. By the erection of shelters, the organisation of bathing facilities, and in various other ways the Council are endeavouring to add to the convenience of people who seek recreation within sight, and sound, and smell of the sea—and there is promise that from our 'golden sands' there will be extracted much precious metal, as compensation for the outlay on improvements not themselves directly remunerative. Through the munificence of Mr. and Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes, the town will by and by come into possession of a magnificent building on the cliff-front, with a store of art treasures, beautiful pictures, and curios garnered from all parts of the world, to be entitled the 'Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum'; the building and its contents forming a museum of great value and immense charm."

In the report of the opening of the first section of the Undercliff Drive, in the "Bournemouth Visitors' Directory," November 9th, 1907, appears the following:—

“ A Little Conjuring Trick ”

“ At this point in the proceedings, the toastmaster craved attention whilst Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes performed a ‘ little conjuring trick.’ Mr. Russell-Cotes thereupon produced a box, and opening it took out and presented to various gentlemen tissue paper packets, which afterwards proved to be solid gold souvenirs of the opening of the Undercliff Drive. The first was handed to the Mayor, the second to the Deputy Mayor, the third to the Mayor-designate, while the remaining recipients were Sir George Meyrick, Bart., the Town Clerk (Mr. G. W. Bailey), the Borough Engineer (Mr. F. W. Lacey), Alderman G. J. Lawson, Sir Charles Scotter (per Mr. Vickery), Mr. Tom Wilkinson, Dr. J. Roberts Thomson, J.P., Mr. C. R. Hutchings, and ‘ out of pure love and affection,’ the donor’s son, Mr. Herbert V. M. Cotes, Town Councillor, and Member of the Undercliff Drive Committee.

“ The souvenirs were of a very handsome character ; on one side they each bore an excellent impression of the Undercliff Drive, together with an inscription embodying the recipient’s name, while on the reverse the borough arms were portrayed.

“ The handing out of these ‘ surprise packets ’ was much applauded, and when all were distributed, Mr. Russell-Cotes expressed the hope that his little conjuring performance had not absorbed too much of their valuable time.

“ The Mayor returned thanks on behalf of all who had received the gifts, but the Town Clerk, Mr. Geo. Wm. Bailey, said he could not let the occasion pass without expressing personally his grateful thanks to Mr. Russell-Cotes. Mr. Bailey added : ‘ I know by what happens from time to time in the Council chamber that I shall never have the opportunity of wearing the white flower of a blameless life—(laughter)—but I do feel that with this souvenir I shall at least be able to wear the golden emblem of ungrudging service.’ (Applause.)

“ ‘ The London and South Western Railway Company, and Sir Charles Scotter, Bart.,’ was next proposed from the

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chair, in terms of eulogy. In the course of his speech, Mr. Russell-Cotes said he had endeavoured quietly and without any demonstration to obtain for Bournemouth various railway facilities, and he recalled the interesting fact that some twenty-eight years ago he succeeded in persuading the then Mr. Wyndham Portal and the other directors of the London and South Western Railway Company to 'cut the line' between Brockenhurst and Christchurch, in gracious and kind acknowledgment of which a very handsome album was subsequently presented to him by the directors and officials. It was surprising that a company which had the monopoly of service between Waterloo and Bournemouth should have done so much for Bournemouth in the shape of railway facilities, and the fact could not be too gratefully recognised. Yet, much as had been done, he ventured to believe that much more was to follow to the great advantage of the town. Mr. Russell-Cotes deeply regretted the absence of Sir Charles Scotter, who had sent both a telegram and a letter expressing disappointment, especially that illness was the cause, and one and all joined in expressing their sympathy and earnest wishes for his speedy recovery.

"Mr. Vickery (deputy-manager of the L. and S.W.R. Co.) replied in the absence of Sir Charles Scotter, through illness, and said the welfare of Bournemouth, whose star was in the ascendant, whilst other watering places were decaying, had always been in the forefront of the company's programme. With regard to the 'cutting of the line' between Brockenhurst and Christchurch, to which Mr. Russell-Cotes had referred (*and of which he was the projector*), it was admitted that the making of that line opened a new era in Bournemouth's progress, and that since that time Bournemouth had never looked back."

We had to regret the absence, from unavoidable causes, of Sir George Meyrick, the Lord of the Manor. I was sincerely

Sir George Meyrick

sorry, as he had shown me such consistent kindness and sympathy in the struggle I had maintained to achieve my end. I therefore sent him by post one of the souvenirs, and in return received the following kindly note :—

Bodorgan, R.S.O.,

Isle of Anglesey.

November 14th, 1907.

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

It was most kind of you to send me the little golden souvenir of the opening of the Undercliff Drive, which I shall always value very much.

I am very glad to hear the luncheon went off so well, and only regret I was unable to be present at it.

I think you are most generous in presenting East Cliff Hall and a collection of fine art property to the borough, and I am sure we must all appreciate your magnificent gift, and I am sure everyone connected with Bournemouth must feel a debt of gratitude to you for all you have done for the town. I am writing this from Preston, on my way up to Scotland in my motor for a few days.

With our united kind regards to Mrs. Russell-Cotes, your son, and yourself,

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE MEYRICK.

" There are many who think that Bournemouth has no ancient history. Certainly the town only dates back about a hundred years ; and it is only during the last fifty years that Bournemouth has been a popular watering place. In point of fact, however, the district is one of the most ancient and interesting in the country. During the last ten years I know of many pre-historic relics that have been found here—in many cases sold to make collections in other towns that would be doubly interesting and all of much more value to us who live here. The fact of the Roman domination and occupation in the second and third centuries in our district is abundantly proved."

CHAPTER VIII

Appreciations

Visit of Duke of Argyll—Bournemouth as a Health Resort—Cool in summer, warm in winter—Equable climate—George R. Sims—Mr. Choate's visit—American aloes.

"It is with Antiquity as with Ancestry ; Nations are proud of one, and Individuals of the other."

IN order that my partiality for Bournemouth may not be mistaken for blindness, I have gathered together these numerous appreciative references to its varied delights. They show, too, something of its wonderful progress. Pride of place is given to this delightful speech of the Duke of Argyll's, taken from the "Guardian," July 27th, 1889 :—

"During the opening of the Boscombe Pier by the Duke of Argyll, his Grace, in responding to the toast, said he did not know how many of those whom he now had the honour to address, heard his observations on the occasion of the opening of the pier, and if there were any they could remember that he mentioned the fact that he had known Bournemouth for a period probably much longer than most of them whom he addressed. When the Commissioners of Bournemouth did him the honour of waiting upon him at the hotel that morning, he had a somewhat shrewd suspicion that he had known Bournemouth a great deal longer than most of the Commissioners. (Laughter.) He ventured, perhaps improperly, to put the question to one or two of them as to how long they had been there. The answer generally responded to his

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expectations, and when he asked the question of his friend Major Rebbeck, his answer rather threw him on his beam ends, for he said, 'Oh, I have been born here.' (Laughter and applause.) 'Oh, but Major Rebbeck,' he asked him, 'When were you born?' (Renewed laughter.) Then he found that he was very nearly justified, for on the first occasion he had had the honour of seeing Bournemouth, he found that Major Rebbeck was an interesting baby in arms. (Laughter and applause.) Perhaps they would allow him to mention a few of the incidents connected with his successive visits to Bournemouth, because they were really curious and illustrated in some degree the development of our modern English life. It was in the year 1846 that, being in a rather low state of health, he was recommended by a medical friend who was still living, and who had written a book called 'Notes of a Wanderer in Search of Health,' to go to Bournemouth, telling him that he would never get well unless he went there. (Applause.) He said, 'Bournemouth, where is it?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'It is a place I have seen in my wanderings in search of health, and I have never met with any place on the coast of England that eclipses Bournemouth.' Well, with his medical friend, they went by railway as far as the railway could take them, which he believed was not much farther than Winchester, and they took a carriage and posted through the New Forest, and at length arrived at Bournemouth. He would not describe to them exactly what Bournemouth was then. There was the Royal Bath Hotel, and there were a few houses in the immediate neighbourhood, and there was almost nothing else. There was a large fir wood, which extended all the way from the Royal Bath Hotel in the direction of Boscombe, and he and his friend used to take interminable walks through the fir wood, without meeting a single human being. The only things they could see were some squirrels, and he was afraid they had now banished the squirrels from

The Duke of Argyll

Boscombe. (No, no.) He was glad to hear that there were still some squirrels, for a squirrel was one of the most beautiful creatures in the world, although they were somewhat destructive to pine trees, and also, he was going to say, to birds. After staying at Bournemouth for ten days or a fortnight on that occasion, he was perfectly well. (Applause.) Now with regard to his second visit, he was rather fond of geology, and he happened to discover on the western coast of Argyllshire some very curious fossil leaves, which threw considerable light upon the history of the volcanic rocks in that neighbourhood. The discovery was chronicled in all the books of geology as having given the data for the probable age of those rocks. Soon after that he came down to Bournemouth, and he found the sands at Bournemouth full of almost similar leaves to those he found in Argyllshire, and he could not help feeling a little bit jealous that these sands of Bournemouth should have really preceded him in his discovery, for the knowledge of these leaves had existed before. But so it was, and as many of them doubtless knew, the sands at Bournemouth were full of the most curiously made relics of the ancient world. (Applause.) On his third visit, another circumstance happened which was rather curious. Perhaps they knew that he was living on the shore of an arm of the sea called Loch Fyne, which many of them knew was famous for herrings. Who had not heard of a Loch Fyne herring?—and he was afraid that there were a good many herrings sold as such which never saw Loch Fyne. (Laughter and hear, hear.) Well, the second morning of his third visit to Bournemouth he went down to the shore, and in a pool which had been left by the receding tide, he caught a large herring alive and kicking—a finer herring than he had ever seen at Loch Fyne. (Laughter and applause.) He was rather disposed to say ‘Confound Bournemouth. It has got the better of me with fossil leaves, and now it has got the better of me with herrings.’ (Loud laughter.) He had

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his revenge after all. He took his herring to the cook at the Bath Hotel, and told him to do the best he could with the herring, and he was happy to say that when cooked it was very inferior to the herrings of Loch Fyne. (Renewed laughter.) He had been to Bournemouth once or twice since then for a short time, and this was the fourth occasion when he visited Bournemouth under the circumstances which enabled him to see anything of it, and he must confess to them his astonishment at what he had seen of the progress of the towns of Boscombe and Bournemouth. When he first came there in 1846, he remembered that his friend took him down to a little bridge over the Bourne, close to where the Post Office now is, and pointed out to him a solitary trout in the pool. At that time the whole valley of the Bourne was one long marshy, rushy hollow, entirely unprotected, having no hedges on either side. Yesterday he drove from one end to the other, and in place of what he had just described, he saw nothing but splendid villas and beautiful gardens. His old friend the solitary trout was gone, and the Bourne, instead of pursuing a wandering way, had been straightened, and made neat and clean, and there was beautiful grass for the children to play on along its banks. It was not merely in outward appearance that he saw this change. On looking at statistics about the place, he was indeed astonished. In 1846 there was the Royal Bath Hotel and some few houses, and he believed the whole population of Bournemouth and Boscombe—because he supposed there were hardly any houses in Boscombe then—was under two thousand. He was told now that it was 32,000, so that they were really becoming one of the great cities of the Empire. He made no distinction between Boscombe and Bournemouth. (Applause.) Their interests were one. (Hear, hear.)”

“Bournemouth as a Health and Pleasure Resort” is the title of an interesting article in the “Idler” for May, 1899, by Mr. John R. Eyre.

“ Dan Godfrey’s Musical Work ”

After many eulogistic remarks on the beauties of Bournemouth, the writer, after a happy reference to the Winter Gardens and Mr. Dan Godfrey’s musical work, and to the railway facilities, takes quite an opposite view to that of the author of “ What’s What,” for he declares that not only is the idea that Bournemouth is hot and relaxing in the summer a fallacy, but that it is equally so that it is an expensive place to spend a holiday in. As Mr. Eyre spent some time in Bournemouth while compiling his information, he says he can speak on that point from experience, and the other man possibly did not. The historical and literary associations of the place naturally occupy much of the article. It is surprising how much the special commissioner of the “ Idler ” found out about the town. He found out the room in the Royal Bath Hotel where Lord John Russell lived and Mr. Disraeli held Cabinet councils, St. Stephen’s Church, where the Prince Oscar of Sweden and Miss Ebba Munck were so romantically married from the Royal Bath Hotel, and the house where Mr. Gladstone spent his last days prior to his mournful journey to Hawarden, and it is interesting to note that while “ Rita,” the novelist, declares that tramways will ruin Bournemouth, Mr. Gladstone told a donkey boy that they would be a great improvement, and “ gave the boy two shillings and told him not to spend it on tobacco or beer.” He hunted up also Clive Holland, the novelist, saw the Keble memorial window in St. Peter’s Church, the graves of William Godwin and the widow of Percy Bysshe Shelley, and noted the fact that the heart of the poet Shelley is in Boscombe Manor. He paid a visit to Skerryvore, where Robert Louis Stevenson resided ; Portman Lodge, where the Earl of Portarlington and Mr. Guy Boothby have lived ; and he notices many of the public buildings of the town.

In a eulogistic article upon Bournemouth as a winter resort in “ The Standard,” the writer says :—

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" I look back upon my life vainly searching for a good deed that has entitled me to the luxury of four November days in Bournemouth. Sitting at the open windows, twenty-five feet broad, of the smoking room of the Royal Bath Hotel, the view takes in the whole sweep of the bay from the white Needles on the east to the Old Harry Rocks on the west.

" This is a room where princes have sat, where Cabinet Ministers have gathered, and where experts in luxury have contrived to spend weeks of what would be winter elsewhere.

" Below are the hotel lawns and the yucca trees gaily flowering, and all around are the pine-clad dunes and chines which have made Bournemouth famous."

He goes on to express a great admiration for the Undercliff Drive, and says :—

" Its inception was largely owing to the enterprise and constant urging of Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, a gentleman, who it may be said, went ' Nap ' on Bournemouth. Few health or holiday resorts have had the good fortune to enjoy the services of such an ideal citizen in their early days. He brought not only wealth, but good taste to bear on the town's development, and was blessed with a spirit of determination and optimism to which Bournemouth is largely a monument."

He goes on to say :—

" During my stay in Bournemouth I had the good fortune to inspect the famous art collection which Sir Merton Russell-Cotes has gathered at his beautiful home, East Cliff Hall. This is not only the collection of many years, but a collection to which the whole world has contributed. It is a Bournemouth asset, for Sir Merton has bequeathed it to the town as a public art gallery and museum, and Lady Russell-Cotes has bequeathed the beautiful mansion where they are housed. This is the culminating act of generosity by a lady and gentleman who have devoted many years to the development of Bournemouth, for Sir Merton is the pioneer, not only of the

“Freemen of the Borough”

Undercliff Drive, as described yesterday, but of the direct line via Brockenhurst which put Bournemouth within two hours of London, and was more than anything the making of the town. The freehold buildings and collection which the burgesses will inherit is valued at from £80,000 to £100,000, and contains pictures, statuary, curios, and bric-a-brac of all kinds. The inventory attached to the deed of gift occupies nine pages of close type. There are pictures by Turner, Landseer, Poynter, Leighton, Goodall, Edwin Long, Leader and Solomon, and many other Royal Academicians, a table which was the property of Napoleon Bonaparte, and endless other treasures which will make a museum and art gallery of exceptional interest, because it has an individuality which no great public collection can equal. To mark the Corporation's appreciation of this gift, Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes were made 'freemen of the borough' and the casket which contains the scroll is a most beautiful specimen of the goldsmith's art."

The following appeared in the "Referee," written by George R. Sims :—

"BOURNEMOUTH IN NOVEMBER.

"The sun is bright,
The skies are fair,
The winds are light,
And soft the air.
The bee still seeks
The flowers of May ;
It's seven weeks
To Christmas Day.

"The red rose twines
About my door,
And through the pines
That crown the shore
Lie golden creeks
And azure bay,
It's seven weeks
To Christmas Day.

Home and Abroad

“ Fair flower-decked vale
Of English green,
Our south shores hail
Their Fairy Queen,
▪ No winter streaks
Thy brow with grey,
Though seven weeks
Bring Christmas Day.”

He then goes on to make the “ humiliating confession ” that he had never been to Bournemouth before, and a week afterwards makes another “ humiliating confession ” that Bournemouth has so completely taken possession of him that he can think of nothing else.

The following is an extract from the “ Daily Mail ” of December 14th, 1907, in an article entitled “ The Garden City by the Sea ” :—

“ Englishmen are beginning to discover England. We are rapidly learning that if we crave for sunny skies, for blue seas, and for soft air, it is not necessary to go to the Mediterranean even in December. They are to be had at home.

“ I am seated writing this, late in the second week of December, in a sunny garden. The giant growth of cactus and the palm flourishing in the open air around me recall pleasant hours in Pegli and Nervi. In front of me is a great bay, with sparkling and almost tideless sea, and with the Needles glistening many miles away to my left. There is a freshness in the atmosphere this morning that reminds one of parts of the Alps, or of the western Italian coast, and I almost unconsciously look round, expecting to see the white peaks of the Appenines in the background. In place of Italy, I am only two hours from London, but I am in the sunniest, the most sheltered, and the most restful spot in Great Britain.”

From the “ Glasgow Evening Citizen,” June 22nd, 1908 :—

“ I have no idea whether the surroundings of Bournemouth are beautiful or not, or if the bunkers of Meyrick Park are

“The Cucumber Frame”

well placed, or if the tramway service is all that it ought to be, but I know an hotel whose garden runs on to the cliff, and I know a comfortable chair in that garden that commands an excellent view of the sea, with the cliffs above Swanage on the one hand, and the Needles on the other. From that seat you can hear the voices of the children, brown as berries, playing on the sand ; the beating of the paddles of the steamers plying to and from the Isle of Wight. You can sit there and dream or doze from breakfast until lunch, and from lunch until tea, and from tea until dinner, and from dinner until bedtime, and you will never weary, for the sea is dancing before you and no one can ever weary of the sea. And if it beckon you can run down and bathe in water of the right temperature, with glorious sand all round you, and now and again a big wave from the ocean, into which you may dive, and then shaking the gleaming water from your eyes, strike out to sea.”

From the “Pall Mall Gazette,” April 22nd, 1909 :—

“PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

“It will not surely be long before Bournemouth possesses a pavilion worthy of the name. The magnificent Municipal Orchestra, under Mr. Dan Godfrey, is but miserably housed in the present Winter Gardens, generally spoken of somewhat irreverently as ‘The Cucumber Frame.’ The Corporation, however, have now acquired a splendid site some three or four acres in extent, overlooking the sea, and here is to be built at no distant date, a spacious pavilion, while municipal buildings (also more worthy of the name) are to be erected close by. A munificent gift to the town has been recently made by Mr. and Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes, who have presented their beautiful residence (modelled on the design of an Italian villa) which is situated on the cliffs near to the Royal Bath Hotel, to the public as an art gallery and museum. East Cliff

Home and Abroad

Hall is filled with a rare collection of art treasures and curios—the Irving relics, for instance, are of considerable interest—and the whole of their valuable collection will pass to the public.”

From the “ Bournemouth Guardian ” :—

“ THE PARADISE OF PINES.

“ A highly eulogistic article, headed ‘ Among the Pines,’ from the pen of S. Gertrude Ford, who has recently taken up her residence at Bournemouth, appeared in last week’s ‘ Blackburn Weekly Telegraph,’ and will, doubtless, cause many a Lancashire reader to cast longing eyes at our world-renowned town when, during the next few weeks, holidays are in contemplation. ‘ How many times,’ says the writer, ‘ I had dreamed of the “ Paradise of Pines.” What cloud-castles had I built of the time when I should actually see its beauties with my waking eyes, and tread with my own feet its enchanted ground ! Now, for the first time the dream was realised—the castle in the air had a solid foundation in fact. Beautiful Bournemouth lay before me, glorified in the light of one of those summer evenings which kindle it into almost unearthly loveliness. Fair avenues of trees ; stately buildings worthy of their setting ; rich meadows where you can scarcely see the grass for flowers ; cliffs and chines and sparkling waves, and everywhere a subtle aromatic fragrance, the breath of the wood-nymphs. This was Pineland, this was the country of my dreams !’ The gardens and sea at eventide are thus described :—‘ I was in Boscombe Gardens, walking down the path that ends in the beautiful beach, which is not the least of Bournemouth’s multitudinous attractions. Sands cool and firm and smooth—no shingle to grind the surges in time of storm “ with the scream of a maddened beach dragged down by the wave.” The voice of the waters was abroad, but not in its fury ; the sea sang to itself blithely with a fresh, clear

“ The Paradise of Pines ”

note, like a happy child at its play. On either side of the way leading down to it was a tangle of trees and shrubs and flowering plants, growing together in half-wild loveliness where Nature's charm had hardly yet given place to Art's. The sun was near its setting, but it still kept the glory of the day, though mellowed into golden ripeness, as a fruit mellows towards its fall. The clouds were still unflushed, still silver-clear ; only the cooling air, the long shadows, and the richer light spoke of night and rest at hand. Half-way down the road the pines met me, full of their evening fragrance, the rhododendrons showing bright against their darkness, like laughing children in the care of nurses grown grim with age. And still the light deepened, kindling as with a sense of home at hand. The day had lived its life in beauty and was about to crown itself with a splendid death. . . . But now the sun has gathered up his glory, like a dying hero, at his grave ; he means to put his best into his last. The sea, toss and heave and sparkle as it may, has no longer a chance against the sky. Fairer than fairyland, it spreads and glows through the great west, while the east shows demure and dark, like a nun in the wake of a gorgeous pageant. The clouds are not crimson nor orange, but of a wonderful pure gold—ships with fairy sails, sun-smitten icebergs, or enchanted birds with wings of light.'

“ Bournemouth at mid-day enthral the writer, as she continues :—‘ The scene changes, and the hour ; it is evening no longer, but high day, and a day of such perfect beauty that “ the voice that breathed o'er Eden ” seems to have commanded the re-appearance of the lost garden within the bounds of earth. A sky not cloudless, but marvellously dappled with wind-swept white—a glow of glorious sunshine, just warm enough to make the presence of a breeze that is only “ air in motion,” an acceptable addition to the day's delights—what more indeed could Eden's favoured tenants ask or have ? Far as the eye could see it rested on beauty—beauty

Home and Abroad

of stately town, or winding river, or fields ablaze with buttercups, or woodlands dim with pines. For the pines meet one on every hand here, as the waters do in Lakeland ; there is no escaping from them ; their breath is on every wind ; and their voice in all the music of the place they have made their own. Those who know the ways of Windermere will remember how it is one of her most enchanting peculiarities to meet the traveller unexpectedly, just when he thinks he has left her fair presence for the moment—how she springs on him at every turn of the road, and lies in wait for him behind every thicket he penetrates—smiling, alluring, irresistible. So it is with the pines of Bournemouth. You see an avenue of lighter green, beech, birch and sycamore ; you turn to thread it—and lo ! at its end towers a pine wood, solemn and stately in immemorial bloom. Or you turn seawards, thinking so to turn away from the wood-nymphs that haunt the land. But through the gardens or along the shady walks that bring you thither, the pines pursue you still. The ground in the grove is carpeted with red needles ; the atmosphere is made of their breathing and the sea's. No wonder that it is held to possess life-giving properties ! No wonder that to the weak and weary town-dweller Bournemouth adds another paradise to that of its own pure beauty—the Eden of recovered health and hope, and youth renewed like the eagle's ! ”

From “ The Queen,” April 15th, 1905 :—

“ BOURNEMOUTH IN SUMMER.

“ Just as a Monte Carlo paper has been recently putting forward that place's summer charms, so a Bournemouth one has been giving a brief summary of the attractions of the Hampshire coast between June and October. The former case can hardly be taken seriously, but with Bournemouth the summer season really exists, and has for a long time past attracted thousands of visitors.”

“The Evergreen Valley”

From the “Bournemouth Graphic” of March 23rd, 1907 :

“Evergreen Valley possesses one of the coolest summer climates in Britain, owing to the prevailing south-westerly wind, and is frequently several degrees cooler than Scotland in June, July, August or September. There is a popular delusion that because Bournemouth is warmer in winter than any other locality in Britain, it must be warmer in summer. This is absolutely the reverse of facts, as the meteorological records prove, for Bournemouth is always cooler than any other seaside resort, and frequently eight or ten degrees lower temperature than London.

“A fine golf course is within three minutes of the centre of the town, and yet at such an altitude that it catches every wind that blows. The beach is pure sand, and contains no ‘shingle’ stones or rock. Every facility for bathing is afforded, there being no appreciable difference in the tide at any time, and it is the finest bathing ground in Europe. There is a large fleet of fine steamers, which make daily excursions in the Channel and Solent, extending their trips as far as Brighton on the east, Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, Cherbourg and the Channel Islands on the south, and Torquay and Dartmouth on the west. There is also a great deal of boating to be had, both sailing and rowing, either on the sea or on the rivers Stour and Avon. The latter is famous for its salmon. There are most beautiful roads to many interesting towns and places all around, for it must be remembered that, although Bournemouth is modern (thoroughly up to date in sanitary and other arrangements), it is in the centre of a most ancient and historical country. Carisbrooke Castle, Hurst Castle, Corfe Castle, Poole, Wimborne (famous for its minster), Christchurch (famous for its priory), Salisbury (famed for its cathedral and Stonehenge), and the New Forest. With the exception of Carisbrooke Castle, all these famous and interesting spots are reached by coaches, motor-cars, and other conveyances.

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“The pleasure gardens, extending for upwards of two miles, are unique, and outrival all others elsewhere. Here there are beautiful and extensive tennis lawns, which are maintained in the most perfect condition. There are also bowling greens, cricket, football, and hockey clubs, in Meyrick Park, where visitors may join. There is a theatre, a music hall, and a Winter Garden and Pavilion, where the finest municipal band in England is conducted by Mr. Dan Godfrey. There is also a magnificent pier, on which a band under Mr. Dan Godfrey plays three times daily, the pier being charmingly illuminated in the evening.

“In the bay opposite to the grounds of the Royal Bath Hotel is the anchorage for yachts, and here frequently lie gunboats, cruisers, torpedo-destroyers, etc., which give much pleasure to visitors who are interested in their evolutions. In short, it would be impossible to find a more delightful place in which to spend a few days or weeks in the summer, when the country is ablaze with rhododendrons and roses, and every flowering shrub and tree indigenous to the ‘Evergreen Valley,’ and the air redolent with the delicious and health-giving fragrance of the pine forests.”

From the “Pall Mall Gazette,” August 17th, 1904 :—

“The following extract from a private letter from Bournemouth may be of interest to the holiday-makers :—‘On my return here from London, where I have been sojourning for the last three weeks, I find the thermometer standing at 60, and so marked is the change in temperature that I have perforce been obliged to exchange my summer underclothes for winter ones, and have a fire burning in our sitting room. How the British public have got the popular delusion that Bournemouth is “a hot place in the summer” it is impossible to tell, as everything goes to prove the contrary. I may add that my experience for many summers past has been that

Hindhead and Bournemouth

the temperature in Bournemouth is invariably much less than other health resorts further north, and invariably from six to ten degrees cooler than in London.' "

"Two of the sunniest spots in England," says a traveller in a contemporary, "are Hindhead and Bournemouth, the former forty-three miles, and the latter ninety-eight miles from London, but neither is included in the list sent out daily by the Meteorological Office, and hence a foreigner looking at our newspapers, would not see the high average of sunshine which some places in this country enjoy."*

From the "Daily Express," July, 1904 :—

"BOURNEMOUTH OF TO-DAY.

"THE LOVELY HAMPSHIRE WATERING PLACE OF SAND AND
SUNSHINE.

"I was standing the other day by the stream that comes sliding down the little valley that divides East from West Bournemouth. Before me was the pier, behind me long stretches of shady gardens. Upon the rising slopes facing the sea, were the luxurious hotels, with the town discreetly ranked in their shelter.

"An old gentleman stopped in his walk and entered into such a conversation as old gentlemen delight in.

" 'It was just at this very spot,' he said.

" 'Indeed,' I replied, being no wiser for his remark.

" 'It seems only the other day, too.'

" 'I can quite believe it.'

" 'Yes,' he said, 'the tree stood here. I used to ride over from Wimborne way on my pony, hitch it to a branch, and walk down for a bathe. There wasn't a house, much less a human being in sight.'

* The "Daily Telegraph" refuses to insert these records unless paid for as an advertisement.

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"It was not unilluminating, this incident. Bournemouth has risen under the modern gospel of health, like a mango tree beneath the hands of an Indian juggler. What we called desolation a hundred years ago we know for sanitary paradise to-day. Sand and pines, heather and sea breezes, make up the foundations of success in a twentieth century watering place.

"Winter and summer, Bournemouth knows no mud, the rain sinks away into the sand and gravel. The cliff walks are always open to the old and young who fear wet feet. . . .

"MUSIC AND BATHING.

"Are you fond of music? There is a first class Municipal Orchestra of forty-eight performers, which will discourse to you sweet things on the pier, and in the Winter Gardens under Mr. Dan Godfrey II.

"Popular concerts are also held, and a variety of artistes play their varied roles, and strive to make you laugh, even in the hot weather. £7,000 a year is what this musical feature costs the town.

"Bournemouth is almost tideless; the incoming floods meet with the resistance of the ebb of the Solent and Poole Harbour, with neutralising effect. There is no unsightly waste of dreary beach to affright prospective bathers at low water. Moreover, there is no chance of a current sweeping unfortunate swimmers out to sea. Bathing therefore can be indulged in at all times."

The following is an extract from the "Bournemouth Guardian," 13th May, 1901:—

"WHY SHE LIKES BOURNEMOUTH.

"In 'Truth' a competition has taken place as to the best place for a summer holiday. 'Edina' plumps for Bournemouth because it is so beautifully situated; the streets are wide and clean; plenty of pure water; and the sanitary

“The Empire’s Invalids”

conditions are up to date. The accommodation for visitors is ample and excellent. The beach is clean and sandy, with good facility for boating and bathing. Sporting golf courses, tennis courts, and convenience for cricket, croquet, cycling, and bowling. There are delightful walks in the neighbourhood ; while the air is aromatic and health-giving, with the scent of pines. The channel excursions are very enjoyable, and so are the excellent concerts provided by the Corporation. Last, but not least, ‘there are no hooligans here.’ We are obliged to ‘Edina.’ She is not at all a bad judge.”

From “Pall Mall Gazette,” February 9th, 1900 :—

“THE EMPIRE’S INVALIDS.

“To the Editor.

“Sir,—In reference to your paragraph ‘The Empire’s Invalids,’ I am happy to inform you that there is to be a meeting held to-day, when I hope something definite will be arranged.

“I may add that besides being desirous of co-operating in the movement for homes for convalescent soldiers and sailors on their return invalided from the front here in Bournemouth, I have, as Chairman, also offered the free use of the Royal Bath Hotel to the War Office for three or four invalided officers at a time, and hope the offer will be accepted by Lord Lansdowne, to whom I have officially made it.

“I am, sir,

“Yours sincerely,

“MERTON RUSSELL-COTES,

“February 8th, 1900.”

“Chairman.

In response to the above I received the following :—

War Office, London.

19th February, 1900.

Sir,

With reference to your letter of the 8th inst. I am directed by the Secretary of State for War to convey to you his sincere thanks for your generous offer to provide accommodation for officers invalided from the war in South Africa.

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I am to inform you in reply that steps have been taken to communicate the offer to invalided officers through the agency of the Committee of the Duke of Abercorn's Fund for Sick and Wounded Officers, Hampden House, Green Street, W., which Committee has, with the Secretary of State's approval, undertaken the duty of organising these offers, and making them known to the officers concerned.

The Committee will take further steps for enabling officers to take advantage of your generous offer in direct communication with you.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

G. FLEETWOOD WILSON.

M. Russell-Cotes, Esq., Chairman,
Royal Bath and East Cliff Hotel, Bournemouth.

From the "Bournemouth Directory," April 8th, 1899:—

"THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR IN BOURNEMOUTH.

"As will be seen elsewhere in our present issue, Mr. Choate, the ambassador to this country from the United States of America, has been with us for the Easter holidays, but much to his regret and ours, he will have to leave us on Monday to carry out his important official functions in the Metropolis. Our representative called at the Royal Bath Hotel yesterday (Friday morning), and found his Excellency just finishing his morning correspondence, with the Secretaries of the Legation. Having disposed of weighty matters of state, Mr. Choate heartily welcomed our representative, who, for himself and other Pressmen, gave him a hearty welcome to Bournemouth. Naturally, our first question was as to his reason for selecting Bournemouth of all other south coast watering places as the scene of his brief holiday. His reply was characteristic of the American. 'I had heard a good deal about it and thought I would try it. We arranged to come to the Royal Bath Hotel through the Legation and here we are.' Our representative's next question was a natural one, 'And how do you like it?' To which his Excellency replied, 'I think a very great deal of it, and looking all round, with the

Mr. and Mrs. Choate

sea in front of me, and the country on the other side, I do not see how this place could be bettered.'

"He expressed himself highly pleased at the fact that during his stay in the town the 'Stars and Stripes' were honoured by being hoisted at the Royal Bath Hotel and other places. Mrs. Choate, who was present, quite acquiesced in the adulatory observations of her husband, who, by the way, is a most genial man—tall, commanding, and of fine presence. His Excellency had received a notification from the Town Clerk that the Mayor would call upon him during the morning and bid him welcome on behalf of the town."*

From "Moonshine," September 19th, 1896 :—

"INTERVIEWS WITH SEASIDE PLACES: BOURNEMOUTH.

"Sweet? Of course I'm sweet. Who wouldn't be sweet with pinewoods all around? The New Forest? Yes, I know that's handy, but I don't believe in the New Forest drawing visitors, especially with Sir William Harcourt living there. No, his propinquity don't injure me, I never said it did, but it by no means makes me more popular. Do you know, I wish you'd make it generally understood that I didn't start life as a resort for invalids? That's been forced on me. Just you get a reputation that you're a soft place for invalids and see how they'll flock to you. It's a good business in one way, but it's bad in another. Look at Hastings and me! Poor Hastings! Why, every other shop's a chemist's, and I'm getting much the same way. Indeed I'm not sure that we were not invented especially in the interests of chemists. Hotels? Yes, I'm chock full of hotels, but I dursn't mention any of them by name, because your editor would be sure to think—humph, yes, I'm sure you understand. I'm getting on,

* After Mr. and Mrs. Choate taking tea with us, the former fell in love with a basalt life-sized bust of Washington, by Josiah Wedgwood, which through him we presented to the American people. It is now in the Congressional Library at Washington.

Home and Abroad

but I want a new town council badly. There's been a lot of funny things done during the past few years. No, I won't particularise, because it might be libellous, but I could and I would—ay, and prove it if necessary. Eh? Service? Well, the South-Western acts pretty fairly by me. This is my season just now. Come down and stop for a week. The smell of the pines is delicious, and the view from the cliffs is Ar. Picture galleries? Fond of picture galleries? Well, you can hardly expect to find them in so small a place, but I guess, if you've anything in London to beat the show at the Royal Bath Hotel you've something worth going to see."

From "The Times," October 12th, 1894 :—

" AMERICAN ALOES.

" Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes writes to us from Bournemouth :
' Referring to the correspondence in your columns on the subject of American Aloes, on my return here, I find that five out of eight in the grounds of the Royal Bath Hotel had flower spikes this year measuring from 12 to 19 feet long, and these were photographed five weeks ago by Messrs. Debenham and Gould of this town. These aloes were planted in the year 1880 by me, and were pointed out to Sir Francis Truscott, who in his official capacity as Lord Mayor opened the pier in August, 1880, whilst he was staying at the Royal Bath Hotel. These aloes I brought from California, and I may add that two of the five referred to had flower spikes on them during the visit of the British Medical Association to Bournemouth in 1891, and were seen and remarked upon by many of the medical gentlemen at the time. I have never known of the same plant flowering within the space of three years, although it may be the case. Although these plants are very much sheltered on the lawn of the hotel, I do not think a more satisfactory testimony is needed to indicate the mildness of the climate of Bournemouth, especially as the aloes are never covered in any way during any part of the year.' "

Winter at Home

From "The World," December 10th, 1902 :—

"WINTER AT HOME.

"Were it not owing to the lack of municipal enterprise, the annual exodus abroad would be considerably reduced, I feel sure ; but with one or two exceptions, practically nothing is done to amuse the visitors to English winter resorts. It is all very well to talk of natural beauty, perfect climate, cloudless days, etc., etc., but very few people are content with those attractions alone. There are, after all, always the long winter evenings to be spent, and an hotel drawing room is not invariably the most enlivening place in the world. Among the most enterprising of our winter resorts to-day is Bournemouth, where, thanks to the energy of such people as Mr. Russell-Cotes, something is really done to amuse the visitor. If the Corporation of Ventnor would only be persuaded to take a leaf out of Bournemouth's book, that lovely little spot would be crammed with visitors the winter through. Town authorities will not understand why it is that people go abroad, nor will they apparently appreciate the fact that however efficacious may be a cure, it loses half its value if the patient be bored to extinction while undergoing it. Ennui is a very dangerous malady, if only municipalities would believe it !"

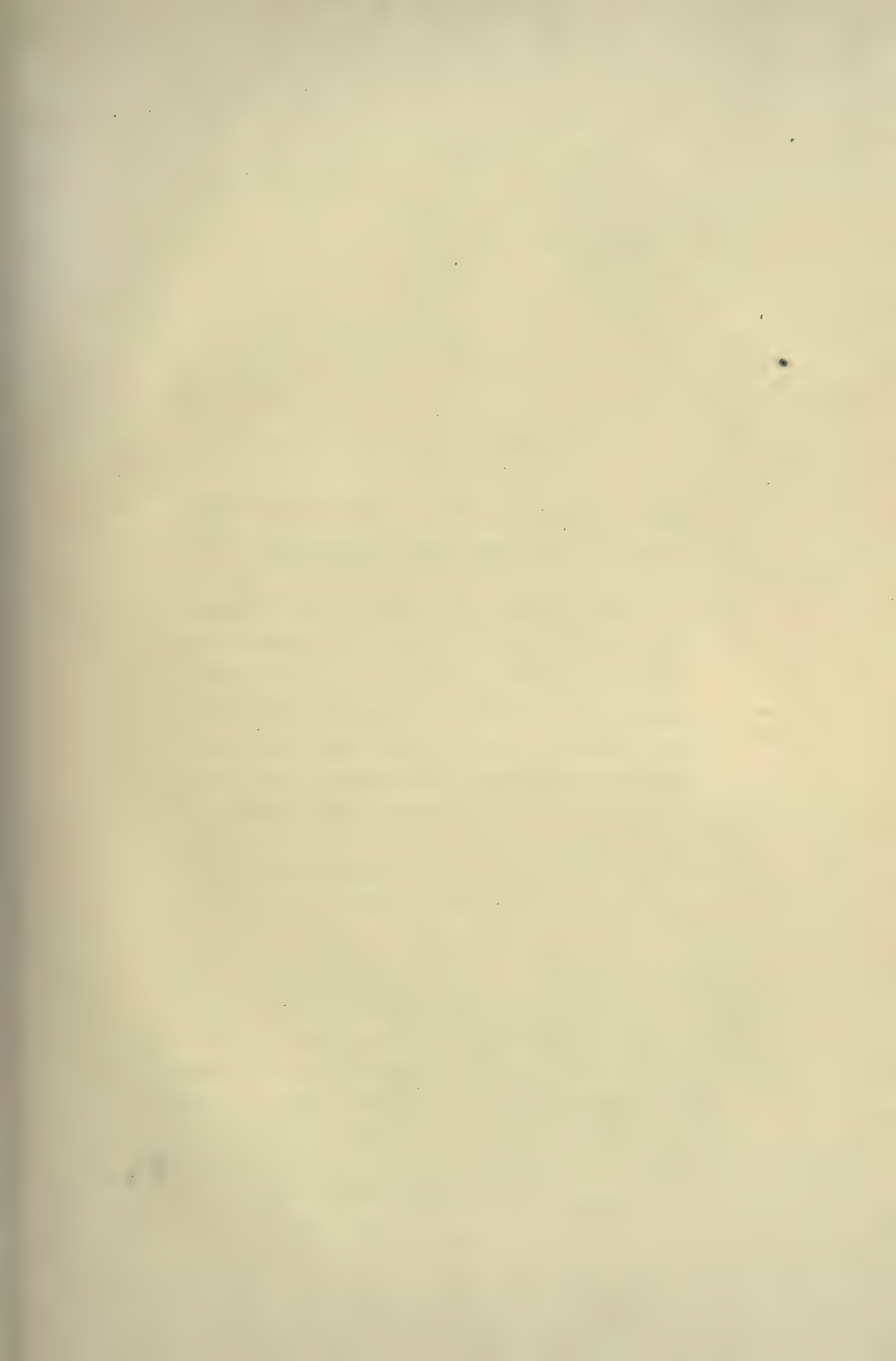
From the "Bournemouth Visitors' Directory," January 11th, 1908 :—

"BOURNEMOUTH SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

" From an earlier copy of the same journal (The 'Salisbury and Winchester Journal,' July 25th, 1836) Mr. Baker takes the following news paragraph : 'The projected range of villas at Bourne Mouth are in a state of active progress, including a large and commodious hotel with baths, etc. It is also intended to erect a number of large and elegant buildings on the cliff in a line with Boscombe Mouth.' Mr. Baker sends us likewise the following advertisement, taken from the

Home and Abroad

'Salisbury and Winchester Journal' of June 11th, 1838:
'Bournemouth, on the sea coast, Hants—to be let furnished and papered, No. 7 Villa, with a good garden and excellent supply of best water, seven bedrooms and every necessary requisite at four guineas per week, by the month; or, if taken for six or twelve months considerable allowance will be made. Apply to Mr. Holloway, Bath Hotel, Bourne (if by letter postpaid).—N.B. Bournemouth is distant five miles from the market towns of Poole and Christchurch. A daily post, and the coaches from Southampton and Weymouth pass through every day.' "



Dedication of the "Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum."

" In loving memory of their respective parents, Samuel and Elizabeth Cotes, of Tettenhall, Staffordshire, and John King and Annie Clark, of East Woodside, Glasgow. This Art Gallery and Museum and its contents were presented by Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes (Mayor and Mayoress of Bournemouth, 1894-5) as a free gift to the Mayor, Aldermen and Burgesses of Bournemouth."

CHAPTER IX

East Cliff Hall

Opening of Undercliff Drive and the Presentation of East Cliff Hall—Sir Charles Scotter's letter—The Lord Mayor's visit to East Cliff Hall, with a short account of that of his father (Sir Francis Truscott) to open the Pier—My Knighthood.

"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple :

"If the ill Spirit have so fair a house,

"Good things will strive to dwell with 't.'"

THE TEMPEST, Act i, Sc. 2.

FOR many years I had it in my mind that some day I would build a house after my own heart, as an offering of "love and affection" to my wife. An ideal spot eventually presented itself, and I made up my mind that there, and on that very spot, I would build the long contemplated house, and so it came about that, after considering several different ideas and designs, I made up my mind to construct it architecturally to combine the Renaissance with Italian and old Scottish Baronial styles. Therefore, after spoiling various plans, my ideas were realised at last, and I built on the corner plot of the East Cliff, Bournemouth, the existing building, and called it "East Cliff Hall." When completed and furnished, I gave it to my wife as a birthday present, assigning to her the 99 years' lease from Sir George Meyrick, the Lord of the Manor.

Home and Abroad

For some considerable time my wife and I had it in our minds to make over the house and certain fine art treasures to the town, and this finally took shape when I sent the following letter to the Town Clerk :—

East Cliff Hall,
Bournemouth.
5th November, 1907.

To the Mayor and Corporation of Bournemouth.
c/o George William Bailey, Esq.,
Town Clerk,
Bournemouth.

Gentlemen,

Mrs. Russell-Cotes, as the owner and lessee of East Cliff Hall, is prepared to make it over, through trustees, to the Mayor, Corporation and Burgesses of Bournemouth, as a free gift, to be used solely as an Art Gallery and Museum, and I am prepared to make over a collection of pictures and art property in order to the formation therein of a permanent Art Gallery and Museum for the people of Bournemouth for their pleasure and enjoyment in perpetuity.

Should this offer be acceptable to the Corporation, we are prepared to carry the matter through at once, these gifts being subject to the life tenancy of my wife and self—it being our object and wish to assist in the formation in Bournemouth of a Gallery or Exhibition of Works of Art which shall be open to the public in perpetuity.

Believe me to be, Gentlemen,
On behalf of my wife and self,
Very sincerely yours,

M. RUSSELL-COTES.

A private note acknowledging the receipt of my letter was succeeded by the following official communication :—

COUNTY BOROUGH OF BOURNEMOUTH.

At the quarterly meeting of the Council held on the 9th day of November,
1907.

Present : The Right Worshipful the Mayor, in the Chair.

“ EAST CLIFF HALL.”

On the reading of a letter (dated 5th November, 1907) from Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, it was

Resolved : “ That the Council on the reading of the above letter place on record their warm appreciation of the great munificence of Mr. and Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes in making the proposal therein contained, and their sense of the public spirit and true local

“Splendid Gift to the Borough ”

patriotism by which such a gift indicates they are actuated, and further, with a view to effect being given to their wishes (it being understood that such a course will commend itself to Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes) that the Mayor, Deputy-Mayor and Town Clerk be authorised to confer with them at their convenience as to the steps to be taken in regard to the discussion and settlement of details in the matter.”

(A true extract.)

GEORGE WM. BAILEY,
Town Clerk.

The “Bournemouth Guardian” says, in reporting the proceedings of the Council in this connection, that:—

“His Worship said it gave him great pleasure to submit the motion, and he thought no words were needed from him to obtain from the Council its enthusiastic endorsement. (Hear, hear.)

“Councillor Donkin enquired whether there was anything contained in the conditions precluding alterations to the Hall, which, being built for a residence, might not be found thoroughly adapted for public use.

“The ex-Mayor, in seconding the resolution, said that to his mind the Hall at present was more like an art gallery than a private dwelling. He had heard the conditions read, and had been in consultation with the Town Clerk and Mr. Russell-Cotes, and he felt certain that they were conditions which the Council would accept. He would go further, and say that he believed that the Council, when it knew the full extent and value of the gift, and were able to appreciate it at its proper worth, would feel inclined to go somewhat further than their expression of appreciation. (Hear, hear.)

“Councillor Hawkes expressed gratification at such a splendid gift to the borough, and added that he wished to point to one aspect which had not seemed to have attracted notice. They must not measure the gift only from Mr. Russell-Cotes’ point of view of its intrinsic value. They had

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to remember that Mr. Russell-Cotes and his family would still be interested in the Royal Bath Hotel, and the damage to the hotel owing to the severance of the property from the hotel, thus preventing future extension of the hotel on the most favourable lines, enhanced the value of the gift enormously from Mr. Russell-Cotes' point of view."

Perhaps I ought at this point to refer to the very interesting ceremony which took place when the first section of the Undercliff Drive was opened (which I have mentioned at the end of Chapter VII) it being considered that no more auspicious occasion could possibly arise for the public announcement of the gift than the joyous reunion of those who had fought with a single heart, to give to Bournemouth the fulfilment of my dreams—a beautiful drive on the sea shore.

From the "Bournemouth Guardian," 8th November, 1907:—

"Then followed the interesting ceremony of stone-laying by the Mayor at the last flight of steps at the eastern end of the Undercliff Drive.

"The Borough Engineer first handed to the Mayor the presentation trowel. This was a handsome gift bearing the following inscription:—'County Borough of Bournemouth. Presented to the Right Worshipful the Mayor, Alderman J. A. Parsons, J.P., on the occasion of his laying the last stone of the sea wall, and opening of the East Cliff Undercliff Drive, 6th November, 1907.'

"The stone having been placed in position, the Mayor gave three sharp, business-like taps, and then remarked: 'It is with a great deal of satisfaction and pleasure that I declare this, the last stone of the first section of the drive, to be well and truly laid. (Applause.) When I say it gives me satisfaction, I speak sincerely, because I have always myself been in favour of an Undercliff Drive. (Hear, hear.) I shall keep this trowel, which will remind me of what I believe to be one of the

Sir Charles Scotter

best functions I have taken part in during my Mayoralty of two years. (Applause.) I only hope the Drive will prove to be such a success and such a blessing to the town that the whole community will insist upon its being carried forward right to Boscombe Pier. (Applause.) I believe that the sooner that is done the better for the town and for its visitors, and for the prosperity of the whole community.' (Applause.)

"Then came the 'christening,' and for this purpose a handsome two-handled Nestor cup, containing wine, was handed to the Mayoress, who having poured the liquid on from end to end of the stone, said : ' In the place of Sir Charles Scotter, whose absence we all regret, I have much pleasure in giving to the drive the name East Cliff Undercliff Drive and Promenade.' (Applause.) The cup (on a tray) was of silver, and bore the inscription ' County Borough of Bournemouth—Presented to the Mayoress of Bournemouth, Mrs. J. A. Parsons, on the occasion of the opening and naming by her of the East Cliff Undercliff Drive and Promenade, first section, November 6th, 1907.'

"The 'christening' over, the members of the Corporation and the invited guests re-entered the carriages and drove to the western end, across the entrance to which a tape had been stretched for the formal opening ceremony.

"The Mayor, Mr. and Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes, Mr. G. R. Hutchings, Alderman Burden (Vice-Chairman of the Committee) and the Town Clerk having alighted, his Worship, using a pair of presentation scissors, cut the tape, and then said : 'I do hereby declare this first section of the East Cliff Undercliff Drive and Promenade open for the use and enjoyment of the residents and visitors to Bournemouth, in accordance with the terms and conditions under which the Corporation are empowered to provide the same, subject to any bye-laws and regulations which the Council may from time to time make.' (Applause.)

Home and Abroad

From the "Daily Telegraph," November 7th, 1907:—

"The laying of the last stone of the first section by the Mayor (Mr. Alderman J. A. Parsons) was witnessed by a big gathering of visitors and inhabitants of the borough, and there was a unanimous concurrence in the hope that the big start in a vast scheme would result in the speedy consummation of an improvement on which those who have the best wishes of Bournemouth have set their heart. That eminent engineer, Sir Joseph Bazalgette, entirely approved of the scheme, and from the moment when Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, the Mayor of Bournemouth in 1894-5, lent his whole-hearted support to the arrangement, the opposition has been gradually worn down until now by far the majority of the Bournemouth people recognise its utility. This was apparent from the tone of the speeches delivered subsequent to the luncheon given by Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes in the beautifully appointed dining hall of the Royal Bath Hotel. There was abundant praise given to Mr. Russell-Cotes, as well as to his son, Mr. Herbert V. M. Cotes, for their long advocacy of this great addition to Bournemouth's natural attractions, and the co-operation of the Lord of the Manor, Sir George Meyrick, was also warmly acknowledged. The public spirit of Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes has not ended with his persistent efforts to improve the sea-front.

"A MAGNIFICENT GIFT.

"The Mayor proposed a toast not on the card, viz., that of their host and hostess, and hinted that he was about to make an announcement that would create considerable surprise and pleasure. Proceeding to speak of what Mr. Russell-Cotes had done to enhance the prosperity of Bournemouth, his Worship said there were several occasions on which that gentleman had most handsomely entertained distinguished visitors to the town. Mr. Russell-Cotes entertained the then Lord Mayor of London at the opening of the pier in 1880 ;

“Thirty-one Years’ ”

whilst Mayor he entertained on behalf of the town the late Prince Henry of Battenberg ; he entertained the British Medical Association when they held a Conference here, and only last year some of them remembered how very handsomely he entertained the Belgian journalists. And then there was that day's splendid entertainment, and for all such public-spirited acts Mr. Russell-Cotes deserved the gratitude of the townspeople. (Applause.) Further, their host was widely known as a great lover of art and collector of art treasures, and as a gentleman who had for upwards of forty years lent his collection of oil paintings and water-colour drawings to all the principal cities and towns, and he was possessor of a great number of illuminated addresses expressive of thanks for the public spirit he had thus shown. He was one of the first to give his aid to an Undercliff Drive proposal, and he very considerably helped the matter by establishing the Undercliff Drive and Promenade and Pavilion League. Then when the Local Government Board inquiry was held, Mr. Russell Cotes not only gave evidence himself, but was the means of securing a great deal of other evidence. Before proceeding with the important announcement, his Worship at this point said that knowing that their kind friend, Mr. Russell-Cotes, was securing the lovely gold souvenirs for presentation, and feeling that of all men in the town who should receive a souvenir it was Mr. Russell-Cotes, he had had one made as a gift from himself to that gentleman as a slight recognition of his thirty-one years' advocacy of the Undercliff Drive project. He had much pleasure in handing his souvenir to Mr. Russell-Cotes as a token of respect, and hoped that for a great many years to come it would serve to remind him of that auspicious occasion. (Applause.)

“ ‘ Now, gentlemen’ (continued the Mayor), ‘ this is the important announcement I have to make, and whilst making it, I don't know what to say as to my own position. I am

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deeply grateful to Mr. Russell-Cotes for the way into which he has taken me into his confidence, and having known something of the intentions of Mr. Russell-Cotes for some months past, I am delighted to-day to have the honour to make this announcement, and it becomes my pleasing duty and privilege, and I may say my pride, to make an announcement to you which I hope will enable you and me and all Bournemouth people to realise that there is with us to-day a gentleman whose patriotism is beyond all question. My announcement is this: I have the authority of Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes to tell you that, subject to the arrangement of certain details, for which I suggest we shall have to appoint a committee, they jointly and severally offer as a free gift to the town, their private house known as East Cliff Hall, with a collection of pictures and other works of art for the pleasure and enjoyment of their fellow-ratepayers and visitors to Bournemouth, the property to be vested in the Mayor for the time being, and other trustees in a proper legal way, Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes reserving only to themselves the right to use the house as a place of residence during their joint or several lives.

“The Mayor’s statement was received with enthusiasm.

“Continuing, his Worship said the magnitude of this splendid gift could be best understood when he said it was valued at something like £60,000. Mr. Russell-Cotes had made up his mind to make over to the town certain freehold property which would bring in an adequate sum, not only to provide for the upkeep of the house and the treasures, but also for the purchase from time to time of other pictures. (Applause.) The handsome and costly nature of this gift would be best realised by those who knew how industrious and how skilled a collector of art treasures Mr. Russell-Cotes had been all his life, and what a treasure house of master-productions the East Cliff Hall was to all true lovers of art and things beautiful.



Presentation by us of Silver Golf Challenge Cup to the Corporation during our Mayoralty.



Golf Challenge Cup.



Silver Cup presented by us to the Hampshire Football Association, for charitable purposes.

“Consent of the Family”

(Applause.) This was not the occasion for passing any formal resolution on the subject, but he was certain the company would drink to the toast all the more enthusiastically because of the statement it had been his honour and his privilege to make. He asked them to drink to the health of their host and hostess, and this was cordially done.

“The Mayor proceeded to remark that those present would quite understand that Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes had not arrived at their decision without long and serious consideration and consultation with those directly interested; and that it would not have been possible as parents of a family for Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes to make this gift without the consent of their family, who would, in the ordinary course of events, have had the property handed down to them. He was sure every one appreciated the generous public spirit which had animated them, and most cordially esteemed and honoured them for their kindness. He asked the gathering to drink the healths of Mr. Councillor Cotes and Miss Cotes.

“The sentiment was enthusiastically received and the toast was accorded musical honours.

“The Chairman, in response, met with a flattering reception. He admitted that they had not arrived at their decision at all hurriedly, because the matter had been in the minds of himself and his wife for some years past. Now that the gift had been made, he hoped that the people of Bournemouth would find that it would add very much to their pleasure, and would be fully appreciated. (Applause.) He was sure they would approve of the reservation that so long as they were living they should have the privilege of residing in their private house, but at the end of their lives, either jointly or singly, it would then become the property of the town. Originally they did not intend to make the announcement that day, but to have bequeathed the property after their departure from this earth. He, however, had such an esteem

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for the Mayor, who was such an excellent and good fellow, that he was anxious to make his year of office a specially memorable one. (Loud applause.) Speaking personally, Mr. Russell-Cotes remarked that to him the opening of the Undercliff Drive was an event he had longed for, and he was thankful that he had lived to see at all events the beginning of it. (Applause.) Although there had been considerable controversy regarding the scheme, he was sure that those who at one time opposed it would feel thankful to the advocates that, owing to their persistency and strenuous efforts, it had been carried out. Those who came hereafter would fully appreciate the undertaking. There were many he could name who had worked hard in this matter, and amongst these was Dr. Roberts Thomson, who, he regretted to say, was unable to be present upon that occasion. As Mr. Vickery had said, they only wanted the Undercliff Drive and Promenade as a crowning feature to make Bournemouth the most beautiful health resort in the world. (Applause.) He said that absolutely without fear of contradiction. He had travelled all over the world and had visited many health resorts that were worth going to, and there was no place like Bournemouth for real natural beauty. (Hear, hear, and applause.) About four or five months since a friend of his, a great hotel proprietor from New York, paid a brief visit to Bournemouth, and he had since written to say that he was perfectly enchanted with the beauty of Bournemouth. He had been told over and over again by people from all parts of the world that they knew of no place so beautiful as our Evergreen Valley. (Applause.) In conclusion, Mr. Russell-Cotes said that he had intended asking those present to accompany the Mayor and himself to East Cliff Hall, where they would have been received by Mrs. Russell-Cotes, but owing to the lateness of the hour and the fact that he had had an arduous day's task—and he was not very strong—he was sure they would excuse him upon the present occasion. (Applause.)

“ Russell-Cotes Drive ”

“ Mr. Herbert Cotes, who was also received with enthusiasm, re-echoed most heartily the expressions of his father. He acknowledged the warm friendship which had been extended to him on all hands since his residence in Bournemouth, and remarked that he was delighted with the decision, in regard to the gift, which his father and mother had arrived at. (Applause.) He hoped the pictures and Art Gallery would redound to the fair fame of Bournemouth, and that they would attract visitors from near and far. (Applause.) As to the health-giving properties of Bournemouth, Mr. Cotes said the town had a wonderful and marvellous climate, and those who had experienced its beneficial influence could realise its advantages to the full. Mr. Cotes, in concluding, spoke of the warm-hearted feeling which existed among the Press, including the London journals, in promoting the welfare and attractions of the town.”

My old friend Sir Charles Scotter, Bart., Chairman of the London and South Western Railway Company, was to have performed the opening ceremony, but was unfortunately prevented by illness from doing so, as the following letter will show :—

Board Room, Waterloo Station,
London, S.E.

My dear Russell-Cotes,

November 8th.

Let me offer my most sincere congratulations on the great success attending the opening of the new Drive at Bournemouth.

Mr. Vickery reported the proceedings to me yesterday.

I was greatly disappointed at not being able to take part in the interesting ceremony. It ought to have been named the “ Russell-Cotes Drive,” as it would never have been made but for your indomitable pluck and perseverance.

Let me also send you my grateful thanks for the handsome souvenir which you have so kindly sent me, and which I shall value very much.

Wishing every prosperity to you and yours, and also to Bournemouth, in which I have always taken the deepest interest, and with kindest regards,

Very sincerely yours,

CHAS. SCOTTER.

Home and Abroad

From the " Bournemouth Directory," 9th November, 1907 :—

" At the luncheon given at the Royal Bath Hotel, a tribute was paid to many of the men who had advocated the Undercliff Drive. Mr. Russell-Cotes himself has taken a prominent and leading part. He has preached ' Undercliff Drive ' in season and out of season, and now at last he has seen such a measure of accomplishment as makes him more than ever proud of ' Beautiful Bournemouth ' and more than ever sanguine as to its future.

" The Mayor, in his speech after the luncheon, after eulogising the gift to the town of ' East Cliff Hall ' and its collection which is so unique as to be practically priceless, went on to say : ' No money would have bought it, had money been offered prior to Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes' determination to present it to the town. In full accord with the princely scale of the gift, Mr. and Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes are making provision so that there may be funds for its future maintenance, and the local authority be encouraged to form such a treasure-house as will make Bournemouth famous throughout the whole country, and add to the attractions which Bournemouth already offers to the cultured classes. It is a happy circumstance that the house overlooks the sea-front, and is in close association with the Undercliff Drive, an acquisition for which Bournemouth owes all to the strenuous and persistent advocacy of Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes.' "

From the " Bournemouth Observer," 16th November, 1907 :—

" Mr. RUSSELL-COTES' GIFT.

" To the Editor of the ' Bournemouth Observer.'

" Sir,—I suppose that the announcement of this gift awakened but one sentiment amongst the residents and visitors of our town, viz., that of admiration and gratitude. We admire the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes in giving, and we admire almost as much the generosity of their

“Honour to whom honour is due”

family in their cheerful approval. Probably no one has done so much to enhance the prosperity of Bournemouth as Mr. Russell-Cotes, both by his persistent advocacy of various schemes for making the town the foremost health resort in England, and by making the attractions of Bournemouth widely known often far beyond our own shores.

“Honour to whom honour is due. No doubt when this matter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes’ generous gift is all settled, we shall see our Town Council taking steps to add Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes’ names to the roll of the freedom of the borough at the head of which stands Field-Marshal Lord Roberts.

“Yours truly,

“MERRION.”

The above was not by any means the only expression of good-will which my beloved wife and I received. From amongst the many I cull the following :—

COUNTY BOROUGH OF BOURNEMOUTH.

13th November, 1907.

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

I am instructed by the Council to express to you their warmest thanks for the very complete and perfect arrangements made for the entertainment and comfort of your guests at the luncheon given by you on the occasion of the opening of the East Cliff Undercliff Drive and Promenade (first section). Your generosity in this respect contributed in the highest degree to the very successful inauguration of what it is hoped and believed will mark the commencement of a new era in the progress and prosperity of the borough, the advancement of which you have always had so much at heart.

Permit me at the same time to again thank you on my own behalf for your kind assistance in connection with the preliminary arrangements and programme, and also for your present of a gold souvenir of the interesting and historical event, with which I am proud to have been personally associated.

I am, dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

Yours very truly,

GEO. WM. BAILEY,

Town Clerk.

Merton Russell-Cotes, Esq., J.P., F.R.G.S.

Home and Abroad

From the Mayor and Mayoress (Alderman and Mrs. Parsons) who held office at the time my wife and I presented East Cliff Hall and Art Treasures to the town :—

Municipal Offices,
Bournemouth.

November 1st, 1907.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes,

I was very glad to receive your kind letter, and am very grateful to you for your kind expressions of goodwill, and I feel certain that the whole of Bournemouth will be pleased and thankful when your generosity is made known. I cannot tell you how delighted I am that you have so kindly decided to do this splendid thing during my year of office, and that I am to have the high honour of making it known. I can assure you that both the Mayoress and myself fully appreciate the great kindness we have received from you during our term of office. I think your arrangements for next Wednesday are first class. I hope it will be a fine day, and that everything will go off successfully.

The Mayoress joins me in very kind regards to you both. Hoping you will be in good form next week, believe me to be,

Yours very sincerely,
J. A. PARSONS.

Municipal Offices,
Bournemouth.

November 9th, 1907.

My dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

I thank you very sincerely for your very kind letter, and I really cannot tell you how much the Mayoress and myself appreciated the honour conferred on us on Wednesday by Mrs. Russell-Cotes and your own good self. It was to us indeed a red letter day. I can assure you we shall never forget the kindness we both received. I most sincerely congratulate you on the great success of the whole of the proceedings, and I feel certain that the whole town has been moved by your princely gift. I have heard praise on all hands, which has very much delighted me.

The two things that pleased me at your splendid lunch was the grand and sincere reception which you and your son received, and I assure you that my respect for Bert is very great, and I was also more than pleased (and I am sure you were) with the way Mr. Bailey was received. I do hope it will be the means of assuring him of the fact that he is very greatly respected in the town; we cannot afford to lose him. After two years of very close friendship with him, I not only admire him, but have great affection for him.

“ Your Graceful Remembrance ”

Now I am off to the meeting to be relieved of my responsibility. I hope we shall have a good day, and that Mr. Bridge will have a very successful year of office

From a full heart thanking you for all your kindness, with very kindest regards from the Mayoress and myself, trusting Mrs. Russell-Cotes and yourself are quite well. Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

J. A. PARSONS.

Merton Russell-Cotes, Esq., J.P., F.R.G.S.

Park View,
St. Mary's Road,
Bournemouth.
14th November, 1907.

Dear Mrs. Russell-Cotes,

I want to thank you and Mr. Russell-Cotes for all that you did in helping to make my term of office end so pleasantly. The 6th of *November* ~~December~~, 1907, will always be a red-letter day for us. Your splendid gift to the town seems to have almost taken people's breath away. I am sure everybody appreciates your generosity and goodness.

I sincerely hope you are feeling none the worse for the great excitement of last week.

With our united kind regards,

I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

E. PARSONS.

From Alderman Robson, Chairman of the Undercliff Drive Committee and Mayor in 1916:—

Surbiton Lodge,
Surrey Road,
Bournemouth.
November 7th, 1907.

My dear Sir,

I joined yesterday in all the hearty expressions of appreciation to which your guests gave utterance. I think, however, that the manner in which every detail of the splendid afternoon's entertainment was carried out, and your graceful remembrance of those who had taken a leading part in the work which brought us together, also the hearty goodwill which you showed right through a long and trying afternoon, seems to me to warrant just a word of personal thanks, and this I hasten to tender on my own behalf, and the burgesses whom I represent.

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As to the splendid presentation you have made to the town, I feel sure that the way in which it will be received will show you how highly the town values it.

It is more than a little singular that it should have been left to you to have shown such public spirit, and that some who, without any personal risk or exertion, such as you have had, have reaped large benefits from the progress of the borough, so far from doing anything of the kind, seem persistent in their efforts to get all they can. You have done a noble and graceful act.

I remain,

Yours truly,

M. Russell-Cotes, Esq., J.P., F.R.G.S.

HENRY ROBSON.

From Alderman Lawson, ex-Mayor of Bournemouth :—

Butley Dene,

Bournemouth.

14th November, 1907.

My dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

You must think it remiss of me not to have written you before, but, as you know, I have been very much engaged just lately.

I really want to thank you most sincerely for the pleasing and graceful moments which you gave me, the long-looked-for opening of the Undercliff Drive. May you long be spared to give kindly counsel in the affairs of the borough, and I trust we shall both soon see the completion of the Drive, for which you have worked so hard !

Writing as I am just after your magnificent gift to the town, I feel that I must add my humble thanks to those of my fellow towns-people for your and Mrs. Russell-Cotes' boundless generosity.

With kind regards to you both.

Yours truly,

GEORGE JOSEPH LAWSON.

Merton Russell-Cotes, Esq., J.P., F.R.G.S.

From the Managing Director of " The Sphere " and " The Tatler " :—

THE TATLER,

Great New Street,

Fetter Lane, E.C.

8th November, 1907.

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

Very many thanks for your kind letter, and for your expressions of disappointment at my not being able to be present with you, which I assure you I share at least equally with your good self.

“Your Munificent Gift”

I am sure that it could not help being a successful function when you are organiser.

Let me offer you my sincere appreciation of your most munificent gift to your town, and congratulations to the townsmen upon having such a public-spirited resident among them.

With kind regards, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE KING.

From the Art Director of Corporation Art Gallery,
Glasgow :—

Glasgow Art Gallery and Museum (Kelvingrove),
Glasgow.

21st November, 1907.

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

I am much obliged to you for sending me the full details of the princely gift made by Mrs. Russell-Cotes and yourself to your fellow townsmen. I had already seen a brief notice of the gift, and now I offer to your good lady and yourself my most cordial congratulations on your great generosity. I am sure it will be well appreciated by inhabitants and visitors to your lovely and salubrious town, but we may hope also that it will be recognised in a tangible manner in the highest circle.

At the same time, I trust you will both have long life and health to enjoy the fine things with which you have surrounded yourselves. It is right that you should have the first of your own.

With sincere good wishes to you both,

I am,

Yours very truly,

J. A. PATON.

From an Austrian doctor and old friend, the leading medical man in Carlsbad. He always attended the late King Edward VII when the latter sojourned there :—

Carlsbad,

Austria.

22nd November, 1907.

Dear Mrs. Russell-Cotes,

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

I congratulate you most heartily to your liberal, to your generous donation, to your brilliant gift, made to the town of Bournemouth. I am sure that not only Bournemouth, but everybody who has the

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privilege, who has the honour, to know you personally, will admire the maker of Bournemouth, the philanthropist of Bournemouth.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Russell-Cotes, and dear Mrs. Russell-Cotes, to be with my kindest regards,

Most sincerely yours,

B. LONDON (M.D.)

From Mr. Douglas Thorburn, the well-known Art critic, who, though unknown to me, sent this charming letter :—

Dryden Chambers,
Oxford Street, W.

November 8th, 1907.

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

I feel I must write and congratulate you on the public-spirited generosity which has prompted your magnificent bequest to the town of Bournemouth, an account of which I read yesterday in my "Tribune." Future generations of art lovers will owe you a big debt, and I hope some day when the collection is open to public inspection, I may have an opportunity of paying Bournemouth a visit and seeing it. No one derives greater pleasure from pictures than I do: therefore your gift appeals to me deeply.

Yours sincerely,

DOUGLAS W. THORBURN.

To Merton Russell-Cotes, Esq., J.P., F.R.G.S., M.J.S., etc.

From the "Bournemouth Directory," 7th December, 1907 :—

"THE RUSSELL-COTES GIFT.

"TOWN COUNCIL INSPECT EAST CLIFF HALL ART TREASURES.

"HOW THE VALUABLE COLLECTION WAS ACQUIRED.

"Mr. and Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes having kindly invited the Mayor and members of the Council, and borough officials, to visit East Cliff Hall, and view the house and treasures therein, lately presented by them to the town, advantage was taken of the offer on Tuesday last. Immediately at the close of the Council meeting, about half past five, the members of the Corporation and head officials were invited by the Mayor (Councillor G. E. Bridge) to tea at the Royal Bath Hotel. Following this they walked round to East Cliff Hall, where

Councillor H. V. M. Cotes

they were received by Mr. and Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes, and conducted over the residence by them and by their son, Councillor H. V. M. Cotes.

“ Addressing the company in the Art Gallery, before their inspection of East Cliff Hall and its contents had begun, Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes said that he and Mrs. Russell-Cotes desired to give them a very hearty welcome, and hoped that the art collection which they had given would but be the nucleus of a larger and much more noble art gallery for the town. The point had been raised as to the adaptability of the building for the purposes of a museum and art gallery. Well, they would be able to judge for themselves ; but such experts as Mr. Howarth, the curator of the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield, and the editor of the ‘ Museum,’ Mr. Temple, art director of the Guildhall Art Gallery, London, and others, had all expressed the opinion that the premises were quite unique, that was to say that they were well adapted for an art gallery and museum. (Hear, hear.) The fact was the house was specially constructed for the reception of art treasures. Since he was quite a boy he had had a great love for art ; in fact, it was his strong weakness. (Laughter.) He had spent the whole of his spare money in art ; he had never spent a shilling upon any games of chance or upon horse-racing ; indeed, he knew nothing and did not wish to know anything about such things. If their inspection of the pictures and art treasures afforded them as much pleasure as he had found in ferreting them out and purchasing them, they would be very happy men. There was nothing in that collection which he had not personally selected and purchased himself. He mentioned that because he did not think much credit was due to any gentleman who acquired art treasures by commissioning a dealer. (Hear, hear.) A good deal of the collection had been acquired during the travels of his wife and himself in various foreign countries. He might say that the things were congested, every case

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having far too many articles in it. They could not help that, space not admitting of extension, but no doubt that would come in the future; at least he hoped so, like other things that came to Bournemouth—slowly but surely. (Laughter and hear, hear.)

“Mr. Russell-Cotes remarked incidentally that the building itself was his wife’s and therefore was her gift, because he had built East Cliff Hall for her as a birthday gift. He had promised her many years ago that if he lived it was his intention to build a house such as would please her, and would be a suitable store-room for the many interesting things they had spent their lives in purchasing. It had not been his intention to make this gift at the present time, but it was out of regard for his friend, the Deputy-Mayor (Alderman J. A. Parsons), and a feeling that he should like to carry it out during the year of his Mayoralty. He thought, too, the admirable and psychological moment would be the day on which the Undercliff Drive was opened. (Hear, hear.) They would therefore understand why they were invited to luncheon on that day, and why Alderman Parsons announced the gift on that day. If Mrs. Russell-Cotes and himself should be spared they would have the greatest pleasure in doing all they could to co-operate in increasing the attractiveness of the gift. He was not surprised at people in Bournemouth sometimes wondering why this was done, or why that was done, because it was human nature to impute motives to actions, but he might say that his wife and he had no earthly motive whatever in the world in making that gift, beyond their earnest desire to preserve their regard for their fellow townspeople. They hoped the gift would be appreciated, purely upon its merits, for it was offered with no view to this or that object. There was absolutely no object or motive, intent or purpose whatsoever. They were making that as an absolutely free gift. They had lived to that age when they could not afford to say one thing and mean another—(hear,

“ Magnificent Art Treasure House ”

hear)—and they hoped that the gift would do something to add to the attractions of their charming health resort. (Hear, hear.)

“ From his experience he believed that few things would add more to the prestige and popularity of such a town than an art gallery and museum, of which they had in that building the nucleus. (Hear, hear.) In the course of time it could be extended very considerably, for its present contents were enough to fill a much larger building. Although he had made his mark in Bournemouth, there were people who had made their mark too, and he hoped that what they had done would be emulated. (Hear, hear.) He trusted it might induce others who had made their mark in Bournemouth also to do something, possibly by adding to the stock of pictures and other works of art, or by giving say £5,000 towards a new pavilion, which would be a credit to the town. (Applause.)

“ The Mayor, in thanking Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes, said he was sure that they would not regard the Council’s visit in the nature of looking a gift-horse in the mouth. They were glad of the opportunity to see what the gift consisted of, for many people in the town did not realise the value of that magnificent art treasure house. They would see that the place was almost over-loaded. The whole house would only properly contain what they were now looking at in the hall and gallery. Such a gift was a distinct incentive to a town like theirs. (Hear, hear.) They had little history and no tradition, but Mr. Russell-Cotes’ gift was one that any other citizen might well emulate. (Hear, hear.) If arrangements could be made with the ground landlord, there was a possibility of extending this gallery out to the top of the cliff walk. He trusted the visit of the Council might lead to a better realisation on the part of the townspeople of the beauty and magnitude of the gift. The only wonder he himself felt was that Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes could have decided to give such a collection away. As a humble collector, he knew the feeling of allowing strange fingers to touch

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the treasures one had collected and prized. They trusted, however, that Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes would long be spared to enjoy many years' residence amid the treasures which they had spent their lives in collecting, and which, with most praiseworthy generosity, they had given to the town. (Applause.)”.

The “ Bournemouth Graphic ” of April 16th, 1908, says, while speaking of the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum :—

“ One impression left on the minds of many visitors was the great quantity of treasures which Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes have crowded into their beautiful home. They regard their presentation to the town as the nucleus of a museum and art gallery, such as Bournemouth has long wished to possess ; but, as a matter of fact, there is in East Cliff Hall enough material to fill a building twice its size, if the statuary, paintings, and so on, were given space to be displayed to the best advantage.

“ The visitors entered from the Cliff Road, and ascending the imposing double staircase, first viewed the pictures which surround the gallery circling the central hall. Here are paintings of nearly every modern artist of note, and the collection represents a lifetime of research. Before passing down the staircase to the hall, the statues filling the niches attracted attention, and also a collection of armour. The principal hall measures some 90 feet in length and 40 feet in width, and contains many of the leading exhibits. In the rooms which open off the hall—and afford fine sea views over the bay—are many priceless Japanese curios, some being of striking beauty, and others attracting attention for their marvellous workmanship. Every item in the whole Japanese collection was brought from Japan itself by Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes. The examples of embroidery, in which Mrs. Russell-Cotes takes particular interest, are marvellous for their design, brilliancy of colour and

Japanese Treasures

exquisite workmanship. There is a quilt which belonged to the Mikado himself, with Royal emblems beautifully embroidered, while other pieces of most attractive silk work have been made into fire screens. Of inlaid metal work one of the best examples is a large plaque, the design being engraved on malleable iron, then embossed and richly inlaid with gold. The enormous number of different designs in the diaper work of the background, and delicacy of the inlaid work, make it quite credible that the work actually took 18 years to execute.

“ There is a quaint elephant which forms a very valuable curio from Japan. Made of solid silver, studded with gems, it is valued at nearly a thousand pounds. One unique article in the Japanese collection is a Buddhist shrine, occupying a corner of the hall. The double doors, lined with gold, the inner ones being semi-transparent, are open, and the inner shrine discloses the gold lacquer image of Buddha and other gods. The roof is hung with tiny lamps, and before the image are vases for flowers and candlesticks. After acquiring this unique work, Mr. Russell-Cotes found that the shrine could not be got through the Japanese customs house, and he feared he would be obliged to leave it, when friends in high official position removed his difficulties for him. The extensive Japanese collection includes a kakemono illustrating the incarnations of Buddha, a great deal of choice china, kimonos, vestments, and carvings, the latter including the figures of two wrestlers, over which Madame Sarah Bernhardt, on seeing, went into raptures, and said it was the most marvellous example of its kind she had seen. Mention cannot be made of all the various interests the house affords or the wide range of the mementoes of travel gathered there, but the ‘ Irving ’ room would claim the attention of many visitors.

“ The Mayor and Mayoress (Councillor G. E. Bridge and Mrs. Walker Bridge), Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes, and Mr. and

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Mrs. H. V. M. Cotes, welcomed the visitors as they passed through the drawing room. The public, after passing again through the hall (where a musical programme was played) passed into the grounds and left by the cliff gate."

From the "Bournemouth Directory," July, 1908:—

"NEW BOURNEMOUTH MAGISTRATE.

"The appointment of Mr. Russell-Cotes to the magistracy comes most appropriately on the eve of another civic honour, the conferment of the freedom of the borough in recognition of his gift to the town of East Cliff Hall and art collection. Mr. Russell-Cotes was Mayor of the borough in 1894 to 1895, and his public-spirited support of various municipal improvements is as well known as his public generosity."

In this connection the following recommendation by Sir George Meyrick, Bart., and other friends to the Lord Chancellor, may prove of interest:—

Bournemouth and District Constitutional Club.

May 6th, 1899.

Sir George Meyrick, Bart., Lord of the Manor of Bournemouth, and a few other gentlemen, being Conservatives whose signatures are herein appended, are desirous of respectfully bringing the name of Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes before the Right Honble. the Lord High Chancellor, as a suitable person to be upon the Commission of the Peace for the Borough of Bournemouth.

From the "Bournemouth Guardian," July 18th, 1908:—

"THE NEW FREEMEN.

"The roll of Freemen of the Borough of Bournemouth grows slowly, but surely. There are now four signatures upon it. The virgin vellum was first signed by that indomitable hero of many battles, Lord Roberts, fresh from his last success in South Africa.

* * * *

"We heartily congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes on the honour conferred upon them. Not many ladies part with



Ceremony of the Presentation of the Honorary Freedom of the County Borough of Bournemouth to my wife and myself, on my wife's birthday, the 15th July, 1908. The figure sitting with his back to the centre of the right-hand doorway is our son, Councillor Herbert Russell Cotes.



Alderman G. E. Bridge, Mayor of Bournemouth 1907 to 1910, an old and beloved friend, through whose instigation my wife and I presented the "Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum" to the County Borough of Bournemouth.

“A well-merited Honour”

birthday gifts, and when such a gift takes the form of a house so artistic and so beautiful as the East Cliff Hall, which was given to her by her husband seven years ago last Wednesday, it must be recognised that her generous concurrence in the transfer of it to the town was an act that fully entitled her to this high distinction that she shares with the late Baroness Burdett Coutts, who was given the Freedom of the City of London, and the late Mrs. Rylands, whose munificence to the City of Manchester was rewarded in a similar manner. So far as we know, Mrs. Russell-Cotes is the only lady living who is a ‘Freeman’ of a borough, and we join in congratulating her on the fact.”

From the “Bournemouth Guardian,” July 18th, 1908:—

“THE RUSSELL-COTES ART GALLERY AND MUSEUM.

PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF THE BOROUGH.

“A WELL-MERITED HONOUR.

“There was a large and influential gathering of townspeople at the Winter Gardens, Bournemouth, on Wednesday afternoon, on the occasion of the presentation of the freedom of the borough to Mr. and Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes in recognition of their long and energetic services in the promotion of the welfare of the town of their adoption and especially the magnificent gift to the public of East Cliff Hall, with the valuable art collection contained therein, which, it will doubtless be remembered, the then Mayor (Alderman J. A. Parsons, J.P.) had the honour of announcing at the opening of the Undercliff Drive in November last. The property is vested in the Mayor for the time being and a number of trustees, Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes only reserving to themselves the right to use the hall as a place of residence during their joint or several lives. The building, situated on the East Cliff, is a striking and beautifully finished structure, modelled on Italian lines, and the contents may justly be described as a miniature ‘Wallace’ Collection. The value of the gift is estimated at about £60,000.

“LUNCHEON.

“Prior to the function at the Winter Gardens, Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes entertained a large company to luncheon at the Royal

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Bath Hotel, to meet the trustees of the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum. Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes occupied the chair, and those present included Mrs. Russell-Cotes, the Mayor and Mayoress of Bournemouth (Councillor G. E. Bridge and Mrs. G. E. Walker Bridge), Lord and Lady Abinger, Sir Charles Scotter, Mr. A. Acland Allen, M.P., Sir John and Lady Kirk, Alderman J. Elmes Beale, J.P. and Mrs. Beale, Alderman James and Mrs. Druitt, Alderman C. H. Mate, J.P., Councillor and Mrs. Herbert V. M. Cotes, the Rev. Paul Wyatt, the Town Clerk of Bournemouth (Mr. G. W. Bailey), Mr. and Mrs. A. Trapnell, Miss F. G. Bettany, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Bennett, Mrs. Britton, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stebbing, Mr. E. Robbins (Press Association) and Mrs. Robbins, Mr. Raymond Blathwayt, Mrs. Drew, Mr. G. Deane Webb, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Painter, Mr. and Mrs. A. Durancé George, Mr. Henry King, Mr. Stanley W. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Hurt, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Wilson, Miss Raper, Mrs. Miller, Miss Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Trevanion, Mr. Douglas E. Bridge, Mr. Holland Rowbottom, Mr. W. Pickford, Mr. A. Kemp, Mr. Percy E. Metzner, Mr. J. J. Woods, Mr. R. Emery ('Morning Post'), Representative of the 'Queen,' Mr. F. Lay ('Bournemouth Daily Echo'), Mr. J. L. Purton ('Guardian'), etc.

"TOASTING THE HOST AND HOSTESS.

"The Mayor said he was sure they would all agree with him that they ought not to leave that room without drinking the health of their host and hostess (applause). They knew how very sincere their wishes were towards Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes that day, not because they were assembled at their board, but because they felt that that day was, as it were, the culminating point in their lives (applause). Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes had lived among them for very many years, and had gained their esteem, and, in the case of many of them, had gained their affection, and he would ask them to drink that day very heartily to the health and long life of Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes, and particularly to the health and long life of Mrs. Russell-Cotes, who that day was celebrating her birthday (applause). As he had been sitting there he had been thinking what he could say to express their feelings towards Mrs. Russell-Cotes, what he could say that was most suitable about her. There was just one thing which presented itself to his mind, and that was the same thing which had been said of the late Queen Victoria, as inscribed round the Jubilee medal—he would not give them the Latin inscription, but the interpretation in English—"Length of days in her right hand and riches and honour in her left" (applause).

"SIR CHARLES SCOTTER AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF BOURNEMOUTH.

"Sir Charles Scotter, Bart., Chairman of the L. and S.W.R. Company, in supplementing the remarks of the Mayor, said he had

“First suggestion for Direct Line”

known Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes for—he would not exactly say how long—something like forty years. They formerly lived in the same place, a residential suburb of Manchester. His first knowledge of them was in connection with a work of charity, and from that day up to the present time they had been engaged in that noble occupation (hear, hear). He remembered when he went to the same church which they attended, and some members of the congregation organised a bazaar—a very useful thing in those days—(laughter)—with the object of raising a sum of money to build a vicarage for the poor vicar. That bazaar was eminently successful, and he remembered that the success was in a large measure due to Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes. That was a very remote period, some forty years ago. In the course of time they migrated and came south. He (Sir Charles) did the same, and he might say he thought it had been to their mutual advantage—(laughter and applause)—at any rate, it was to his (the speaker's) advantage, and of one thing he was quite sure, and that was that it was pre-eminently to the advantage of Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes in coming south, for they had benefited in health and prosperity (hear, hear). After a few years he (Sir Charles) visited Bournemouth, long before he joined the London and South-Western Railway, and went to the Royal Bath Hotel, which was a very different place from what it was at the present day. He had been there many times since, and he might say that he never remembered any man in Bournemouth whom he had ever met with a more sincere desire to benefit the place he had adopted as his home than Mr. Russell-Cotes (applause). He (Sir Charles) had no desire to be egotistical, but he might say it had been said that the growth of Bournemouth had synchronised with his (the speaker's) advent to Bournemouth (applause). He himself put it down primarily to the making by the L. and S.W.R. Company of the new line from Brockenhurst to Christchurch (hear, hear). The first time he came to Bournemouth from London the journey occupied four and a half hours; now, as they all knew, the journey was accomplished in about two hours. The greatest help to the development of Bournemouth was undoubtedly that direct line—(hear, hear and applause)—and the *first suggestion for that direct line came from Mr. Russell-Cotes*—(applause)—he meant the first practical suggestion which was brought to the notice of the L. and S.W. directors. From that time to the present there had never been any improvements in connection with the railway service or lines or stations connected with Bournemouth but what Mr. Russell-Cotes had taken a deep personal interest in them, and many suggestions afterwards acted upon had emanated from Mr. Russell-Cotes to him. He (Sir Charles) had never regretted the money spent at Bournemouth. It had returned itself over and over again, all money well spent generally did, and money in Bournemouth particularly (applause). The first

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time he came to Bournemouth he believed the population was about 9,000; now he thought he was right in saying that it had a population of at least between 50,000 and 60,000. (A Voice: 'Over 70,000, Sir Charles.') Well, that showed that the growth of the place had been phenomenal, and no wonder either in view of the charming surroundings and splendid position of Bournemouth (applause). In conclusion, Sir Charles expressed the pleasure he felt at being present at that afternoon's ceremony, which redounded to the credit of Bournemouth, and the credit and honour of Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes (applause). Nothing could be more generous or more noble than that gift to their adopted town of such a magnificent villa as East Cliff Hall and the magnificent art treasures which it contained—(applause)—treasures which he hoped future generations when visiting the town would find interesting and instructive, and would always remember the names of the donors, and that posterity would acknowledge that they had been worthy citizens of Bournemouth and a credit to the town in which they lived (applause).

" AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

" Mr. Russell-Cotes, in a brief reply, thanked the Mayor and Sir Charles Scotter for what he might term the affectionate manner in which they had expressed their feelings towards himself and Mrs. Russell-Cotes. His friend Sir Charles Scotter had a most extraordinary memory, and though he (the speaker) had forgotten the incident to which he had alluded—the bazaar at Bowdon, in Cheshire, in aid of a Vicarage Fund—he perfectly recollected it, as though it were but the previous day.

" He might say that that gathering was larger than was first intended, as it was at first simply his intention to have a small gathering to meet their own trustees under their will, and the Trustees of the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum, but they afterwards felt they ought to invite their relations and friends, and the list of invitations had reached its present dimensions. Of the many invited some fifty or more were unable to accept, many being abroad, but he expressed the pleasure he felt at seeing so many friends present (applause).

" The company shortly afterwards proceeded to the Winter Gardens for the principal ceremony of the day, the majority being conveyed thither in carriages kindly and thoughtfully provided by Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes.

" PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM.

" The ceremony at the Winter Gardens, which officially took the form of a special meeting of the Town Council for conferring the Honorary Freedom of the borough on Mr. and Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes, was attended by a large and representative gathering of burgesses numbering about 800, and was preceded by a reception by the Mayor

Alderman Parsons' Ill-health

and Corporation in the Pavilion, which had been gaily decorated with flags and streamers for the occasion. The members of the County Borough Council, who were attired in their robes, were seated on the platform, and his Worship the Mayor, who also wore his insignia of office, occupied a chair on a raised dais, with Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes and the Mayoress (Mrs. Walker Bridge) on his right and the Town Clerk on his left. The members of the Corporation in attendance were Aldermen J. Elmes Beale, J.P., J. C. Webber, C. H. Mate, J.P., J. Allen, F. Street, J. Druitt and A. Youngman, Councillors Henry Newlyn, J.P., A. Davis, H. Robson, W. Sheppard, W. E. Jones, G. Mitchell, G. Newman, J. Trowbridge, W. J. Evans, T. Tame, D. W. Preston, D. Edwards, A. Giles, C. A. D. George, J.P., S. Smith, W. H. Saunders, J. Donkin, H. V. M. Cotes, F. A. K. Hounsell, S. R. C. Deller, C. Hunt, C. Fox, H. Sparkes, J. A. Netheregate, T. C. Tunnard-Moore, J.P., N. MacGillycuddy, W. Harris and W. T. Gardiner.

" Among those present, in addition to the guests at the luncheon already mentioned, were the Mayors of Christchurch (Alderman S. Newlyn) and Poole (Councillor W. P. Hunt).

" In opening the proceedings the Mayor referred to the enforced absence of Alderman Parsons (who had been the mover of the formal resolution at the statutory meeting) through ill-health and read a letter from him, in which he conveyed his sorrow that he could not take part in the conferring of so richly deserved an honour upon Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes. He knew something of the spirit which had animated their gift to the town, and felt sure they would feel that the Council were doing the right thing in that day's presentation. His Worship said they all heartily wished Alderman Parsons a speedy recovery.

" LETTERS OF APOLOGY FOR NON-ATTENDANCE.

" The Town Clerk read extracts from numerous letters of apology for inability to attend the function, among them being the following :

" Sir George and Lady Meyrick much regretted that a long standing previous engagement prevented their being present. Sir George Meyrick wrote to Mr. Russell-Cotes :—' I should certainly have come except for my other long engagement, so I hope you will take the will for the deed, and rest assured that the honour done to you and Mrs. Russell-Cotes gives the greatest pleasure to Lady Meyrick and myself.' Lady Meyrick also wrote to Mrs. Russell-Cotes :—' Sir George and I are extremely sorry it is perfectly impossible for us to be present at the ceremony on the 15th July. It would have given us great pleasure to have been present with you on such an auspicious occasion, and we heartily congratulate you and Mr. Russell-Cotes on having such a well-deserved honour bestowed upon you.'

Home and Abroad

" Sir Charles and Lady Owens much regretted that owing to their inability to leave town they would be deprived of the pleasure of being present. In a letter to Mr. Russell-Cotes, Sir Charles J. Owens added :— ' Let me, however, take this opportunity of congratulating you and Mrs. Russell-Cotes on the well-deserved honour you will receive on that day.'

" Sir Douglas Straight (editor ' Pall Mall Gazette ') wrote to Mr. Russell-Cotes :— ' I congratulate you very heartily on the recognition by your fellow townsmen of your highly honourable and public-spirited career, and trust that you and Mrs. Russell-Cotes may live long to enjoy the esteem and confidence of those among whom you live.'

" His Worship the Mayor of Sorrento, Italy (Signor G. Tramontano), wrote to Mr. Russell-Cotes :— ' I had hoped to avail myself of the pleasure of being present on the occasion of your being presented with the freedom of your borough, apart from the pleasure it would have afforded me of paying you a personal visit at your home, but I find that at the present juncture it is impossible for me to leave. Accept my congratulations and sincere regards for Mrs. Russell-Cotes and yourself and family.'

" Mr. Henry Holmes (superintendent of the line, L. and S.W.R.) regretted that he found it impossible to accept as he had to attend a very important conference at the Railway Clearing House. He would have liked to have been present on the occasion of the conferring of what perhaps he might be allowed to term an exceedingly well-merited honour.

" The Rev. A. R. Harrison (Vicar of Tettenhall, Mr. Russell-Cotes' native place) wrote to Mr. Russell-Cotes :— ' Bournemouth does well to honour such a citizen and benefactor as yourself, but I trust it may be many years ere it enters upon its splendid inheritance.'

" Miss Marie Corelli, the well-known novelist, wrote that nothing would have given her more pleasure than to have been able to spare the time to have come, which at present the heavy pressure of her work forbade. She hoped that the ceremony would be in every way one long to be remembered with pleasure in Bournemouth, and to the memory of her dear friends, to whom all credit and honour was due for their bounteous munificence.

" Mr. E. Howarth (Curator of the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield), wrote :— ' A long and intimate friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes has given me the privilege of realising fully the immense benefit conferred by their noble generosity, and I am sure that this worthy monument to their judgment, taste and beneficence will through all time be prized by the people of Bournemouth.'"

" Alderman J. A. Parsons, J.P. (deputy-Mayor of Bournemouth), wrote :— ' Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,—It is with very sincere regret that

The Mayor's Opening Speech

I find it will be impossible for me to join you at luncheon to-morrow (Wednesday). Although slowly improving, I am not anything like strong enough to take part in any public proceedings. I cannot tell you how disappointed I am. I had so wished to be able to join my fellow citizens in conferring the highest honour upon those to whom it is due. I heartily congratulate Mrs. Russell-Cotes and yourself upon the public spirit you have shown, and also upon the honour to be conferred upon you. I hope you will both be spared for many years to enjoy such honour. May you have a very pleasant and enjoyable day in every respect! Mrs. Parsons joins with me in very kindest regards to Mrs. Russell-Cotes and yourself.'

" THE MAYOR'S OPENING SPEECH.

" Addressing the large gathering, the Mayor then said: Before asking Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes to accept this casket containing the illuminated scroll recording the resolution of the Council, it is incumbent upon me to make a few remarks. I would the task had fallen into abler hands, as I fully realise the importance of this occasion, and no one is more acutely sensible of my own limitations than myself. As it is expressed in the address, the Council is bestowing upon Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes to-day the highest possible mark of its honour and esteem, and by your presence here, ladies and gentlemen, I take it that you are emphasising the Council's opinion that their names deserve to be recorded high upon the scroll of those whom the Council and town are proud to honour (applause). A few words on the custom and practice in reference to the Freedom may be of interest. There are four methods by which it may be acquired. (1) By patrimony, the sons of freemen being entitled on reaching their majority to be enrolled as a matter of right. (2) By apprenticeship to a master who was already a freeman. (3) By purchase (or redemption). (4) By gift, conferred by the Corporation as an 'honorary distinction.' The right to confer the 'honorary' distinction was formerly enjoyed by all municipal corporations, and each borough appears to have had its own particular, and in some instances peculiar, and quaint, customs in connection with the ceremony, but the passing of the Municipal Corporations Act of 1835, and further legislation in 1888, deprived the borough authorities of England and Wales of most of these powers, and freemen of all their privileges as to shares in Corporation property and freedom from fees and dues (laughter). Scotland, Ireland, and the City of London, however, still retain some of their old privileges, and the Honorary Freedom of the City of London is yet considered a dignity worthy of acceptance by the highest in the land. Here freemen and liverymen (who are freemen associated with one of the important guilds) still figure in the elections of the Common Council. And on the occasion of the bestowment for distinguished service, the following

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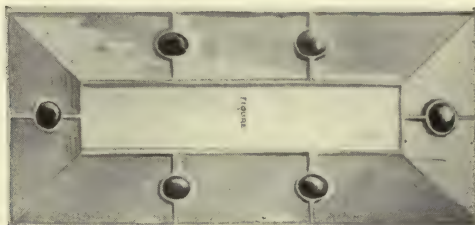
ANCIENT AND QUAINC CEREMONIAL

of admission is observed. Six citizens are required to give testimony to the worthiness of the person about to be admitted, in the following words, ' That this man is a man of good name and fame. That he does not desire the Freedom of this City whereby to defraud the King or this City of any of their rights, customs or advantages, but he will pay his scot and bear his lot, and so they all say ' (laughter). Perhaps one of the quaintest usages traceable in this matter comes from a Northumbrian town. The council here was elected from the freemen, of which there were some three hundred in number. These freemen were compelled by Royal Charter to assemble on horseback on St. Mark's Day, dressed in clean white smocks at a certain dirty pond near the town (now called the Freemen's Well) (laughter). Here they were to dismount, scramble through the pond and mud to the other side and after changing into clean and dry clothes, they were to ride round the boundary of the town and then proceed to elect the council from their own number, a very quaint condition for voters' qualification inflicted by King John, who, travelling in the neighbourhood on one occasion, found himself and his retinue very badly besmeared with mud through the neglected condition of the roads, and made the punishment fit the crime in true Mikado fashion (laughter). Another quaint custom is that no one shall be admitted free who has hard hands soiled with earth and black nails (more laughter). The dignity of the Honorary Freedom of the Borough of Bournemouth has so far only been bestowed upon two gentlemen, and in no case, including this third and fourth, will the reasons be found to have been the same.

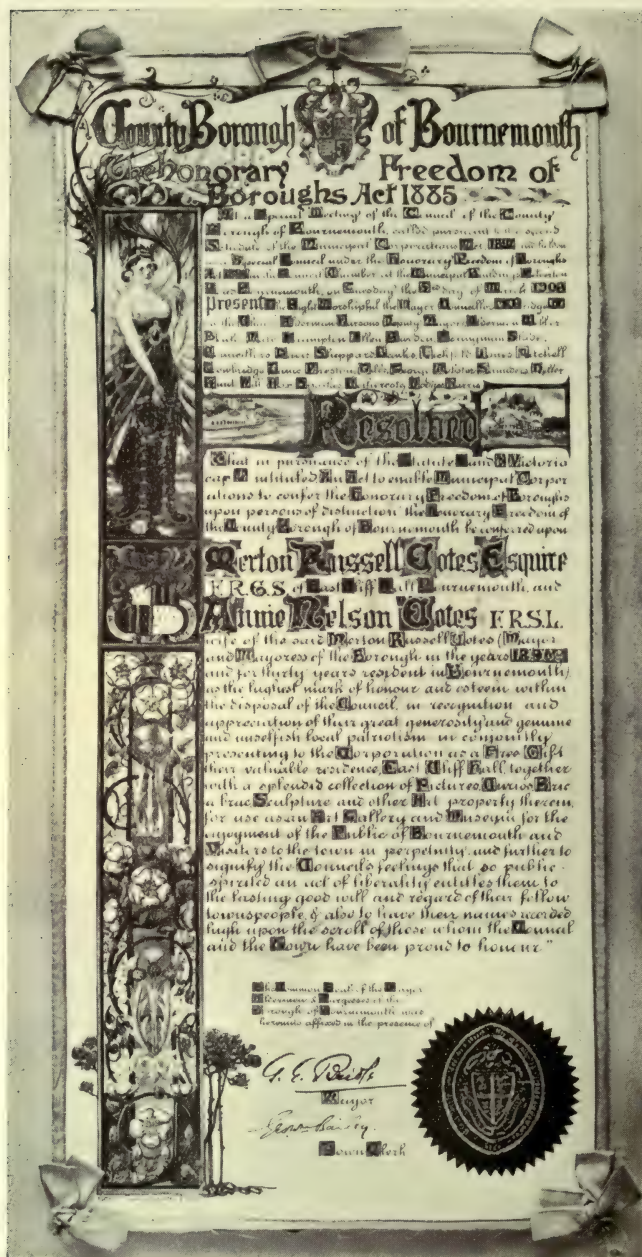
" PREVIOUS HONORARY FREEMEN.

" As will be within the knowledge of all present, Lord Roberts was our first Honorary Freeman—(applause)—for services to this country, and it was most fitting that such a soldier, crowning as he did a long record of devoted and faithful military service, by restoring honour and glory to our arms in South Africa, should have recognition from this, one of the youngest county boroughs of the Kingdom. The second was Alderman Beale, for long and self-sacrificing devotion to the work and interests of the borough, and for filling the office of Mayor three years in succession (applause). And no one will be found to criticise the recognition accorded to that work by his fellow burgesses, who are glad to see him still at the post of duty. And now we are bestowing the dignity upon a lady and gentleman for distinguished service of another kind, a service of loyal devotion to the world-wide interests of the borough, coupled with generosity and benevolence such as must add lustre to our roll of fame. Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes came to Bournemouth in the year 1876, under circumstances that would appeal, I venture to suggest, to the majority of the inhabitants of this borough.

Casket containing the Scroll of the Honorary Freedom designed by the art students of the Bournemouth Municipal College.



The emblematical figures : On the top, "Honour;" whilst at the four corners are "Art," "Literature," "Geography" and "Music."



Illuminated Scroll of the Honorary Freedom of the Borough conferred upon my wife and myself, on my wife's birthday, 15th July, 1908.

A Resumé of Events

Mr. Russell-Cotes came in search of health, and it is an indisputable fact that health has been the point of attraction with a large percentage of our population. He found what he came for, and decided to settle here, and at once entered into negotiations for the purchase of the Bath Hotel. It was a very quiet dignified Bournemouth he came to, and a very unpretentious hotel, but his far-seeing eye and business acumen were able to discern possibilities that warranted him in commencing the development of this small house into what is at the present moment one of the most noted hotels in the world. The town under the then governing body, the Improvement Commissioners, to whom it owes much, and of which Mr. Russell-Cotes had early become a member, was showing signs of advance, and one which doubtless at the time met with very bitter opposition, with prognostications of ruin to the best interests of the town, and bogey pictures of high rates—I refer to Bournemouth Pier (laughter).

“MR. AND MRS. RUSSELL-COTES’ HOSPITALITY.”

“This first big undertaking was then opened by the then Lord Mayor of London, Sir Francis Truscott, and it was then that Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes showed of what stuff they were made as hosts, for they entertained the Lord Mayor and those who accompanied him for three days at their own expense. And while on this subject of hospitality, it is my duty to mention that there has been scarcely any great occasion associated with the rise and progress of the town of their adoption when they have not come forward and placed the hotel with its staff, the stables, the grounds, and their purse at the disposal of the governing body (applause). On the occasion of the visit of the British Medical Association in 1891 over 700 medical men were entertained at the Royal Bath Hotel, and his Royal Highness, the late Prince Henry of Battenburg, the then President of the Royal Counties’ Agricultural Show, was entertained with his suite on the occasion of that Society’s visit to Bournemouth. Amongst other occasions one has but to mention the opening of the direct railway route from London to Bournemouth, via Sway, and the opening of the Undercliff Drive last year, where the same lavish generosity was displayed, and it is only fair and just to mention that although this may have meant an eventually extended range to the business that Mr. Russell-Cotes was carrying on, yet in the absence of a proper and suitable municipal home, where civic hospitality could be dispensed, the town should be unreservedly grateful that so many thousands have had their first welcome, and received their first impressions of our sea front, from the windows and gardens of Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes’ home, and that at no cost to the town or its government whatever (applause). As I have already said, Mr. Russell-Cotes was in 1880 a member of the Improvement Commissioners. In 1894, although not a member of the Council, he was elected

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to fill the office of Mayor, and it was during his year of office that the first of our golf courses was opened, and the two first of our public libraries and art schools were established. One of the branches of work that has interested him has been the establishment of our sanitation on a sound and up-to-date basis, and in 1883 he was able to see the completion of the first section of our Sanitary Hospital, which hospital, with all its later developments, would be a source of pride to any health resort. He never ceased to urge the

IMPORTANCE OF A MORE DIRECT RAILWAY ROUTE

between London and Bournemouth than that via Ringwood, until the new route via Sway, which brought the journey within two hours, was an accomplished fact, and on the occasion of the opening of that route he was presented by the Directors with a souvenir album commemorating the event. For 30 years the protection of the cliffs and an undercliff promenade and drive has been strongly advocated by Mr. Russell-Cotes, and it must be a source of great satisfaction to-day to him to view the completion of the first stage of that work, which I trust, and I hope we all trust, will be completed as far as Boscombe as soon as a year's experience has shown us that the principle on which our Borough Engineer has carried out the work is the correct and best one to suit the local conditions of our shore and tides. As a traveller, Mr. Russell-Cotes is noted throughout the world, and Mrs. Russell-Cotes has been his constant and faithful companion, and that not in any narrow sense, for to her as well as her husband travelling has been an education, and has been used not only for the expansion of their own minds and intelligence but for the benefit of their fellow creatures, and it is a reward for original research and exploration that the dignity of Fellow was given to Mr. Russell-Cotes by the Royal Geographical Society, and for literary work on the part of Mrs. Russell-Cotes in publishing a record of some of their travels she now bears the title of Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature. There seems hardly any quarter of the globe that they have not visited. Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Hawaiian Islands, Canada, United States, Mexico, West Indies, China, Japan, India, Ceylon, Egypt, Palestine, Russia and Finland are a few of the countries into which they took and spread the good name and fame of Bournemouth, and from these they brought valuable souvenirs, which by accumulation have assumed such proportions as to deserve the title of a wonderful collection of treasures. Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes have always been

PRINCELY GIVERS

(applause). A beautiful Wedgwood bust of the great Washington, presented by them in 1900, stands in the Senate House at Washington. Our own Council Chamber has lately been dignified by a marble bust

“ Noble Generosity and Self-denial ”

of her Majesty the late Queen Victoria. The Mace you see before you and the Mayoral Badge that I am wearing are gifts from the same generous hands. The Chapel in the Bournemouth Cemetery had been adorned by them with a complete set of stained glass windows, and we are asked to find a suitable site to receive some piece of historical statuary, which they are prepared to present and erect, and their latest act of princely benefaction is the gift to the public of Bournemouth of their residence, East Cliff Hall, together with the collection of pictures and valuable art treasures and curios, drawn from all parts of the world (applause). This gift has been valued at something between £40,000 and £50,000. Ladies and gentlemen, you will agree with me, and especially those of you who have had the privilege of going over East Cliff Hall, noticing its unique position and seeing the contents of its rooms, that this is truly a magnificent gift, and one for which not only we who are alive to-day to receive it, but those generations which are to follow after us, must be deeply grateful. The schedule of paintings and art objects plainly indicates the fact that the pictures are many of them by artists of eminence and are of great value, and form a representative collection of the works of modern painters, and many of the curios before referred to are absolutely unique. None but those who have realised the fascinations of collecting can fully appreciate what it is to hand over to others treasures, each item of which must have its own personal association and charm, and the acquiring of which has its own little history. Believe me, dear Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes, that your

NOBLE GENEROSITY AND SELF-DENIAL

is deeply appreciated by your townspeople—(applause)—and although we to-day are doing all we can to signalise our gratitude, the real reward to yourselves must be your own unselfishness and the knowledge that your treasures will be guarded and kept intact and well preserved, and be a delight not only to us, but to the inhabitants of, and visitors to, Bournemouth for ever. In this connection, I cannot refrain from paying a tribute of thanks to the members of your family, for so generously associating themselves with this gift. We fully realise that what the town is gaining, the members of your family are to lose, and we are glad to acknowledge that generosity and large heartedness is indicated in this instance as hereditary (applause). Your son, Mr. Herbert Cotes, is a respected member of the present Town Council, and we wish him joy in his private life, success in his profession, and a brilliant future as a public servant, and to your daughters and their children we wish long life and happiness (applause). From the number of illustrated addresses and albums that one sees as one walks through the rooms of East Cliff Hall, it is quite evident that the art-loving portion of many other towns are deeply indebted to Mr. Russell-Cotes

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for so generously placing at their disposal his magnificent collection of some 250 valuable pictures by almost every artist of high repute. These towns include Glasgow, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, Bath, Derby, Nottingham, Bradford, Oldham and Burnley ; also pictures from the People's Palace, Whitechapel. And when one considers the towns chosen one must realise that nothing but a large hearted desire to interest and educate in all that is beautiful and good could have prompted the loaning of a collection representing so many thousands of pounds for the benefit of the millions in the manufacturing districts where the conditions of life are so dull and uninteresting as compared with our own beautiful surroundings (applause).

"ALDERMAN DRUITT'S TRIBUTE—'AMONG THE GREATEST BENEFACTORS.'

"As one who had long been associated with Mr. Russell-Cotes in public life, Alderman Druitt was invited to supplement the Mayor's remarks. Complying, he said that it was with a certain amount of regret that he filled that position, because he felt he was taking the place that ought to have been occupied by the Deputy-Mayor. They all deeply regretted Alderman Parsons' absence, and the sympathy of all present and of his fellow townspeople went out to him and his family in his illness, with the earnest hope that he might recover and again devote his time to the benefit of the town, as he had done in the past (applause). Continuing, Alderman Druitt said he was one of the first to make the acquaintance of Mr. Russell-Cotes when he came to Bournemouth in 1876, for he acted professionally for the gentleman who sold the Royal Bath Hotel to him. Since then, both in private and in public life, he had been closely connected with Mr. Russell-Cotes, and he could say that the day's proceedings were the culmination of the respect in which he was held by his fellow citizens (applause). They had heard much of the growth of Bournemouth, and he thought they could justly ascribe a great deal of the advance in Bournemouth's prosperity to the efforts Mr. Russell-Cotes has made to bring Bournemouth to the front as one of the foremost watering places in the civilised world (applause). Mr. Russell-Cotes had had the honour of serving as Mayor, and then displayed the same zeal and assiduity and regard for the advancement of Bournemouth as he had done as a member of the old Board of Commissioners and as a private citizen. They were glad that his coming to Bournemouth had had such good results. Although somewhat frail in body, they were glad to observe that he had within him the most burning spirit—it was like a sharp sword eating through the scabbard that contained it—and that he was always endeavouring to do what he could for the good of the place. He (Alderman Druitt) did not suppose there was any one who by his own individual exertions had amassed such a valuable collection of curios and art treasures as Mr. Russell-Cotes had done, for they had to remem-

Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell

ber that it was not the collection of a millionaire collector, who commissioned dealers and agents to buy what they wished. It was a collection made personally by a man of artistic temperament, who had made it his hobby and had enjoyed great personal delight in acquiring that vast amount of valuable articles. Each article had its own personal interest, and it was not to be looked upon as an ordinary collection, nor its value measured by money alone. That fact enhanced the value of the extraordinarily munificent gift which Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes, in conjunction with members of their family, had made to Bournemouth (applause). Bournemouth, unlike many older towns, had not possessed generous gifts as memorials of citizens,* and hitherto they had been somewhat lacking in what he might term civic interest. They had set a splendid example of civic generosity, and the whole town would join in that expression of public appreciation (applause). Mrs. Russell-Cotes was the first lady to be enrolled among the 'freemen' of their town, and he knew of no instance in any other borough—London, of course, came outside the category—and he hoped that Bournemouth was showing the lead to other towns in that respect (hear, hear). Bournemouth, he believed, was the first borough to offer a lady that privilege and great prize, and they were glad that they had in their midst a lady who so well deserved the honour. In offering Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes the freedom of the borough he was sure that the Council had the unanimous and hearty approval of the people, and the names of Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes, conjointly with the members of their family, would be remembered by future generations as among the greatest benefactors of Bournemouth (applause).

"PRESENTING THE CASKET.

"The Mayor then made the presentation of the casket containing the scroll which conferred the freedom of the borough upon Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes, and in doing so expressed the hope that they

* It affords me great pleasure to refer at this juncture to the wonderful collection of heads and horns of big game from Bechuanaland and Rhodesia made by Captain Hodson, and loaned by him to the borough, and which is now in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum. General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, after taking tea with us one day, was very much interested in this collection, inasmuch as he had shot many animals of the same species, and he was greatly pleased to have seen it, as he said many of the specimens were extremely rare, and that this was the most representative collection he had seen, and he heartily congratulated us on having it in our possession. Coming from such an expert on these matters, we may indeed congratulate Bournemouth upon having acquired such a fine collection. This gallant soldier has distinguished himself as much as any British soldier in daring and pugnacious, dogged determination, in his military career, as was evinced at the siege of Mafeking and its memorable defence during the Boer War. What he does not know about guerilla warfare is not worth knowing! One of the greatest of military aids that has ever been projected is unquestionably Sir Robert's inauguration of the Boy Scouts' organisation in 1908. To know him personally is a simple delight. He is unpretentious and without the slightest ostentation of manner, or to use a colloquial phrase, he "puts on no side." The Boy Scouts' movement is now recognised and carried on throughout the world by many nations. Sir Robert's view was originally to confine it entirely to boys, but

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would live many years to enjoy the regard which the town felt for them (applause). He took the opportunity of wishing Mrs. Russell-Cotes many happy returns of her birthday (applause). If she were much younger he would hesitate before telling her age—(laughter)—but as he was perfectly certain that no one would believe him, he would say that Mrs. Russell-Cotes was 73 years of age that day. Associated with that day's function there was one other coincidence, and that was that it was seven years ago that day that East Cliff Hall was presented to her by her husband, so that they were recording that day her gift to the town of a birthday present from Mr. Russell-Cotes (applause). There was another connection that deserved to be remembered. Mr. Russell-Cotes—who, he might say, was six months older than Mrs. Russell-Cotes—had received intimation on the previous Monday that he had been added to his Majesty's Commission of the Peace, and they took that opportunity of congratulating him (applause). Proceeding, the Mayor remarked that he would like to add one word to the rest of Bournemouth, and that was the event they were celebrating that day might be emulated by other citizens of the borough (hear, hear). There must be many who owed Bournemouth a great deal. The place had done a great deal from a financial point of view for

girls (as Girl Guides) have now demonstrated their desire to be part of the defence of the nation and take very great pride in their organisation, which is now recognised. In fact, the last time that Sir Robert was down here inspecting the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, he told me that the girls were undoubtedly ahead of the boys of about the same age in efficiency, and they were better in appearance and drill. This was a surprise as this quick development had not been anticipated on the part of the girls.

The following letter is interesting:—

The Boy Scouts' Association,
25, Buckingham Palace Road,
London, S.W. 1.

18th June, 1918.

Dear Sir Merton,

May I add one word of sincere thanks for the privilege you gave me of visiting your most interesting collection. Although I took up over two hours of your time in going through your wonderful rooms, I feel that I have not even now digested half of what was there, but I feel at the same time that I was extraordinarily lucky to have you as my personal guide, and for the trouble which you took I am extremely grateful. I have since been reading the description, which interests me greatly and will serve as a happy reminder of a happy visit.

I have also to thank you in the name of the Scouts' Association for your kindness to the Scouts in the past, and the privileges which you have given them have been a great encouragement to their leaders to carry on their work, which is rather a thankless task when not appreciated by those outside the movement, but I was delighted to find that things were going ahead so well in Bournemouth; in fact, I have every hope that before long they will develop on to such a footing that I may be able to report well of them to the Duke of Connaught with a view to his possibly paying them a visit. But in order to do this, of course, I should hope to get them on to a footing for being able to do more national work, and I hope on this account to be able to develop the Sea Scout branch of the movement in view of the great importance in the near future of good officers and men for the Mercantile Marine, which will be of infinite value after the war.

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, our President, is very closely interested in all that we do in the movement and is anxious to promote it in every possible way.

With again many thanks.

Yours very sincerely,
ROBERT BADEN-POWELL.

The Casket described

many citizens, and he hoped that the generous gift of Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes would be the first of many other public gifts, and that their example would be emulated in the borough in years to come (applause). Outside London there was only one other lady 'freeman'—the late Mrs. Rylands, who was made a freewoman of the City of Manchester, in recognition of having rebuilt and endowed the Rylands Free Library there.

" DESCRIPTION OF THE CASKET, &c.

" The casket was executed in silver gilt, and measured about fourteen inches in length, five inches in width and about ten inches in height. Surrounding the whole was a frieze of finely carved fir-cones and pines, with allegorical figures at the four corners, while the arms of the borough in relief and finely enamelled in true heraldic colours on real gold were executed on the centre front panel. On either side of the borough arms there were enamelled views of the sea front, showing the East Cliff Hall and the Undercliff Drive. On the back of the casket were the Russell-Cotes coat of arms and crest, also enamelled on gold, while on the lid at the top was a large allegorical figure, with the word 'Honour' underneath, the lid and sides also being set with polished carbuncles of fine quality and colour. The casket, which was exquisitely finished, bore the inscription :—' Presented to Mr. and Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes on their receiving the Honorary Freedom of the County Borough of Bournemouth, July 15th, 1908, in recognition of their gift of East Cliff Hall and art collection to the Borough of Bournemouth.'

" The resolution of the Mayor and Corporation, conferring the freedom, which was beautifully illuminated in vellum, ran as follows :—

" COUNTY BOROUGH OF BOURNEMOUTH.

" HONORARY FREEDOM OF BOROUGH ACT, 1885.

" At a special meeting of the Council of the County Borough of Bournemouth, called pursuant to the second Schedule of the Municipal Corporations Act, 1882, and holden as a special Council under the Honorary Freedom of Boroughs Act, 1885, in the Council Chamber at the Municipal Buildings, Yelverton Road, Bournemouth, on Tuesday, the 3rd day of March, 1908, present, the Right Worshipful the Mayor (Councillor G. E. Bridge) in the chair, Alderman Parsons (Deputy-Mayor), Aldermen Webber, Beale, Mate, Frampton, Allen, Burden, Youngman and Slade, Councillors Davis, Sheppard, Banks, Lickfold, Jones, Mitchell, Trowbridge, Tame, Preston, Giles, George, Webster, Saunders, Deller, Hunt, Hill, Fox, Sparkes, Nethercoate, Hodges and Harris :

" Resolved.—That in pursuance of the Statute 48 and 49 Victoria, cap. 29, intituled ' An Act to enable Municipal Corporations to confer

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the Honorary Freedom of Boroughs upon persons of distinction,' the honorary freedom of the County Borough of Bournemouth be conferred upon Merton Russell-Cotes, Esquire, J.P., F.R.G.S., of East Cliff Hall, Bournemouth, and Annie Nelson Cotes, F.R.S.L., wife of the said Merton Russell-Cotes (Mayor and Mayoress of the borough in the years 1894-5, and for thirty years resident in Bournemouth), as the highest mark of honour and esteem within the disposal of the Council, in recognition and appreciation of their great generosity and genuine and unselfish local patriotism in conjointly presenting to the Corporation as a free gift their valuable residence, East Cliff Hall, together with a splendid collection of pictures, curios, bric-a-brac, sculpture, and other art property therein, for use as an art gallery and museum for the enjoyment of the public of Bournemouth and visitors to the town in perpetuity; and further to signify the Council's feelings that so public-spirited an act of liberality entitles them to the lasting good-will and regard of their fellow townspeople, and also to have their names recorded high upon the scroll of those whom the Council and the town have been proud to honour.

"MR. RUSSELL-COTES' REPLY.

"Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes having subscribed their signatures to the roll of honorary freemen of the borough, and the casket having been formally presented, Mr. Russell-Cotes rose to reply, and was accorded a most cordial reception. He desired most sincerely to express his unfeigned thanks for the kindly and even affectionate manner in which those present had received the Mayor's statement regarding the gift, and the way in which their reception of the Council's resolution had been expressed. The honour conferred received far greater intrinsic value from the fact that the Council's approval had behind it the indicated approval, cheerfully and absolutely given, of the citizens. They regarded that as adding infinitely to the honour, for it showed that it was conferred by those among whom they lived as fellow burgesses in the town of their adoption (hear, hear). Regarding East Cliff Hall, Mr. Russell-Cotes said he erected the property and gave it to his wife as a birthday present. He built it almost with a view to its containing its present art collection, and for that purpose it was designed mainly by himself. Its contents had been collected by his wife and himself in their travels all over the world, and had taken about fifty years to gather together. His earnest desire was that the people of Bournemouth, their children, and grandchildren might enjoy that building and its art collection. Recollecting the adage 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' he could say that that had been his experience. He would not like them to suppose that, having given anything to Bournemouth, he wished to make it a bait or something of that sort for others to go and do the same, but he certainly would

The British Association

urge the ratepayers of Bournemouth to consider if they could not accomplish something in that way. There was a collection, which he believed was still for sale, known as Hart's Museum, at Christchurch. * There had been attempts to purchase it for the town of Bournemouth, but they had come to nothing. He wished some of the wealthier burghesses would club together and make a present of Hart's Museum to the town. He was sure they would never regret it. He could say that since he had collaborated with his wife in handing over their house they had both of them been as happy as kittens. Alluding for a moment to the earlier Bournemouth, he mentioned the name of the late Mr. Christopher Crabbe Creeke, the town's first surveyor, and intimated that he was having a life-sized bust of Mr. Creeke, which he would shortly ask the Council to kindly accept for the Council Chamber (applause). As to the possible enlargement of the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum, he said that as far as they were concerned, the Mayor and Corporation had a perfectly free hand to extend it. The only condition was that the permission of Sir George Meyrick was required. Not only had he no doubt that Sir George Meyrick would cheerfully and willingly acquiesce, but he hoped also that something else might accrue (applause). Regarding the loan collection of pictures which had been exhibited in many towns throughout England, Mr. Russell-Cotes spoke of his faith in the great educational value and refining influence of pictures, and said that while some people spoke

* I quote the following concerning my wife's collection of rare birds, butterflies, &c.—

SCIENTISTS AT THE RUSSELL-COTES ART GALLERY AND MUSEUM.—“The members of the British Association who availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum, have expressed themselves as being delighted and instructed by the various rare and unique exhibits. Sir Charles Parsons (President), Sir Arthur Evans (ex-President) and Professor Herdman (President-elect of the British Association for the meeting at Cardiff in 1920), have each paid Sir Merton Russell-Cotes several private visits and taken tea with him. Sir Charles Parsons was so much impressed by the unique character of the exhibits that he expressed a wish to re-visit the gallery accompanied by Professor Herdman (the distinguished professor of natural history of the University of Liverpool), in order to see the rare birds, the platypus and other natural history exhibits from Australia, New Zealand and the Philippine Islands, etc., which Lady Russell-Cotes had collected during her travels. These two gentlemen, therefore, after partaking of tea, were escorted by Sir Merton round the gallery, but the centre of their attraction lay in the above-named exhibits, which Professor Herdman remarked were most exceptional, more especially as some of the birds from New Zealand and Australia are now completely extinct. Among many other specimens in the collection are the kea (sheep-killing bird), huia (Maori sacred bird, now extinct), parson bird, kakapoo, the laughing jackass, regent and rifle birds, king lorry, satin bower bird, the nut-cracker, yellow-throated parakeet, the Blue Mountain parakeet, the resplendent and golden bower birds, the kingfisher, painted snipe and king parrot, the kiwi-kiwi, sparrow-hawk, flycatcher, etc. Professor Herdman said it was doubtful if there is such a fine collection of these rare birds in any museum in the kingdom. There are many other exhibits which these gentlemen were intensely interested in, and they congratulated Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, but more especially the people of Bournemouth, in possessing such an interesting and fine collection in so young a borough. It was remarked that such carefully selected specimens would repay one amply for giving not merely an hour or two, but days to the study of even a part of what was displayed.”—From the *Echo*, 3rd September, 1919.

Among the many eminent and distinguished scientific men I have had the pleasure of knowing, there is no one I esteem more than the Hon. Sir Charles Parsons, F.R.S., the inventor of the turbine. My wife and I had a trip in the first turbine steamer, the “Victoria,” on the Clyde, and the difference between the ordinary engine and the turbine was delightful, the latter giving smooth, noiseless but rapid motion. This is by no means his only invention.

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rather sneeringly and lightly of art galleries and museums, he was perfectly convinced that there was no more powerful factor or incentive to promote education and everything that was good than such institutions (hear, hear). It was, therefore, a most unfeigned pleasure to know that even during their lifetime the public of Bournemouth would be able, on certain days set apart, to view the collection (applause).

" ANOTHER GIFT.

" Mr. Russell-Cotes next referred to the unique collection of the Irving relics which he had gathered together, and which he had bequeathed to his son, Councillor Herbert V. M. Cotes. Those articles, which were admittedly a valuable and unique collection, had either been given him by his dear and beloved friend, Sir Henry Irving, or had been afterwards purchased by him at Christie's, and he had pleasure in stating that his son had made up his mind to hand them over to the town to remain in the Russell-Cotes Museum (applause). Because his

A most kindly and courteous gentleman, he is beloved by all who have the pleasure of possessing his friendship. He was deeply interested in the pictures and my wife's curio exhibits, and also in the specimens of the scoria and " Pele's Hair " that I collected, as I have already mentioned, at Halemaunau. Sir Charles accepted a specimen, and it is to this that he makes reference in the following letter :—

Ray Demesne,
Kirkwhelpington, Northumberland.
21st September, 1919.

Dear Sir Merton,
I must write to tell how much we have appreciated your kindness during our visit to Bournemouth, and not only my wife and myself, but many of the members of the British Association.

Professor Herdman and I had a great treat in seeing your unique collection. I shall value highly the specimen of the lava from the volcano Halemaunau, which I am placing in my small collection of diamonds and minerals.

Again thanking you and with very kind remembrances.—I remain,

Yours very sincerely,
CHARLES A. PARSONS.

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S.,
East Cliff Hall, Bournemouth.

As a Vice President of the British Association, I had the pleasure of entertaining as one of my guests, Sir Arthur Evans, a most distinguished archaeologist.

British Association for the Advancement of Science,
Municipal College, Bournemouth.

Dear Sir Merton,
I have to thank you for your very hospitable invitation for this afternoon, but I am absolutely bound down by association business and I fear that there is no hope of my being able to avail myself of yet another visit.

May I ask you to convey to Lady Russell-Cotes my thanks for so very interesting a souvenir that she so kindly sent me, including her interesting letters from Russia.

I shall be occupied late into to-day with preparations of slides, etc., for my evening discourse, and have to leave early next morning, so I shall have no further opportunity of thanking you in person, as I now do most heartily for your splendid hospitality to me while attending the meeting. It has done much to render my little visit to Bournemouth most agreeable. I am sorry that it has to be so short.—Believe me, with kind regards to Lady Russell-Cotes,

Yours sincerely,
ARTHUR EVANS.

P.S.—Allow me to congratulate Lady Russell-Cotes on her unique and very rare collection of birds from Australia, New Zealand, China, Philippine Islands and elsewhere, also upon many other curios and rare museum exhibits with which I was extremely interested.

“ ’e knowed somethin’, ’e did ”

wife and himself had given their home to the town, people ought not, proceeded Mr. Russell-Cotes, to run away with the extraordinary notion that they were millionaires (laughter). He had been bombarded with letters of all sorts for charitable institutions and begging letters innumerable. Let him assure them that they were not millionaires. It was impossible for any man who spent his money as he had done in collecting art treasures to become a millionaire, and he had to confess that the appetite for collecting was insatiable (laughter). Remarking upon their travels, he said that they had been to every health resort on the seaside and inland that was worth visiting, and they could take it from him that there was not one that was at all comparable to Bournemouth for beauty (applause). There were some almost up to the standard inland, but they had not got the sea, and there were others by the sea which did not possess Bournemouth's wonderful climate and magnificent trees and shrubs and flowers. The rapid development of Bournemouth had been simply marvellous, but instead of its motto being "Pulchritudo et salubritas" it should have been, not 'See Naples and die,' but 'See Bournemouth and live' (applause). He reiterated the heartfelt thanks of his dear wife and himself for the kindly expression of feeling shown toward them that day, and whatever he could do during the remainder of his life for the town of his adoption he would cheerfully do (applause). He concluded by again thanking them for the high honour officially conferred and the town's indication of its hearty approval and support.

"The Mayor said they very much appreciated the further evidence of generosity towards the town. Those who had seen the Irving collection alone knew how valuable it was, and they would do their best to show their appreciation. That generosity seemed catching and was proof of its being hereditary (applause)."

"This concluded the formal proceedings, and the company then adjourned to the lawns of the Winter Gardens, where afternoon tea was provided. Meanwhile selections of music were contributed by the string section of the Municipal Orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. F. King-Hall."

*The following amusing incident which occurred about that time is perhaps worth recording, as showing the incredulity of some human beings as to gifts to the public. On the first public view day, the proceeds of which were used for increasing the Mayor's hospital fund, the Mace Bearer, who was in charge, was asked by one of the ratepayer-visitors, "Is it true that Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes have given this house and all these beautiful things to the town?" The Mace Bearer replied, "Yes, most decidedly." He was then asked in an incredulous tone of voice, "But do you mean to say that they don't expect to get them back again?"

The following, which appeared in a local paper, created at the time some considerable amount of amusement:—"Something like 'Freedom.'—Overheard in a barber's shop. First customer: 'Good thing for Mr. Russell-Cotes this 'ere freedom I should say.' Second customer: 'What do 'e get out of it then?' First customer: 'Why, 'e don't pay no more rates so long as 'e lives.' Second customer: 'Bless 'e, now, I wouldn't mind 'avin' the freedom of the borough at that rate; 'e knowed somethin', 'e did, when he give the East Cliff 'all.' First customer: 'Rather.'"

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When the then Lord Mayor of London (Sir George Wyatt Truscott, Bt.), came to open the addition to the pier, he paid an official visit to East Cliff Hall.

Extract from "Truth," June 9th, 1909:—

"Bournemouth had a great day on Saturday, when the Lord Mayor of London with the Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs, visited the town for the opening of the extension of the pier—a work upon which £10,000 has been expended. There was a happy appropriateness in the Lord Mayor's performance of this ceremony, seeing that the pier itself was opened by his father, Sir Francis Truscott, when Lord Mayor in 1880, and on that occasion, as on the present one, the headquarters of the civic party were at the well-known Royal Bath Hotel.* In paying a tribute to the health-giving properties of the Bournemouth air in his speech in 1880, Sir Francis Truscott gratefully testified that years before it had saved the life of one of his children. The present Lord Mayor neatly capped this testimonial on Saturday by explaining that he was that child.

"After luncheon the official party made a civic visit to East Cliff Hall, the residence of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, in state, and opened the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum. The Lady Mayoress accepted an album of photos from Lady Russell-Cotes as a souvenir of their visit at their residence."

* It has just occurred to me to note an incident that occurred during my Mayoralty. The question arose at one of the Council meetings as to the cost of keeping the Pier in thorough repair. The price of admission at that time was 1d. After discussing the ways and means for some time, I advocated doubling the entrance fee, *i.e.*, raising it from 1d. to 2d. As I expected, there was an uproar from those few who took delight in raising objection to anything emanating from the Chair. I, however, put it as a resolution, and it was duly carried, and the entrance fee has consequently remained 2d. ever since my Mayoralty, 1894-5. At the present time, double and treble the number of visitors frequent the Pier. It therefore goes without saying that the revenue from the Pier is very considerable, and I certainly plume myself upon having been the means of increasing the Municipal finances.

The Lord Mayor's Visit

When it was suggested, in 1880, that the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Francis Truscott, should be invited to open the pier, the Board of Commissioners not having any funds at their disposal to defray the cost of his visit—which would, of course, be very considerable—two of the principal hotels were asked what they would do in the matter. One gentleman stated that he would place his hotel at the disposal of the Board of Commissioners, but he could not supply food or drink—"not even bread and cheese," he said—in fact, nothing but the rooms and accommodation. I at once offered to entertain the Lord Mayor and his entourage at my own expense and free of cost to the town. My offer was accepted and I accordingly had the entire function carried out.

A better advertisement of Bournemouth than the Lord Mayor's visit could not possibly have been obtained. Columns appeared in every newspaper throughout the kingdom from John o' Groats to Land's End, and Bournemouth has never looked back since.

The following amusing article appeared in "Punch," on the 28th August, 1880 :—

"There, now I can goo to bed comfortable, and lie my head on my piller in pace, fur now I be content ; I've had my wish, and han't a got nuthun moor, in the way o' sights, to set my heart upon and long for in this here blessed world.

"'Cause why, now at last I've sin the LARD MAYOR. Now I've set eyes upon the LARD MAYOR o' London.

"I went to Bournemouth o' Wednesday o' purpus to zee un. 'A come down vrom London to open the new Pier in state. I zee un do't. I zee un in his gownd and goold chaain. I zee un in his grandjer. I zee un in his gloree. I zee Sur Fransus Truscott, Lard Mayor.

"The Mace-bearer wi' the Mace went afoor un, the Sheruffs foller'd aarter un : Mr. Sheruff Bayley and Mr. Sheruff

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Woolloton. I thinks to myself how nigh Sheruffs sounds to Seruffs. But the farmer han't got no wings, and they doan't want fur bodies.

"Aater they, come others I heer'd called Civic Uffishles, Ossifers o' the London Corporaashun; preshus fine, I belave ye.

"Wi' the Lard Mayor wus the Lady Mayoress. She got a kay and took and unlocked the maain entrunce to the new Pier. I zee her.

"The band o' the Grannydear Guards, playun, marched up the Pier wi' Dan Godfree at the head on 'um, as fur as t'other end. There the Lard Mayor had a sort o' peeaper, or a writun on vellum 'o sum kind, persented to un, and he wished success to Bournemouth.

"Aater that, zum on 'em gie'd the Lady Mayoress a goolden kay to the maain entrunce, fur to let her in there anywhen she'd a mind to.

"Then the Lard Mayor farmerly declared the new Pier to be fully opened.

"In the aaternoon there was a public lunchun in the Winter Gaarden, and five hundred zat down to teeable. Amung um 'sides the Lard Mayor and the Lady Mayoress was the new vicar o' Bournemouth, Bishop Ryan, Bishop o' somewhere else, an 'a zed grease; as't med well take a Bishop of anywhere to zay afoor the Lard Mayor o' London.

"In the avenun, a grand show o' vireworks was let off on the Pier, to the Lard Mayor's honour.

"Who is there amungst all the grandees of all the vorren naaishuns on the veace o' the arth like the Lard Mayor o' London City? What's the Emperor o' Roosher or Proosher to un? What's Prince Bismark? What's his High-and-Mightiness the Sultan o' Turkey? What's his Holiness the Pwoop? Not vit to hold a candle to un, nare a one on 'em. Hooray fur the Lard Mayor! The Lard Mayor for ever! Gloree to the gurt Lard Mayor!"

An Anonymous Letter

A hitch occurred during the negotiations for Sir Francis' visit because a jealous-minded member of the Board of Commissioners (whose name I refrain from mentioning) had sent an anonymous letter, stating that the invitation from myself was really for the purpose not so much of opening the pier, as of re-opening the Royal Bath Hotel. Of course, Sir William Soulsby wrote saying that the Lord Mayor could not accept the invitation for a public function of that kind unless it was clearly understood that the invitation really was from the Board of Commissioners, otherwise he much regretted that he would be unable to come. The consequence was that a meeting was at once called, and I dictated a telegram contradicting the statement which had been made anonymously, stating that it was utterly untrue, but that the invitation emanated directly from the Chairman and Board of Improvement Commissioners, and not from me as a private individual. In about two hours we received a reply to the effect that the Lord Mayor was quite satisfied, and the arrangements would now proceed for his visit.

In his way, Sir Francis Truscott was a wag, and much amusement was created by the following innocent practical joke :—

On the evening of the opening of the new pier an immense crowd had gathered in front of the Royal Bath Hotel and kept clamouring for a speech from the Lord Mayor. To this I drew his attention, when, with a twinkle in his eye, he said, " Davey, you go and speak to them for me and tell them I am exhausted after the day's doings." We thereon formed a procession, I leading the way to the balcony. Under the impression it was the Lord Mayor himself, the multitude gave a great shout of welcome, when Lord Davey (then Sir Horace Davey, M.P. for Christchurch) began to explain why the Lord Mayor had not appeared—when suddenly another great shout went up, and standing behind Lord Davey was the Lord Mayor himself.

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He then made an admirable speech, eulogising the climate and beauties of Bournemouth, and expressed his delight in having the opportunity afforded him of declaring the Royal Bath Hotel re-opened after its extensions and improvements, and expressed his hearty appreciation of the splendid and princely manner in which he and his friends had been entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes.

This came as a complete surprise, and was intended by Sir Francis (as he told Lord Davey afterwards) as a public expression of his resentment and disgust at the anonymous letter which was sent (as before mentioned) to Sir William Soulsby.

But to return to Sir George's visit, the "Bournemouth Directory" for 9th June, 1909, continues:—

"LORD MAYOR'S VISIT.

"Upon leaving the pier, the procession was re-formed, and wended its way up the East Cliff promenade to the East Cliff Hall, where the company was warmly greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes, and conducted to the magnificent Russell-Cotes Art Gallery, which by the munificence of the owners was some time ago presented to the town, the value of the gift being estimated at £50,000. This visit to East Cliff Hall was one of rather special interest to the Lord Mayor, whose father, on the occasion of his visit to Bournemouth to open the pier, was the guest of Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, Chairman of the Royal Bath Hotel. Mr. Russell-Cotes received the Lord Mayor at the entrance to the grounds leading from the cliff, and Mrs. Russell-Cotes received his Lordship on the terrace. Immediately afterwards a photographic group was taken of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, the Mayor of Bournemouth, the Deputy Mayoress, Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes, and Mr. Sheriff Baddeley. On the arrival of the Lady Mayoress, which preceded that of the Lord Mayor, a handsome bouquet of



The occasion of Sir George Truscott's Visit.

Names, reading from left to right: Seated—Mrs. Beale (Deputy Mayoress of Bournemouth), Lady Truscott, and my wife. Standing: Myself, Sir George Truscott, Sir John Baddeley (Sheriff of London), and Mr. G. E. Bridge (Mayor of Bournemouth).



The Lord Mayor of London (Sir George Truscott) accompanied by the Mayor of Bournemouth (Alderman Bridge), the Town Clerk (Mr. G. W. Bailey) and myself, on his official visit, together with the Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs of London, to the "Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum," 5th June, 1909.

A Pleasing Little Ceremony

carnations and gladioli was presented to her by Evelyn, the little daughter of Councillor Herbert V. M. Cotes. Immediately after his arrival the Lord Mayor inspected the casket and roll of freedom which was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes by the borough of Bournemouth, also the deed of gift, which he noted contained a provision for an extension of the building at some future time.

“ Mr. Russell-Cotes personally conducted the Lord Mayor round the gallery, pointing out objects of special interest, and his Lordship was particularly struck with, and greatly admired, the solid silver elephant inlaid with gold and precious stones, also a very valuable plaque of malleable iron, inlaid with various coloured gold, both purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes in Japan, and being the only specimens of the kind in the kingdom. The Buddhist shrine, which they also purchased in Kyoto, the ancient city of Japan, and which was formerly in the possession of one of the Daimios, was likewise greatly admired by his Lordship, the Lady Mayoress and the party. Those who accompanied the Lord Mayor, were, moreover, much interested with the various curios on view, but unfortunately the time was all too brief for more than a cursory inspection, the hall being the depository of some of the rarest treasures to be found anywhere in the kingdom.

“ In one of the rooms of the gallery a pleasing little ceremony took place, the Lady Mayoress being presented by Mrs. Russell-Cotes with a very handsome souvenir album bound in Royal red morocco, richly tooled in gold, containing nine large photographs of the interior and exterior of the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum, with an illuminated inscription on the first page, surmounted by the arms of the borough of Bournemouth, the city of London, and of Mr. Russell-Cotes. The inscription on the album was as follows :—‘ Souvenir. Presented to the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London and Lady Mayoress, Sir George and Lady Wyatt Truscott, by

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Mr. and Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes, East Cliff Hall (the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum), Bournemouth, 5th June, 1909.' The album contained sepia-photos of 'Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes at home,' the exterior of the East Cliff Hall, view from the balcony of the hall looking towards Swanage, the hall, the picture gallery looking east and west, and Mr. Russell-Cotes' study. In the centre of the cover, embossed in gold, was the word 'Souvenir.' Upon being shown the souvenir, both the recipients expressed themselves as delighted with the gift, and Mr. Russell-Cotes rounded it off very nicely with 'I am delighted to give it to Sir Francis Truscott's son.'

"It might be interesting to note that in connection with the visit to the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery, the Lord Mayor expressed to Mr. Russell-Cotes his great regret that his visit was so brief, remarking that 'it would take a week to inspect everything he noticed, but that he hoped to make a further and more extended acquaintance with the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery on some future occasion.' He expressed himself before leaving 'as being not only surprised, but delighted beyond measure at the exceedingly unique and beautiful collection of art which was far beyond anything that he imagined could have been collected by one man during his lifetime.'

"During his visit the Lord Mayor said: 'I should like to tell you a little story with regard to the opening of the pier by my father. The night before, after he had finished all the necessary state receptions, he got into mufti—and I think he must have been in a garb which was just the opposite to official. He came with another gentleman down to the pier gate, and the other gentleman said, "This is the Lord Mayor of London. He is going to open the pier to-morrow, and would like to walk on and see exactly where he is going to." An old lady was in charge of the pier, and she said, "That the Lord Mayor of London! No he baint! He the Lord Mayor; no, that he baint!" and my father could not get on, and was

“Host of my Father”

not allowed to get on the pier until he had opened the gate on the next day. My father took away with him the happiest recollections of his visit, and we shall take away the happiest recollections of our visit.’

“During his speech, the Lord Mayor said: ‘I recollect the occasion when my father came here, an event to which the Mayor has so graciously referred. He was able to refer to the hospitality and the lavishness of the welcome given to him, and history is repeating, and is going to repeat, herself to-day. (Applause.) A passage of thirty years since my father was here in this very building has made a very great difference to this beautiful spot. The then Bournemouth has been metamorphosed into a county borough, and I believe the Sheriffs and myself are the first official representatives of the City of London to be received in an official capacity by the Mayor and Corporation of the county borough of Bournemouth. (Applause.) We esteem it a high privilege that this should be so, and that we should have the opportunity of expressing our best wishes for the continued prosperity of your county borough. (Applause.) It is very nice to find here to-day three or four gentlemen who welcomed my father. I notice one of those gentlemen on my left, Mr. Russell-Cotes—(applause)—and I refer to him more particularly, because he was the hospitable host of my father in August, 1880. (Applause.) It was my father’s privilege to refer to Bournemouth as the “Garden City of the South.” You have kept that reputation, for, despite the fact that the town has grown, you have known how to preserve its sylvan beauty—(applause): you have made it a city of villa residences surrounded by beautiful gardens. In 1880 Bournemouth was well known as a health resort, especially in the winter months, and I gather from the records of my father’s visit that that occasion was used for the purpose particularly of drawing attention to Bournemouth not only as a winter resort, but as a summer resort, and I

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am glad that I can to-day congratulate you on having achieved the distinction of being well known both as a winter and as a summer place of delight for London.' "

After this visit, amongst other foreign friends to whom I sent papers and photos, was Dr. von Bottinger, a Privy Councillor and a member of the Russian Duma, whose friendship I had made when visiting Russia, and had renewed when he and Mrs. von Bottinger visited this country. They had very many friends in England, so I think the following letter may interest them—

Haus Sonneck,

8th June, 1909.

My dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

Allow me to tender you my sincerest thanks for the photograph of your lovely house. I shall preserve the same as an especially valuable remembrance of our only too short stay in this beautiful town, but still more for the great delight you afforded Mrs. von Bottinger and myself, by allowing us to see your magnificent collection. We could have spent hours in admiring a lifetime's work devoted to Art and Science, and I must most heartily congratulate you upon the grand results you have attained. I have seen many a private collection—have a small one myself—but none of them reach that high standard of fine and developed taste which yours has.

Pictures, porcelain, art work—everything is a complete collection in itself, and each alone would be a pleasure to see. Combined, they are overwhelming, and I only hope that next winter I shall have the pleasure of seeing you and your large collection again, and be able to go into its study more minutely.

Mrs. von Bottinger and myself will be greatly pleased to receive you in our cottage when next you come to the Continent, and tender our invitation herewith.

Will you kindly present our united best regards to Mrs. Russell-Cotes and accept the same yourself from

My dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

K. VON BOTTINGER.

“The Prince of Peacemakers”

It was during the month of the Lord Mayor's visit that I received the following communication :—

10, Downing Street,
Whitehall, London, S.W.
25th June, 1909.

Sir,

The King having graciously intimated his intention to confer upon you the honour of Knighthood, I am desired by the Prime Minister to inform you that he is instructing the Home Office to proceed in the matter, and that you will in due course be summoned by the Home Secretary to receive the accolade at a date to be fixed by his Majesty.

Yours faithfully,

R. S. MEIKLEJOHN.

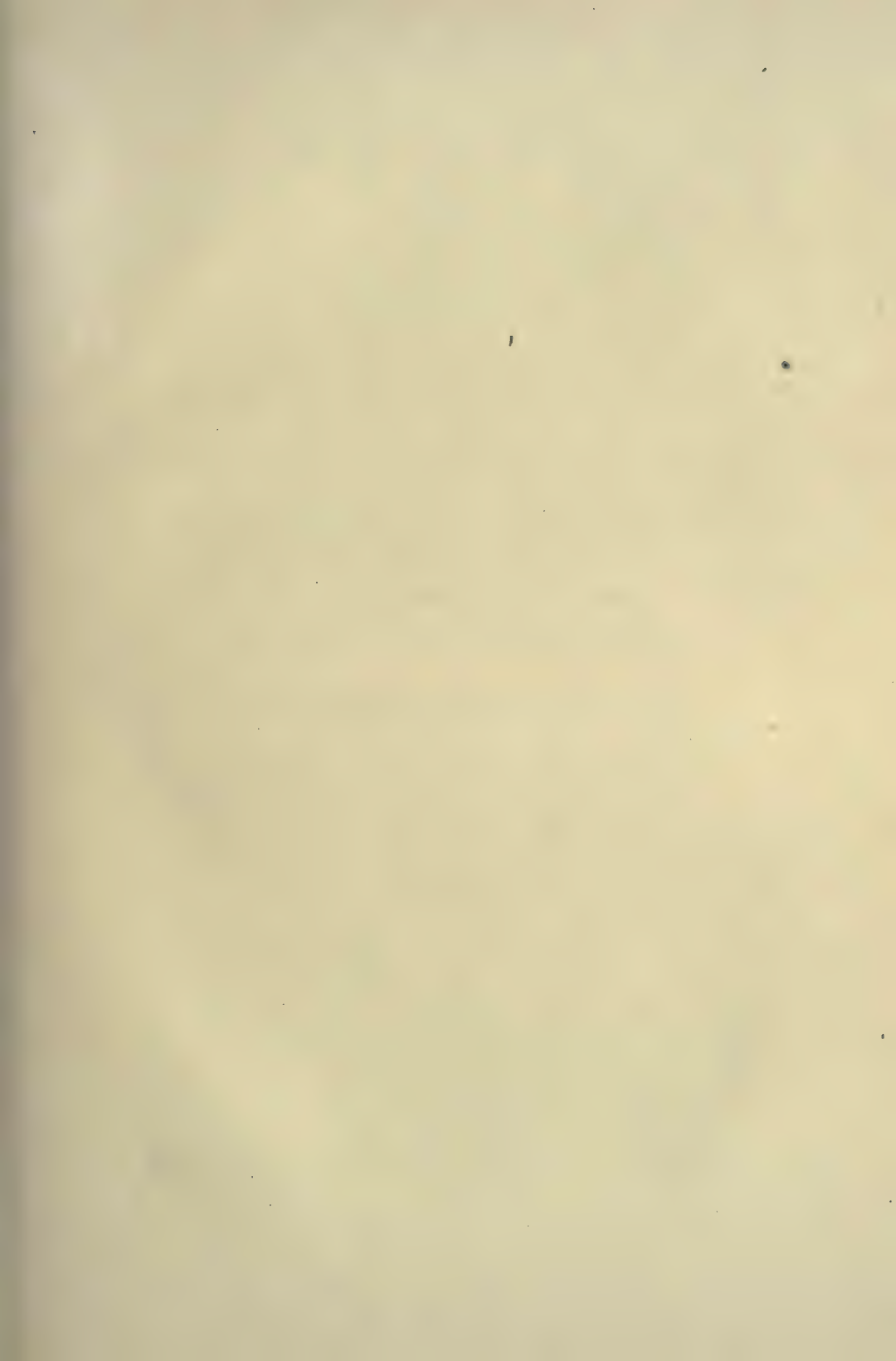
Merton Russell-Cotes, Esq., J.P., F.R.G.S., &c.
East Cliff Hall, Bournemouth.

The memory of the 22nd July, 1909, on which our late beloved monarch conferred the honour of Knighthood upon me, will never be erased from my mind. When, as Prince of Wales, he visited Bournemouth to open the Jubilee Hospital, we experienced the charm of his wonderful personality and kindheartedness, and again, when receiving the accolade, I personally realised the depth of his genial temperament. After his Majesty had duly “dubbed” me “Sir Merton,” I leaned forward to kiss his hand, when he took mine in his and gave it a firm grasp, and then still holding it and giving it a still more firm and kindly grasp, to my astonishment, assisted me to rise. Is it to be wondered at that this great hearted man was universally loved and called “The Prince of Peacemakers”?

On this occasion the sight was beyond description, it being one of the largest Investitures ever held, and included many military and naval officers, in every description of uniform—indeed, some I had never before seen. Before appearing in the King's presence, gorgeously attired officials attached hooks to these officers' breasts, in order that his Majesty need only place the decoration on these hooks. The

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great ballroom in Buckingham Palace was roped off up the centre, the naval and military officers being on the one side and the civilians on the other. The former were decorated first, and the latter received their honours afterwards. Among many of the latter whom I knew was that charming man and writer, Mr. Lucy ("Toby, M.P.," of *Punch*), Mr. John Baddeley, Sheriff of London, Mr. H. B. Tree and others. In chatting together, we had a good laugh at Lucy's expense in regard to his hair, which was cut very short, and standing erect "like the quills upon the fretful porcupine!" I suggested that the idea of appearing before his Majesty had given him a terrific fright, which had evidently become chronic. This peculiarity, however, *was* chronic. He had explained on a former occasion to me that he was obliged to have it cut short from the fact that it *would not lie down*, although he had reverted to every possible scheme, but nothing would induce it to lie flat! It might be so induced for a short time by a generous application of bear's grease or some other oleaginous compound, but in spite of this it would have its own way, and up it would come again. The only way, therefore, was to adopt drastic measures, which he always did, *i.e.*, to have it cut short similar to the French style, that is to say, "*à la convict*"!



*"The Eye rejoices in the Beautiful, from
Hour to Hour."*

* * *

"As Music is to the Ear, so is Art to the Eye."

* * *

"Man's ideal of Nature is reproduced in Art."

* * *

"Art is promoted by a Cultivated Mind."

M.R.C.

CHAPTER X

East Cliff Hall

(continued)

Correspondence concerning extension—Presentation of Resolution of Thanks—Sir George Meyrick agrees to sell the freehold to my wife—Princess Beatrice's visit to open the extension and to receive, on the town's behalf, the conveyance of the freehold of the property, from my wife to the Borough—A short Biography of my wife.

*"Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain
that build it."*

PSALM 127

CONSIDERABLE more wall space being required to accommodate our pictures and fine art properly, we finally decided to carry out forthwith what we had long contemplated, and add an extension in the form of a large picture gallery.

In consequence of this decision the following correspondence took place:—

East Cliff Hall,

Bournemouth.

30th June, 1916.

To the Right Worshipful the Mayor of Bournemouth,

Alderman Henry Robson, J.P.

Dear Mr. Mayor,

After several chats with my husband, son and daughter, I have arrived at the conclusion that it would be better for me to carry out the extension provided for in the Deed of Gift at my own cost, and when it is completed to make it over to the town as a free gift, subject of course, to the sanction of the Mayor and Corporation.

I may say that on the 15th July I shall enter on my 82nd year, and my health being far from satisfactory, I yearn to see the Gallery completed during my lifetime, and as the Council cannot take any

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steps at all until this wicked and cruel war is over, this will meet the difficulty and at the same time will afford me the unfeigned pleasure of completing our gift to the town, and so "crown the edifice" of our gift to our fellow townsmen.

With kind regards, believe me to be,

Very sincerely yours,

ANNIE RUSSELL-COTES.

P.S.—I feel sure that I can depend upon your hearty co-operation as one of the principal trustees under the Deed of Gift.—A.R.C.

Bridge End,

Bournemouth.

1st July, 1916.

Dear Lady Russell-Cotes,

Your generous offer will be gratefully accepted, I am sure, by the Mayor and Corporation ; it is another proof of your interest in the town. I hope you and Sir Merton will long be spared to enjoy the gratitude of the inhabitants of our town.

With very kind regards,

Faithfully yours,

Lady Merton Russell-Cotes, F.R.S.L.

JAMES BEALE.

2nd August, 1916.

To the Right Worshipful the Mayor of Bournemouth.

My dear Mr. Mayor,

I have read the report of the minutes of the Museum Sub-committee with regard to the East Cliff Hall extension, and I feel deeply grateful to all of the gentlemen constituting that committee, individually and collectively, for the extremely kind and sympathetic expressions conveyed therein.

It is very comforting to feel that my efforts to serve the town are appreciated by the committee, and endorsed by the Council generally.

I beg to thank you one and all through you as chief magistrate of the borough. Will you kindly convey to them at the next Council meeting my deep appreciation of their kindly co-operation in my wish to carry out the great desire of my heart, to leave behind me what I earnestly trust will be for the instruction and entertainment of my fellow burgesses ?

With our united kindest regards, believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

ANNIE RUSSELL-COTES.

[The wording of the minute referred to is that of the resolution of thanks subsequently presented to my wife.]

A "Bolt from the Blue"

Mayor's Parlour,
Bournemouth.
3rd August, 1916.

My dear Lady Russell-Cotes,

I received your letter this morning and shall be pleased to lay it before the Council at the first opportunity.

I am sure every member will be with me in the sincere hope that you may live to see and enjoy for years the consummation of what we know has been your desire.

With kindest regards to yourself and Sir Merton.

Yours sincerely,

HENRY ROBSON,
Mayor.

Lady Russell-Cotes, F.R.S.L.,
East Cliff Hall.

We began the building. The walls were carried up as far as the roof, when like a "bolt from the blue," came an order from the Ministry of Munitions to the builders, at once to stop the works.

I immediately wrote to Lord Ribblesdale (one of the Trustees) stating our dilemma, and begging his advice, when he replied as follows:—

Lisburne,
Clitheroe.
4th October, 1916.

Dear Sir Merton,

I am in sympathy with Lady Russell-Cotes' desire to see the extension of the valuable Gallery and Museum you have given to Bournemouth completed as soon as may be, and I feel sure the citizens of Bournemouth share this sympathy. But I am *not* very sanguine about the Ministry of Munitions being disposed to go back on their refusal to grant the licence.

I happen to know that they are opposed to reversals and exceptions of any kind.

At the same time I should imagine that they might and should be willing to allow the roof to be erected: and I think a small and really well posted deputation from the Corporation of Bournemouth would—at all events—receive every attention and consideration. The Corporation, evidently, are the interested parties, and I think are the best people possible to put the case before the Ministry of Munitions.

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I am here for the next ten days, and shall be delighted to do anything in my power to help you.

With kind regards to your wife and yourself,

Yours very sincerely,

RIBBLESDALE.

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, Bt., J.P., F.R.G.S.,

East Cliff Hall,

Bournemouth.

Thereupon, I wrote to my friend, Brigadier-General Page Croft, M.P. (also one of the Trustees) who, although very much engrossed with his Parliamentary duties, took the utmost interest in the matter, and finally arranged that Mr. Ashling, our able Town Clerk, and Mr. Hawker, our architect, should interview the Minister of Munitions, and they by their skill and acumen succeeded in inducing him to grant permission for the work to be proceeded with on condition that *only two skilled workmen, aged over 60 and one labourer, were employed !!* And so the work proceeded!!!!

The following extract from the "Bournemouth Directory" of the 3rd February, 1917, gives an interesting account of the Mayoral "At Home" on the 1st of February, the anniversary of our wedding day, consequent on the above:—

"RUSSELL-COTES ART GALLERY AND MUSEUM.

"EXTENSION CEREMONY.

"MAYORAL 'AT HOME.'

"Presentation to Lady Russell-Cotes.

"The Mayor and Mayoress of Bournemouth (Alderman and Mrs. Robson) were 'At Home' on Thursday afternoon at the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum (East Cliff Hall), and had invited a large number of their fellow citizens to meet them and to view the art treasures there displayed, and presented to the borough by Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes.

The Extension of the Art Gallery

"The formal reception lasted from 3 to 3.45, and afterwards the guests assembled for music and refreshments in King's Hall. Here, during the afternoon, the Mayor presented her ladyship with an illuminated sealed copy of the resolution of the Council thanking her for carrying out, at her own cost, the extension of the Art Gallery at East Cliff Hall. The address was framed, and was most beautifully illuminated by Miss Blanche Funnell, who, we believe, received her art tuition at the Municipal College. It was embellished with the Borough Arms, the Cotes Arms, and the Clark Arms (Lady Russell-Cotes). Among the treasures at East Cliff Hall inspected with more than ordinary interest were the address presented to Sir Merton and Lady Merton Russell-Cotes on the occasion of their receiving the freedom of the borough in 1908, and the casket that contained the new freemen's burgess ticket.

"A word should be added for the beauties of nature as well as those of art. It was a beautiful afternoon, with bright sunshine and flocks of hovering gulls, and the scene seaward from Lady Russell-Cotes' boudoir excited enthusiastic admiration by those privileged to look upon it. There are very few towns in England that on a winter day can spread such a feast for the eye.

"The extension of the Art Gallery and Museum now approaching completion consists of three galleries, each 40ft. by 25ft. by 17ft. high. They are very substantially built and will be handsomely finished with cove ceilings with decorative panels. The lighting is from the roof with external lantern lights, and for warmth inner moulded steel ceiling lights with decorative glazing. Provision is made on the walls for special and easy method of picture hanging. The floors are of polished oak laid on concrete beds. The heating is by low-pressure hot water system. The ventilation is provided in the ceiling and by outlets through the cove. The approach will be from

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the existing gallery by oak landing and stairs. The artificial lighting will be by electricity, a scheme of the latest and most approved method being under consideration.

"The Mayor and Mayoress had invited about 600 guests, and of these approximately 350 accepted, most of whom are associated in some form or other with the manifold civic, administrative, philanthropic, war work, and social activities of the town, such as the Town Council, the Borough Freemen, the War Relief Committee, representative clergymen and ministers, the justices, the Education Committee, the ground landlords, the Women's Emergency Committee, etc.

"On entering the King's Hall the Mayor and Lady Russell-Cotes and Sir Merton Russell-Cotes and the Mayoress were received with applause by the large company awaiting them. After the many little family and friendly parties had partaken of afternoon tea, the Mayor addressed them as follows. He said: Lady and Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, ladies and gentlemen,—It is no doubt unusual for the host on an occasion like this to make a speech, but this is not an ordinary 'at home.' My Council, as representing the burgesses of Bournemouth, has a very delightful duty to perform, and it occurred to us that a function of this kind held here would be a most appropriate and happy occasion on which to discharge it; hence my claiming your indulgence for a very few minutes. In the first place, let me, on behalf of the Mayoress and myself, acknowledge the courtesy and kindness of Lady and Sir Merton Russell-Cotes in placing their home at our disposal this afternoon. Our own home is not an adequate place in which to show civic hospitality. One alternative is the Municipal Buildings, which we occasionally use. Others are our Winter Gardens or the Municipal College. None of these, however, commended themselves to the Mayoress or myself on this occasion. There remained the East Cliff Art Gallery and home of Sir Merton and his lady. This now, as ever, was

“ Her children call her blessed ”

placed at our disposal with the utmost cordiality, friendliness and good will.

“ The second point I wish to emphasise is that this day is the 57th anniversary of the wedding day of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes. You will, I am sure, endorse the feelings that prompted this day being chosen after the inevitable postponement rendered necessary by the illness of Lady Russell-Cotes, from which we are all delighted that she has so far recovered as to be able to be with us to-day. That she should be thus with us, looking so well and taking such a keen interest in our pleasure, is a matter for our sincerest congratulations to her and hers and a great joy to us all. Years before I made her personal acquaintance I knew her as a type of the true English lady—accomplished, travelled, wide in her knowledge, sympathies, and, best of all, a true wife and mother. I need not tell you that ‘ the heart of her husband rejoices in her ’ and that ‘ her children call her blessed.’ Her son is not a man who carries his heart on his coat-sleeve, and probably is not the least aware that he long ago revealed to me his proud and affectionate regard for her ; and equally long ago I heard her spoken of in most affectionate terms by one who served her in the humble capacity of serving maid. She has lived a long life in our midst and won the affectionate regard of all who in any way came in contact with her. I rejoice, therefore, in the opportunity of congratulating her on her attainment of her eighty-first birthday, and, for you, the Mayoress and myself, I wish her Many Happy Returns of the Day. If our Gracious King rules it in order that his health may be drunk in water, I am sure that Lady Russell-Cotes will not think it inappropriate that I ask you to drink her health in tea (applause).

“ My third point is to call your particular attention to what is, for the town and posterity, the most important feature of our gathering, and that is the formal presentation of the

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Resolution of the Council thanking Lady Russell-Cotes for the gift of the Extension of the Art Gallery. This Resolution has been illuminated by Miss Funnell and will shortly be read to you by the Town Clerk.

“ Before asking him to read it, it will be fitting that I should refresh your memories by a brief allusion to the original gift of the East Cliff Art Gallery and the conditions, and, also, of this new benefaction. Bournemouth is indeed fortunate in having in the persons of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes two such lovers of the beautiful.

“ Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes have always had the love of the beautiful. The very site of their home is convincing evidence of it, and I should not be surprised to learn that this alone has been a great incentive to their pursuit of it. Then the pursuit of the beautiful led them into many lands and amongst works of art, and they became connoisseurs and collectors, and they have had, and are having, all the joy that comes to those who are able to surround themselves with the beautiful. With many the joy ends there. Not so with Sir Merton and his lady. They wished their fellows to share their pleasure ; hence the original free gift to the Mayor, Aldermen and Burgesses of Bournemouth of the East Cliff Art Gallery and Museum. It is given to the Corporation in trust to use and to be used as an art gallery and museum by the inhabitants and visitors in the same manner as if the same had been acquired by the Corporation and purchased by them. It was given in loving memory of the respective parents of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes. It is subject only to their right to reside there during their lifetime. All the charges upon the property so given and the extension to which I shall refer presently have been and are being met by Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes. The Council is not called upon to pay ground rents, rates, taxes, repairs, or upkeep. It is not easy to appraise the money value of such a gift (applause).

“ The Minister of Munitions ”

I think I am correct in saying that the original building cost £18,000 ; the extension will cost £4,000 or £5,000 more. The contents are valued at over £40,000—nearer £50,000.

“ So that Bournemouth is indeed fortunate in having two citizens who have been moved to bestow on her such a rich benefaction. Additions have been made almost daily to the original collection specified in the deed of gift, and Sir Merton has on many occasions expressed his intention of adding many of these to his gift (applause). These additions, as well as the main collection, rendered an extension desirable. Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes had some thought of this extension being made later, and made certain plans with that end in view. Lady Russell-Cotes, however, decided to make the extension now and to convey it to us on the same terms as the main building and contents. A contract for the building was, therefore, entered into and the building erected as far as the roof, when the Minister of Munitions stepped in and stopped the work. Efforts were, however, made to induce him to allow the roof to be put on, and he was so far sympathetic with the idea that he gave permission for this to be done.

“ We are delighted, therefore, that in spite of the war, Lady Russell-Cotes’ desire for the good and pleasure of her town has so far been accomplished, and that we are able to-day in this manner to express our appreciation of her generosity and public spirit (applause). Lady Russell-Cotes desired me to say that, so soon as the extension is ready, the large and valuable pictures by Long which we now see in this hall, will be hung there, including ‘ Anno Domini.’ I am, also, to express her hope that in the future more of the inhabitants of Bournemouth will avail themselves of the monthly opportunity of visiting the gallery. Many visitors come and the visitors’ book contains the names of many distinguished people, most of whom write most cordial letters of appreciation to Sir Merton. It is, however, primarily to the people of Bourne-

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mouth that this gift has been made, and the donors would be immensely gratified by a fuller use being made of it, as they know its immense educational value. There is a small charge for admission, every penny of which is paid into the Mayor's War Funds (applause).

"I am very sorry to have taken up so much time. I deemed it due to Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes thus to make it quite clear to all the absolute freedom of the gift, the circumstances of it and its inestimable value. I will now ask the Town Clerk to read the resolution. It is necessarily formal, but none the less heartfelt.

"The Mayor's idea of asking his guests to drink the health of Lady Russell-Cotes in tea was a happy and unconventional inspiration, and they went one better, for they drank her husband's health with equal heartiness.

"The Town Clerk (Mr. Herbert Ashling) then read the address, as follows :—

"COUNTY BOROUGH OF BOURNEMOUTH.

"At the quarterly meeting of the Council, 1st August, 1916; present, the Right Worshipful the Mayor, Henry Robson, Esq., J.P., in the chair.

"EAST CLIFF HALL EXTENSION.

"On the motion of the Right Worshipful the Mayor, duly seconded, it was unanimously resolved: 'That the generous offer of Lady Russell-Cotes, F.R.S.L., to erect at her own cost the proposed extension of the Art Gallery, and to hand over the same to the Council as a free gift for the use of the public, be accepted with very grateful thanks. The Council feel that this proposal will satisfactorily obviate the difficulties which would have had to be faced if the original scheme for the erection and endowment had been urged, and that by making the offer Lady Russell-Cotes has added largely to the deep debt of gratitude which the town owes to her ladyship

Further Gifts

and Sir Merton in connection with the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum and the valuable art treasures therein."

"Given under the common seal this 1st day of August, 1916.

" HENRY ROBSON, Mayor.

" HERBERT ASHLING, Town Clerk.

" Sir Merton Russell-Cotes was then called upon, and on rising to speak in acknowledgment was very cordially received. He said that on his wife's behalf he wished to return his heartiest and most cordial thanks for the manner in which those present had received the kind expressions of the Mayor, and for the pleasure his Worship and the Mayoress had offered by promoting that assemblage. Such a reunion was indeed a pleasure. He had resided in the borough for 41 years, and regretted that the residents did not as a rule know each other very well, and that there was not that sociable feeling in Bournemouth there was in the North. The Mayor, however, possessed all the kind-heartedness characteristic of Yorkshire and the North, and taught them all to be more genial and hospitable, and to get to know each other a little better. In addition to the Mayor and Mayoress, he wished to thank certain friends for the kindness they had exhibited. His wife and himself felt this more than he could express. There were one or two of those friends present, amongst them Mr. and Mrs. Donkin, who were the only persons in the borough to make any presentations to the gallery founded by himself and wife.* They had done it *con amore* after much thought as something that would benefit the borough educationally. They thought of all sorts of schemes, with the result known,

* Since making the above statement, it is with pleasure I record a very handsome gift of shells by Miss A. M. Ridge, which I have alluded to elsewhere. We are also much indebted to Sir Daniel Morris, through whose kindly agency Mrs. Norman-Hill has presented a most valuable

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and it was due to his wife that there were so many beautiful exhibits and specimens in the building, for she had collected them from all parts of the world. He said it in the presence of one of the best connoisseurs in England, Sir Daniel Morris, but he was convinced that there was no finer collection of Australian and New Zealand birds than was to be found at East Cliff Hall. Two or three years ago Mrs. Donkin gave collection of Chinese bronzes, etc., to the museum. In this connection I quote a letter from Sir Daniel :—

14, Crabton Close,
Boscombe, Hants.
February 14th.

Dear Sir Merton,

I have much pleasure in enclosing a letter received from my friend Mrs. Norman-Hill, in which she offers some old Chinese bronzes to Lady Russell-Cotes' Museum. I have told Mrs. Norman-Hill that you will either write, or arrange to call if you can conveniently do so, and let her know whether you wish to accept her kind offer.

Lady Morris and I join in very kindest wishes to Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself and trust that you are both better.

Sincerely yours,

D. MORRIS.

Being anxious to place on record the correct history of the generous gift of Mrs. Norman-Hill, I wrote her, and received the following letter in reply :—

Yelvertoft,
50, West Cliff Road, Bournemouth.
November 27th, 1919.

Dear Sir Merton,

I am pleased to hear that you are writing your autobiography. I am sure it will be very interesting.

The Chinese bronzes and curios were brought from China by Captain Norman-Hill, my second husband, who was then in the Royal Navy, 1851.

The Tai-Ping rebellion was in 1851, and the natives rifled the tombs of the Ming Kings, near Nankin, and threw the priceless bronzes, torch holders, incense burners, urns containing the cremated ashes of the kings, etc., etc., all over the country. Some French officers on the spot bought these treasures of the looters, and Captain Norman-Hill bought some of them of the officers, and brought them home in a despatch boat. I was pleased to give some of them to your museum, and I have arranged that at my death, the remainder, including one of the funeral urns, shall also be given to the museum.

I am very sorry that kind Lady Russell-Cotes is so ill. Now that Miss McNeale and Lady Cairns are gone, I do not hear of her.

Yours sincerely,

M. J. NORMAN-HILL.

A Unique Collection of Shells

to his wife for the museum two cases of very beautiful shells,* which to his amazement were all collected upon the shores of the bay between here and Swanage. Amongst them, too, were some wonderfully rare shells. A few weeks ago Mrs. Donkin called again, and presented a very fine Korean vase 200 or 300 years old. He mentioned this as a hint in case anybody present had anything of value that would do for the new gallery. He also returned his thanks for the services of the Press, also to Mr. Kerrison Preston for the admirable catalogue he had prepared. He should also like to refer to the services rendered as a music and art critic by 'R.J.C.' (Mr. Cruickshank), a young man of about 18 years, who had been recently called to the colours, and to whom he owed a great debt of gratitude. He (Sir Merton) was in his 82nd year, and had known many famous art critics, and regarded this young man as a genius. Without art mankind would be in a deplorable condition. His (Sir Merton's) art education commenced at the great international exhibition in London in 1851, followed by the Manchester exhibition of 1856. Dropping for a moment into a whimsical vein, Sir Merton asked the people of Bournemouth to visit East Cliff Hall as often as possible, but first to visit the Town Clerk's offices and pay their sixpences, because the whole of the sixpences went

* This unique collection of shells collected by Mrs. Donkin on the shores from Studland round to Bournemouth came as a great surprise. No one would ever dream that there was such a variety along our sandy beach. The whole of them, however (about 40 varieties) have been collected and polished by her. I think I may add that I do not know whether this constitutes the highest record of particular species, but it certainly represents a wider range than can be found in most of our health resorts in Great Britain. Again, there are others that we have had presented to us by another lady, Miss Ridge. Of these the nautilus shells are the finest that I have ever seen, and it is marvellous that nature should have created such a bivalve as the highly organised nautilus whose shell is divided into water-tight compartments, which it can either fill or empty at will, just as it may wish, to spread its sails and glide along the surface of the ocean, or descend to the depths for food. We have, extraordinary to relate, without probably realising it, a similar illustration in the modern submarine.

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to the Mayor's War Fund. Again referring to the young fellow already named, the speaker said he was educated at Boscombe Council School, under Mr. W. Jones, and that he was one of the greatest tributes to the educational system of Bournemouth that could be produced. With regard to drawing, however, which was a vital means of communicating knowledge, he considered that our educational methods were backward. In conclusion, said Sir Merton, he felt he was voicing the sentiments of the company in thanking the Mayor and Mayoress for their kindness in inviting them to meet together on that happy and auspicious occasion (applause).

"This concluded the well-planned and enjoyable ceremony, and the company then dispersed."

From the "Bournemouth Daily Echo," February 17th, 1917:

"Whether due to 'happy thought' or mere coincidence it was certainly a very nice and appropriate thing that the civic 'At Home,' arranged for the presentation of the Town Council's illuminated address of thanks to Lady Russell Cotes for her latest gift to Bournemouth, should take place on the anniversary of her wedding. It gave the company opportunity to express the wish for 'many happy returns of the day' both to Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, and it was a very happy gathering that assembled. There was, however, one matter of regret. The generous lady in whose honour the company had gathered together, obviously had not completely recovered from her recent indisposition, and must have felt the strain of the occasion to be almost more than she could stand. But spring is coming, and with the lengthening and the brightening of the days we hope she may recover her health and strength, and soon see the accomplishment of that good work for Bournemouth to which she has set her hand."

The following letters refer to the above function, and may be interesting to our friends, showing as they do the kindly

George William Bailey

sentiments held towards my wife by Mr. Bailey, barrister-at-law (our late Town Clerk) and Mrs. Bailey :—

Mayor's Parlour,
Bournemouth.

3rd January, 1917.

Dear Lady Russell-Cotes,

I am sure you will read with pleasure the enclosed letter which the Mayoress has just received from Mr. Bailey.

With all best wishes for the New Year,

I am,
Yours sincerely,

HENRY ROBSON,

Lady Russell-Cotes, F.R.S.L.,
East Cliff Hall,
Bournemouth.

Mayor.

War Trade Department,
4, Central Buildings,
Westminster, S.W.

January 2nd, 1917.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bailey thank the Mayor and Mayoress of Bournemouth for their very kind invitation to the interesting proceedings at East Cliff Hall, and regret exceedingly that absence in the North of England of Mrs. Bailey and the war duties of Mr. Bailey will prevent their being present. They would have rejoiced to be among those who will on the occasion testify to the high appreciation in which this further exemplification of Lady Russell-Cotes' love for the town of Bournemouth is held by all its inhabitants and well-wishers, and their gratitude to the generous benefactor for her public-spirited generosity and local patriotism.

From my old friend Mr. Elijah Howarth, the Curator of Public Museums and the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield. He is not only a well-known astronomer and zoologist, but was also one of the founders of the Museums Association. He is the editor of the " Museums Journal " and is an ex-President of the Museums Association, and is known far and wide as a lecturer and writer on art and science :—

Mappin Art Gallery,
Sheffield.

13th January, 1917.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Howarth beg to thank the Mayor and Mayoress of Bournemouth for their kind invitation to an At Home at the Russell-

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Cotes Art Gallery and Museum on February 1st next, and express their great regret that they will be unable to be present.

Mr. Howarth feels especially sorry that he cannot participate in the proceedings, which are of special interest to him as having known the collection almost from its inception, and when it was first contemplated by Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes to present the Gallery to Bournemouth, he pointed out the desirability of making the extension so as to provide adequately for the safety and convenience of the public visiting it. He would wish to congratulate Bournemouth most heartily upon the acquisition of such a valuable addition to the many attractions of that beautiful town, and to express his deep pleasure and satisfaction at the completion of the scheme by the characteristic generosity of Lady Russell-Cotes.

The following is from a very old and much respected friend :—

South Court,
Dorchester.

February 13th, 1917.

Dear Sir Merton,

Thank you so much for sending us the report of the presentation of the new wing to the Russell-Cotes Art Museum, which I shall put with the copy deed of gift for future use.

I read your speech with the greatest interest—and also that of the Mayor.

I am sure the people of Bournemouth ought to be most grateful to Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself for all that you have done for them. This fine collection must have taken an infinite amount of time and knowledge in getting together, to say nothing of the cost of doing so. I am still a prisoner to the house—eight weeks next Thursday. I can walk now with the help of two strong sticks. I shall hope to get away soon for change and massage. Did you see the name of my son Colonel E. A. Pope in the New Year's Honour List for his D.S.O.? (He attended at Buckingham Palace on Monday to receive it from the King.)

He was also twice mentioned in despatches by General Sir Douglas Haig. Captain D. Pope, Eighth Hussars—whom you saw at Bournemouth—has been badly wounded and is now in hospital at Boulogne.

My wife joins in kindest regards to Lady Russell-Cotes and your good self.

Yours sincerely,

ALFRED POPE.

For some years my wife and I had endeavoured in vain to persuade Sir George Meyrick to let her have the freehold

Sir George's Special Visit

with a view of presenting it to our fellow townsmen, and for the purpose of extending the premises by the erection of a large art gallery, to be devoted to the sole object of exhibiting pictures, statuary, bronzes, and other *objets d'art*.

About two years ago Sir George made a special visit to us with a view of discussing the matter of the above building, and as to whether it would interfere with a few of his other lessees. My wife took this opportunity of again explaining matters to him, when he, in the presence of Mr. G. G. Mapp and Mr. Hawker, said, "My dear Lady Russell-Cotes, I consider that this is the most unique site in Bournemouth. My son and I have thought it over, and we fully recognise what Sir Merton and you have done for Bournemouth. I have therefore decided to let you purchase the freehold." This, therefore, was the delightful termination of our long negotiations.

It is the above which is referred to by the Mayor, Mr. Alderman Bishop, in the following letters :—

Fashoda,

Bournemouth.

21st October, 1917.

Dear Sir Merton,

I write to thank you for your very kind letter of congratulation on my nomination as Mayor for the coming year. It was exceedingly kind of you and Lady Russell-Cotes to be among the first to write.

I am mindful of the many generous gifts you and Lady Russell-Cotes have made to the town, and hear whispers of even a further gift, and it will be my pleasure to do all in my power to even increase the feelings of appreciation and gratitude already existing in the minds of our residents and visitors alike for your great generosity.

Mrs. Bishop desires to be associated with this letter of thanks and with our kindest regards.

Believe me,

Dear Sir Merton,

Yours sincerely,

ED. E. BISHOP.

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Municipal Offices,
Bournemouth.

8th November, 1917.

Dear Sir Merton,

It was with extreme pleasure that on the eve of my accession to the office of Mayor of the Borough, I received your kind letter of the 6th instant containing an intimation of your intention to make a further splendid gift to the Borough of Bournemouth. It will afford me the very greatest satisfaction to be able to read your letter to the Council immediately after I have received the honour of the Mayoralty. I am sure the splendid gift of the freehold by her ladyship, and the further art treasures by yourself will be most warmly welcomed by the Borough as another indication of your mutual desire to promote the interests of the Borough in the best direction.

I shall consider it a great honour to be allowed, as Mayor, to accept these generous gifts on behalf of the Borough.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

ED. E. BISHOP.

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S.,
East Cliff Hall.

My autobiography would not be complete without some records of the opening of the extension of the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery by H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice (the Princess Henry of Battenberg), but as the ceremony is fully reported in the following extracts from the Press, it is unnecessary for me to make any comment, except to express the deep and heartfelt pain it was to me that my beloved wife and life-long companion was unable to be present, and this feeling was felt and expressed by the Princess, the Mayor, and indeed by everyone who knows and appreciates her pure, unselfish and loving heart.

The following articles were written by my old friend Ald. Chas. H. Mate, J.P. (whom I have known since he was a boy), for the "Bournemouth Visitors' Directory," of the 1st February, 1919, of which paper he is the chairman and editor. Coming from the pen of one who has so loyally served the town since his election to the Council in 1897, and who, since its inception,

H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice

has been Chairman of the Education Committee, and commanding, as he does, the deepest respect of all who have the pleasure of knowing him, I have not hesitated to reproduce his remarks in full:—

“Saturday, February 1st, 1919, will be one of the milestones in local history. Bournemouth is to be honoured with a visit from H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice, under circumstances of not only an interesting character, but fraught with possibilities of much future advantage to the visitors and residents of Bournemouth. The occasion is the formal opening of the new extension of the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum, for which the town is once again placed under a debt of gratitude to Lady Russell-Cotes, who at her own charge has built the new galleries and acquired the freehold of the whole of the East Cliff Hall property, the conveyance of which will to-day be formally handed over to the Mayor. This will be a great acquisition for Bournemouth, valuable in itself, and affording an example of local patriotism which will, we hope, be followed by others to the town's yet greater advantage. We are sorry the day cannot be one of unmixed gratification. Lady Russell-Cotes has for some time past been lying on a bed of sickness, and there is no possibility of her being able personally to take even the smallest part in the day's ceremonies. Her absence will be regretted by all, and there will, we are sure, be a deep feeling of sympathy with her in her disappointment, mingled, however with the hope that she will hear of a very successful function and be able to rejoice in the knowledge that the work she originated has been brought to happy fruition and is greatly appreciated by her fellow citizens of Beautiful Bournemouth.”

“THE DONORS AND THEIR GIFTS.

(BY ALDERMAN MATE.)

“Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes first made acquaintance with Bournemouth in the year 1876. Sir Merton came as a visitor in

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search of health ; like thousands of others he found the place both beautiful and salubrious, and electing to make his home here defeated the threatened bronchial attack, and now in his 84th year is one of the most honoured citizens of the town whose fame and fortune he has done so much to promote. A native of Tettenhall, near Wolverhampton, where a branch of the Cotes family settled some centuries ago, he was educated at Old College, Glasgow, and studied with a view to entering the medical profession. The illness which prevented his following that intention necessitated a sea voyage, led incidentally to his settlement at Bournemouth, and played no small part also in stimulating his ardour for travel and geographical research, the fruits of which are garnered in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum.

" The immediate result of the visit in 1876 was that he was induced by the then proprietor to acquire the Royal Bath Hotel—then, as now, the leading hotel of the town and district, famed as having in 1854 been one of the resting places of the then Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII) in his tour through the southern counties, and as the temporary home for a brief period in the winter of 1874-5 of the Prime Minister, Mr. Disraeli, who, according to the tradition of the establishment, made this the meeting place for Cabinet Councils preliminary to the opening of the Parliamentary session in 1875. In Sir Merton's hands, and he having the means at his disposal, the hotel underwent very large development, the improvement as well as the extension of accommodation, till it became the fine and luxurious place it is to-day, with a world-wide reputation, and with the record of having again and again housed royal and distinguished visitors both from our own and other countries. *En passant* and apropos of the happy relationship now subsisting between Great Britain and the Republic across the water, it may be mentioned that the Empress Eugenie is one of the guests whom Sir Merton has had the honour of receiving, and apropos of to-day's function it is equally interesting to recall the fact that Sir Merton, during his Mayoralty in 1895, here entertained H.R.H. the late Prince Henry of Battenberg, who came to discharge an important function in connection with the annual exhibition of the Royal Counties Agricultural Society.

" Sir Merton's activities were not confined to the development of his own business or the pursuit of his own pleasures. Taking a wider outlook, he soon became deeply interested in public affairs—in the promotion of anything and everything that would add to the attraction of Bournemouth, increase its material prosperity, and extend the scope of its beneficent influence. For over forty years past he has been one of the town's most prominent citizens, one of its most assiduous workers, ever striving for such a realisation of his ideals as would make Bournemouth pre-eminent as a health and pleasure resort. As far back as

Mr. Alderman Mate's Testimony

1883 he was elected a member of the old Board of Improvement Commissioners. He was a leading advocate of the incorporation of the borough, which was effected in 1890; he was Mayor in 1894-5, was appointed a Justice of the Peace in 1908, and in the same year and under circumstances narrated below, he received, in conjunction with his wife, the honorary freedom of the borough. But it is not as a member, but rather as a friend of the Local Authority that his chief work for Bournemouth has been accomplished. He has been a buttress rather than a pillar of civic administration. His labour, however, has been unremitting and his achievement great. His persistent advocacy of the Undercliff Drive had much to do with the consummation of that great undertaking, now generally recognised as one of the finest things ever attempted in Bournemouth, popularising the sea front as nothing else could possibly have done and doubling the town's value as a health resort. There is official authority for the statement that it was on his suggestion that the London and South Western Railway Company initiated their "direct line" between Christchurch and Brockenhurst, materially reducing the distance between London and Bournemouth, and ultimately bringing our beautiful seaside resort within about a couple of hours' journey of the great metropolis. The town owes much also to the hospitality of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes. Without attempting anything like a catalogue of festive events, we may mention the entertainment of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London on the occasion of the opening of the Pier in 1880, the hospitality extended to the British Medical Association, to the Royal Counties' Agricultural Society, to the visitors from the International Congress of the Press, and other bodies. Supplementing all this they have showered gifts almost innumerable upon the town and its institutions. When the town received its Charter of Incorporation Sir Merton signalled the event by presenting the handsome silver gilt mace which is carried before the Mayor on all state occasions, and Lady Russell-Cotes similarly made a gift of the gold and enamel badge worn at the end of the civic chain. The Council Chamber in Yelverton Road is adorned with carved busts of Queen Victoria, King Edward VII, the town's first surveyor (Mr. C. C. Creeke) and other local celebrities, all emanating from the same generous source. Similarly the walls of the Royal Victoria Hospital (of which Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes are both Life Governors) have been embellished with oil paintings, and—again I avoid attempting anything like a catalogue and content myself with a few illustrative examples which occur readily to mind—within the last few weeks I have had the pleasure of chronicling handsome gifts to the Council of Dr. Barnardo's Homes (for the establishment of a Training School for Merchant Seamen at Parkstone), and to the Shaftesbury Society, for

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a convalescent home for the benefit especially of weak, ailing and crippled children of London.*

"The Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum—the story of which I must now proceed to chronicle—in its munificence far surpasses all the other gifts; its value has from time to time been augmented, and is largely enhanced by the new extension, which it is hoped may lead to yet further advantage to the visitors and residents of Bournemouth. Indeed, it is one of the ambitions of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes that what they have done may be but as a foundation upon which others will build, so that as the years roll by the institution of which they have been the pioneers and donors may become one of ever increasing usefulness. I have referred to Sir Merton's love of travel. To that love of travel the Museum may be said to owe its origin. Travelling hither and thither, in countries near and remote, Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes soon began to make a collection of things curious or beautiful, things of scientific value, and things of historic interest. Their travels have extended to almost all parts of the habitable globe: to Europe, Asia, Africa and America, to Australia and New Zealand, to Fiji, Samoa, and the Hawaiian Islands, to China and Japan, to Turkey and Russia, to Egypt and Palestine, and to many other parts. From every one of these places they have brought back souvenirs, rare, beautiful and curious, to many of which there attach stories of romantic or historic interest. These, with the pictures, constitute the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum, to which Mr. H. V. M. Cotes has generously added a collection of objects associated with the life and work of the late Sir Henry Irving.

"For over fifty years Sir Merton has been a collector of pictures, and in that capacity acquired something more than local renown. For several years the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool was indebted to him for the loan of some two hundred and fifty modern oil paintings and water colour drawings, subsequently exhibited at Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Derby, Nottingham, Glasgow, Bath, Burnley, and Oldham, the exhibition at the last-named place being opened by Mr. Winston Churchill, who remarked that he had heard of one, two or three pictures

* 181, Queen's Gate,
London, S.W.
20th September, 1919.

My dear Sir Merton,

I think you and Lady Russell-Cotes are doing great work for the public good. That Home will be a wonderful service, which only useful-minded and very practical people, endowed as you both are with the spirit of generosity, could have initiated. How comparatively few are so animated. It is really a most beneficent and sensible thing to do for those who have the means to do it. It illustrates what a friend of mine said to me the other day, "Common sense is by no means so common as people think."

With kind regards.

Very sincerely yours,

A. G. TEMPLE.

[Mr. Temple, the Director of the City of London Art Gallery, is an old and valued friend.]

Held in Honoured Remembrance

being lent for public exhibition, but had never before known a whole collection lent for such a purpose. Pictures were also lent by Sir Merton to the Chicago Exhibition, the Glasgow Exhibition, the Guildhall of the City of London, the People's Palace, Whitechapel, the Grafton Galleries and other places—souvenirs of which remain in the form of beautifully illuminated addresses of thanks, which form one of the features of the Bournemouth gallery. This collection was dispersed some years ago. But Sir Merton did not abandon his 'hobby'—if I may so describe a pursuit which was practical as well as idealistic. He had a large collection of other pictures in his own home, and these, with many recent additions, have passed or are passing into the possession of the people of Bournemouth.

" East Cliff Hall was originally erected as a private residence,—on a magnificent site with a frontage facing West and overlooking our beautiful bay, backed by the Purbeck Hills and the white-pillared rocks of Old Harry, at Handfast Point. The house was a birthday gift from Sir Merton to his wife. For its donation to the town, Bournemouth is indebted to that lady ; that now is common knowledge. I shall not be unduly rash if I suggest that it is only one of many things for which she is, and deserves to be, held in honoured remembrance. She has been a generous collaborator with her husband in all his work and munificence, and Sir Merton seems never to tire of acknowledging how much she has helped him and how much of his action has been due to her advice and initiative.

" East Cliff Hall fulfils a triple purpose. As stated above, it was a birthday gift from husband to wife ; Lady Russell-Cotes in turn has made it a free gift to the town ; and an inscription within the building shows that it serves also as a loving memorial to their respective parents. The presentation was made to the town in 1907, and the deed of gift recites that the grantors, having always taken a deep interest in the progress and prosperity of Bournemouth, 'are desirous of seeing established within the borough an Art Gallery and Museum of objects of interest, and that to that end they have decided to hand over to the Corporation the residence known as East Cliff Hall, a plot of land adjoining the same, and a collection of paintings, prints, ornaments, bric-a-brac, and other objects of art and vertu contained therein, for the purpose of forming an Art Gallery and Museum for the use and enjoyment of the inhabitants and visitors of Bournemouth.' This gift was appropriately acknowledged by the Council, who, by unanimous vote, conferred both upon Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes the honorary freedom of the borough, 'in recognition and appreciation of their great generosity and unselfish local patriotism,' and

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signified their feeling that 'so public-spirited an act of liberality entitles them to the lasting goodwill and regard of their fellow townsmen, and also to have their names recorded high upon the scroll of those whom the Council and town have been proud to honour.' Coincident with this, Sir Merton was placed on the Commission of the Peace for the borough, and in the following year he received the honour of knighthood—a distinction which was no doubt intended, in some degree, as a recognition of his services rendered at Bournemouth.

'East Cliff Hall had, however, one defect: it was leasehold property. That defect has been rectified, again through the generous instrumentality of Lady Russell-Cotes. Proposals for an endowment of the Gallery were submitted to the Council some time ago. Some difficulties presenting themselves, the offer was withdrawn, and in its stead Lady Russell-Cotes decided to acquire the freehold and present it to the town, at the same time undertaking, at her own charges, to erect an important extension. At their meeting on the 1st February, 1916, the Town Council accepted this 'generous offer' with 'very grateful thanks,' adding that by making it Lady Russell-Cotes had 'added largely to the deep debt of gratitude which the town owes to her ladyship and Sir Merton in connection with the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum and the valuable treasures therein.' But though the Council was relieved from difficulty, Lady Russell-Cotes was not exempt from trouble. Our country was at war, and 'Dora' imposed such restrictions upon building operations that for a time work had to be entirely suspended, and when at last resumed could only proceed very slowly. But the work is complete at last, and, as our illustrations depict, the new apartments are very handsomely decorated,—adorned with many pictures not in the original collection presented to the town in 1907, prominent among them being the four pictures by Mr. Edwin Long, which Sir Merton, at great expense, acquired some years ago.

"The new building, admission to which is through East Cliff Hall, comprises three large apartments, for the arrangement and decoration of which Sir Merton is himself responsible in every detail. Many of these bear distinct impress of his artistic personality.

"In a previous paragraph I have referred to some of the many honours which have been conferred upon Sir Merton. I ought also to mention that he is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and was one of the eight original promoters of the Japan Society, of which, in 1892, Lady Russell-Cotes was also elected a member, as she is also of the Royal Society of Literature, a distinction which I am told is shared by only one other lady in the kingdom. Sir Merton is President

Westward from the Golden Gate

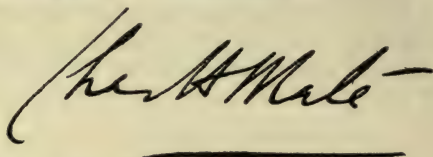
for the current year of the Bournemouth Literature and Art Society, and within the last few weeks he has been elected a Vice President of the British Association and also of the local branch of the Royal Colonial Society. Lady Russell-Cotes is the authoress of a very interesting series of papers, published some years ago, dealing with her travels in Russia, and of a yet more important book of travel—copiously illustrated and of very attractive reading—entitled ‘Westward from the Golden Gate.’

“As Chairman of the Education Committee I would like to take this opportunity of saying I hope and believe the gifts of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes will promote art education in the borough, as well as affording means of pleasure and recreation to the general body of visitors and residents. I remember with gratification Sir Merton’s former association with the Art Schools—when the work was wholly dependent upon private initiative and patronage. I rejoice at the large development which has now been achieved. And I share in the hope which Sir Merton himself expressed some time ago—that these gifts will stimulate other activities, that other generous friends will send donations to the Art Gallery or Museum, and that ultimately other institutions may be established providing yet further facilities for education and intellectual recreation. I would advocate, however, the immediate preparation of a catalogue—or perhaps two catalogues, the one dealing with the pictures and the other with the multifarious exhibits of the Museum. An excellent catalogue of pictures was prepared some time ago by Mr. Kerrison Preston. It is still available, but it only includes a few of the works in the new galleries, and requires bringing up to date. And if the maximum of interest and benefit is to be secured for visitors, a museum catalogue must also be provided—a catalogue which shall be something more than a brief list of exhibits. Attached to many, probably most, of the articles included in the collection there is an interesting story: a story which, perhaps, only Sir Merton himself can tell. There is the shrine, for instance, which Sir Merton had such difficulty in getting out of Japan—there is a story there which should be set down in black and white. So, too, should there be explanatory notes relating to souvenirs of kings and statesmen, of artistic rarities, of natural curiosities, and of articles which make special appeal to science students.

“I cannot conclude this notice without an expression of personal sympathy both with Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes. The latter is too ill to take any part in to-day’s proceedings—to ‘rejoice with them that do rejoice’ in the consummation of those acts of local patriotism which have earned for her the gratitude of the people of Bournemouth. Sir Merton has to do ‘double duty,’ and however gratifying it may be

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to him to know that the work to which he and his wife have devoted a life-long study, is now accomplished, it must be a great grief that she cannot stand by his side and tender her own gift to the Mayor, as the representative of the municipality of Bournemouth.



" Bournemouth, February 1st, 1919."

From the " Bournemouth Visitors' Directory " of 8th February, 1919 :—

" THE PRINCESS'S ARRIVAL.

" Her Royal Highness arrived at the Central Station about 1 o'clock, and was met by Miss Minnie Cochrane, Lady-in-Waiting, who had been spending two or three days in Bournemouth, and the Mayor and Mayoress (Alderman and Mrs. Bishop). Her Royal Highness having inspected the guard of honour, the party entered three motor-cars, the Princess and the Mayoress occupying the first, the Mayor and the Town Clerk the next, and the Lady and Gentleman-in-Waiting the third, and drove to the King's Hall.

" At the entrances to the Royal Bath Hotel and the King's Hall flags were displayed, and a gilded coat-of-arms shone resplendent over the entrance hall, while the Royal Standard floated from the flag staff.

" The route taken was Holdenhurst Road and Old Christchurch Road to the Square, and thence through the Pleasure Gardens to the rendezvous. Preceded by mounted police officers, the royal party quickly reached the King's Hall, where her Royal Highness was received by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert V. M. Cotes.

" AT EAST CLIFF HALL.

" After luncheon, H.R.H., with the Mayor and Mayoress, drove to East Cliff Hall, where they were received by Sir Merton Russell-Cotes and Mrs. Stebbing (acting on behalf of her mother, who, as explained elsewhere, was unfortunately not well enough to leave her room). Miss Phyllis Stebbing also attended and presented H.R.H. with a beautiful bouquet of orchids, grown in the East Cliff Hall gardens. The opening ceremony took place in Gallery No. 1. Here, seated on the dais, were H.R.H. and suite, Miss Minnie Cochrane and the Hon. Francis Colborne, the equerry. On the right of H.R.H. sat the Mayor and Town Clerk, and on the left Mrs. Stebbing and Sir Merton Russell-Cotes. Others present were the Mayoress, Captain

The Mayor's Speech

Stebbing, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. M. Cotes, the guests at the luncheon (including the Duke of Somerset), the Misses Evelyn and Anita Cotes (daughters of Mr. H. V. M. Cotes) and Miss Phyllis Stebbing.

"The word 'Welcome' was inscribed in gold lettering above the archway, to the left of which hung the portrait of the late King Edward VII, draped with the royal purple. The dais was adorned with flowers. H.R.H., who was dressed in black, carried the bouquet of orchids already mentioned.

"Previous to the opening ceremony, however, Her Royal Highness was given the benefit of a 'private view,' not only of the new Art Gallery, but of East Cliff Hall and its wonderful treasures. Sir Merton himself acted as conductor, and we understand many of the pictures drew from his guest marked expressions of appreciation. Particularly was this the case with regard to Edwin Long's great works, 'Anno Domini,' 'Jephtha's Vow,' and 'The Chosen Five.' Fred Goodall's 'Palm Offerings' recalled to the mind of H.R.H. the fact of having seen it many years ago at Cannes. Edwin Landseer's picture 'A Highland Flood,' was another painting which claimed admiring attention, as did also Turner's fine picture of St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall. 'The Awakening,' by Charlton, was also noticed, and H.R.H. could not but be deeply impressed with the fine portrait of the late King Edward VII. On the frame of this picture there is an inscription which reads as follows: 'The Great Peacemaker. By Tennyson Cole. Presented by Lady Russell-Cotes, F.R.S.L., to the people of Bournemouth, February 1st, 1919, being the 59th anniversary of her wedding day.' The picture which most attracted attention in East Cliff Hall—we are referring to the house, as apart from the new galleries—was Professor Firls's 'Luther's Hymn,' a beautiful work which by this time is doubtless familiar to a great number of our readers. While in this part of the building H.R.H. also inspected Lady Russell-Cotes' unique collection of rare and extinct birds, from Australia and New Zealand, collected by herself, and also her collection of rare and beautiful butterflies, etc. Opportunity was also found to note the delightful views from the principal windows of the house—an opportunity which was repeated later on when H.R.H. was entertained to tea in Lady Russell-Cotes' boudoir.

" HIS WORSHIP'S WELCOME.

"The Mayor conducted the ceremonial part of the proceedings with admirable clearness and dignity. In welcoming the Princess he said:—

"Your Royal Highness, your Grace, Ladies and Gentlemen,—My first duty and privilege, as the representative of the burgesses of Bournemouth, is to extend to your Royal Highness a most sincere and hearty welcome and to express our very cordial thanks for your

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presence on what, to us, is indeed an auspicious occasion. It is an occasion of a nature in which you have at all times taken an appreciative interest—one affecting the well-being of the people. The one regret, which will be shared by all present, is that Lady Russell-Cotes is unfortunately not able to be with us. We all deplore this extremely, particularly seeing that it is to her ladyship we are indebted for the generous gift we are to receive to-day. I am sure I am voicing the feelings of all when I ask Sir Merton and Mrs. Stebbing to convey to Lady Russell-Cotes our great regrets, and our sincere wishes for her speedy recovery (hear, hear).

"I may perhaps be allowed to state very shortly the facts relating to the occasion on which we have met. In February, 1908, Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes (who had in many ways already shown a keen interest in the affairs of this fast-growing and progressive borough) handed over, for the benefit of the borough, the lease of the beautiful house and grounds of East Cliff Hall, now known as the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum, together with many of the valuable pictures and exhibits which it contained (applause). As an appreciation of this gift, Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes were in July of that year presented with the freedom of the borough—this being the highest distinction the Corporation could offer them (applause).

"They have since added to that fine collection so considerably as to make more room essential for its proper accommodation, hence the magnificent galleries in which we now stand have been added, entirely at the cost of Lady Russell-Cotes (applause).

"I may here heartily congratulate the architect upon what I consider the most perfect example of his excellent work in the borough, and I am glad to take this opportunity to thank Mr. H. E. Hawker, who has carried out this work so admirably.

"Her ladyship was also extremely desirous of possessing the freehold ground rents attached to the property, and, having recently been able to carry out this intention, has expressed her desire to hand over these to the borough, thus ensuring the freehold of this beautiful property to the town without encumbrance—a further mark of the generous feeling Lady Russell-Cotes entertains towards her fellow-burgesses.

"This, however, is not all. I have recently received from Sir Merton Russell-Cotes a letter in which he expresses his desire to endow the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum with a further gift of £5,000.

"This, all will agree, is a most handsome donation. It has not until this moment been made public. It will go a very long way towards providing for the upkeep of this fine art gallery and museum, which will always be looked upon by the borough as a permanent memorial

“ Treasures of a Life-time ”

of the exemplary generosity of two of its most prominent citizens. And in this connection I may perhaps be allowed to refer to the other members of the family of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes. They of course are interested in these gifts, and I know and am very pleased to state that Mr. Herbert Cotes and Mrs. Stebbing, the only son and daughter of the donors, completely and heartily agree with the generosity of their parents, and are thoroughly in sympathy with them (applause).

“ That is a brief outline of the events leading to this interesting occasion, when I am allowed the privilege of inviting your Royal Highness formally to open these handsome galleries, and to declare them and their valuable contents to be the property of the inhabitants of Bournemouth, as the generous gift of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes—the freehold and valuable collections of rare museum exhibits from all parts of the world as the gift of her ladyship, and the pictures, statuary, and other art treasures as the gift of Sir Merton (applause).

“ TREASURES OF A LIFE-TIME.

“ Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, on behalf of Lady Russell-Cotes, then addressed H.R.H. with regard to the East Cliff Hall property as follows:—

“ May it please your Royal Highness, Mr. Mayor, your Grace, Ladies and Gentlemen,—To-day I am the mouthpiece of my wife—whose illness I deplore—who bids me convey to your Royal Highness her heartfelt thanks for your gracious presence on this the 59th anniversary of our wedding-day, and in opening the extension of the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum, and it is her earnest hope that the gallery which she has built and given to her fellow-townsmen will be appreciated by them, and that it will develop their love of art, not only for its artistic merits but also for its educational value. The whole arduous arrangements in building, decorations, and all details incident upon this undertaking, which have devolved upon me, have been a labour of love, with the hearty co-operation and goodwill of my wife, my son and my daughter; and so the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum and its extension has come into existence, eventually to become the sole property of the Mayor, Aldermen and burgesses of the County Borough of Bournemouth. But it is to my wife that they are especially indebted, not only for to-day's gifts, but also for all the museum exhibits of birds, butterflies, bric-a-brac, and curios of every description, which she herself has collected during our tours throughout the world. In short, it has been a life-long labour of love for us both, and if our fellow-townsmen have as much real pleasure in viewing our gifts as we have had in collecting them, we shall ourselves feel amply rewarded, and that our efforts have not been in vain. The endowment which my wife and I have

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determined to add to our other gifts, we hope will be acceptable towards providing a competent curator for the art gallery and museum in the future.

" There is another undertaking very dear to my wife's heart, and at her earnest request I hope I may be allowed briefly to refer to it. It is in regard to the proposed Mercantile Marine School at Parkstone, for the training of British boys for our mercantile marine. The freehold of the land for this patriotic object we have given to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, also a piece of land adjacent thereto for a convalescent home to the Shaftesbury Society, and we beg your co-operation in this matter. I am delighted to see his Grace the Duke of Somerset and Sir John Kirk (both of whom are identified with these gifts) here to-day.

" I should like to add that I feel extremely grateful to our worthy and excellent Mayor for the kindly and affectionate manner in which he has referred to my beloved wife, and this I am sure will be equally appreciated by her numerous friends, both at home and abroad. The portrait of ' King Edward the Peacemaker ' is a special gift from my wife to you (applause). She has specially dedicated it to this day on the visit of her Royal Highness to open the gallery (applause).

" I again beg to express our delight in welcoming your Royal Highness to our beautiful health resort, and also our guests here to-day, and I hope and believe that our heavenly Father will bless us in our efforts to serve men and women and children in generations to come (applause).

" THE DEEDS TRANSFERRED.

" Mrs. Stebbing, on behalf of Lady Russell-Cotes, then handed over the deeds of the property to the Princess, who presented them to the Mayor.

" In acknowledging the gift, his Worship said : I am honoured to receive this gift of the deeds at your hand, and ask you to be gracious enough to declare this gallery open (applause).

" H.R.H. Princess Beatrice in doing so said : It gives me great pleasure to declare this beautiful gallery open. I have much pleasure also, Mr. Mayor, in declaring the museum open to the public. I consider it a most generous gift on the part of Lady Russell-Cotes and Sir Merton (applause).

" ILLUMINATED ADDRESS.

" The Mayor said it was desirable that they should convey their high appreciation of the generosity of Lady Russell-Cotes, the donor, in the form of an illuminated address, which he then asked the Town Clerk to read, as follows :—

" The Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the county borough of Bournemouth desire, on the occasion of the opening of the extension

H.R.H. regrets my Wife's Illness

galleries of the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum by her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice (the honour of whose gracious presence is highly appreciated), to record their sincere gratitude to Lady Russell-Cotes, F.R.S.L., for the generous gift to the town of the freehold of the art gallery and museum and its handsome additions.

"They regard it as a magnificent gift, following the beneficent presentation of art treasures by Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S., and herself, previously made for the benefit of the borough.

"The day has an added interest from the fact that it is the 59th anniversary of the wedding of the donor, and they offer their heartiest congratulations on that event, and their best wishes for her ladyship's complete restoration to health.

"Given under the common seal of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the Borough of Bournemouth this first day of February, 1919.

ED. E. BISHOP, Mayor.

HERBERT ASHLING, Town Clerk.

"The address, having been read, was handed by the Mayor to Mrs. Stebbing, who, amidst applause, received it on behalf of her mother.

"The Mayor, on behalf of the Corporation and burgesses, thanked her Royal Highness for her very great kindness in honouring the town with her presence, and in having graciously declared the new gallery open. He asked her to be good enough to accept as a slight memento of the occasion a gold key, bearing the arms of the borough.

"The Princess: Thank you very much.

"REMINISCENT OF EARLIER DAYS.

"Miss Evelyn Cotes then presented her Royal Highness, on behalf of her grandmother, with a portfolio of views of East Cliff Hall and of incidents that occurred during the visit of the Princess's husband, the late Prince Henry."

The time at our disposal being so brief, immediately after the ceremony I escorted the Princess to my wife's boudoir, where she was entertained to tea by my daughter, Mrs. Stebbing, and my daughter-in-law, Mrs. Cotes. The Princess expressed herself charmed with the exceptionally beautiful view of the bay and the Purbeck Hills, from the windows. After tea I conducted her Royal Highness to her motor car, when, shaking hands most cordially, she said, "I have enjoyed a most delightful visit, but regret Lady Russell-Cotes' illness

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prevented her from being present, and I beg you to convey to her my earnest hope that she will soon be better."

After describing the opening ceremony the "Bournemouth Echo" for 1st February, 1919, proceeds as follows:—

"THE NEW EXTENSION.

"The new extension, running in a south-easterly direction and abutting on the cliff walk in full view of Bournemouth's many visitors, consists of three galleries, each 40ft. by 25ft. and 17ft. high. They are very substantially built. The outside balustrade and vases were designed by Sir Merton, and beneath the arms of the Russell-Cotes family is a bronze tablet—also designed by Sir Merton—facing the sea, which bears the inscription 'Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum. Presented to the Borough of Bournemouth by Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, July 15th, 1916.' The entire development of the new extension is absolutely original in every detail.

"The interior is handsomely finished with cove ceilings and decorative panels. The decorative work has been carried out by Sir Merton and his own men. It will be remembered that the work of the extension had been begun, with the removal of the original fireplace at the end of the hall, and the erection of the walls, when the Ministry of Munitions gave directions for the building operations to cease. But, through the kind intervention of Brigadier-General H. Page Croft and Lord Ribblesdale—two of the trustees—the Controllor consented to the work being carried on, but only allowed three men to be engaged—two practical men over 60 years of age and a labourer. Notwithstanding this handicap, the building was completed, and a handsome addition it has proved to be. The lighting is from the roof with external lantern lights, the delicate stained glass, designed by Sir Merton, moderating the light on bright sunny days and giving adequate light in dull weather.

"In the glass roof are inscribed the names of British artists—quite a pleasing feature in the design of the galleries. The style and details of the gallery were designed by Sir Merton, who also carried out the arranging and hanging of every picture, the method adopted being of a special kind. For warmth there are inner moulded steel ceiling lights, with decorative glazing. The heating, by the low pressure hot-water system, is splendid, and excellent, too, is the ventilation in the ceiling and by outlets through the cove. The floors are of polished oak laid on concrete beds. The artificial lighting is by electricity, carried out by Sir Merton's own workmen and supervised by him personally. The present entrance to the hall will give access also to the new galleries.



The arrival of H.M. King Edward VII (when Prince of Wales) at the Royal Bath Hotel, on January 16th, 1890. This was the second occasion on which our late beloved King had honoured Bournemouth with a visit.



The arrival of the then Lord Mayor of London (Sir Francis Truscott), at the Royal Bath Hotel, on his visit to Bournemouth, 11th August, 1880.



H.M. the late King Edward VII,
with his favourite dog, "Cæsar."

“Edward, the Peacemaker”

The building has been erected by Messrs. Jenkins and Sons, Ltd., of Bournemouth, to plans prepared by Mr. H. E. Hawker.

“THE THREE GALLERIES.

“The Russell-Cotes Road leads one to the main entrance to the art gallery and museum. Just within is the Irving Room, in which is a rare collection of articles associated with famous actors and actresses. These have all been collected by Sir Merton, and lovers of the histrionic art will linger over the memories and associations which these unique exhibits recall. Passing down the stairs into the hall, with gallery above—crowded everywhere with objects of study, contemplation and admiration—a description of which has already been published, the visitor passes beneath the circular archway—the site of the old fireplace—and enters gallery No. 1. The impression is pleasing, and it deepens as one gazes upon a scene which bears the mark everywhere of the true conception of art. Not only the soft light from the tinted glass roof, the artistic decorations on the walls and the fine assembly of paintings and sculpture by artists of the first rank, but the motif, too, is equally impressive. It is contained in the words ‘The eye rejoices in the beautiful from hour to hour.’ This original wording, painted over the arches of the gallery, where it at once arrests attention, is accompanied by the initials of the author, M.R.C., whilst at each end is represented the Hampshire rose. Sir Merton has dispensed with quotations from eminent artists and authors, and has proclaimed his own conception of art and beauty, which is also seen in the wording above the arch entrance to the other galleries: ‘Man’s ideal of Nature is reproduced in art’; ‘As music is to the ear, so is art to the eye’; ‘Art is promoted by a cultivated mind’ and ‘The Eye rejoices in the Beautiful from Hour to Hour.’

“In gallery No. 1, a spacious room, where the opening ceremony took place, the first picture of note is a fine portrait of ‘King Edward VII, the Peacemaker’ (by Tennyson Cole), formerly the property of the Duke of Marlborough. The artist has given a very lifelike presentation of the late King, in his regal Coronation robes, to which just now the visitor turns with eager admiration for the part he played during his peaceful reign. The painting, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1908, and with which the owner declined to part, is one of the superb portraits which Lady Russell-Cotes, in February, 1918, presented to the people of Bournemouth. Another royal photograph, ‘The Four Generations’ (Windsor Castle in 1899), by Sir W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., has historic as well as artistic merit. It was exhibited by Command at Buckingham Palace and Marlborough in 1913.

“A very fine portrait of Henry Irving as Charles I, by William Archer, the Scottish R.A., is imposing as well as strikingly realistic. One of W. P. Frith’s best pictures, ‘Ramsgate Sands, 1854,’ quite his-

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toric, and Fred Goodall's 'Subsiding of the Nile,' a fine conception of the subject, command one's admiration of the skill with which they are treated. Another, 'Snowstorm in the Highlands,' with rugged Highland cattle wending their way down between the snowclad hills, was painted by Louis B. Hurt for Sir Merton, and there are two portraits by Pyne, very much after the style of Turner. An exceedingly beautiful picture of the 'Yosemite Valley, California,' with its stupendous chasms and vivid colouring is no exaggeration, as Sir Merton can testify. Marvellous indeed is the painting, 'The Awakening,' by John Charlton, R.I., exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1916. A prophetic picture, truly, of the destiny which has now overtaken Germany. Behind the figure of Germany are the military and Prussian element pulling her down into the hell of war. Germany, arrested by the cries of the poor, starving and suffering, is awakening to a realisation of what war means, and before her stands the figure of Justice, behind which are gathered the Allies, and the chief sufferers, Belgium and Serbia. A clever painting of Lewis Waller as 'Mons. Beaucaire,' by the Hon. John Collier, is typical of this artist's work. Much attention will be bestowed upon a hand-painting—a striking contrast to British art—which is probably unique in Europe. A cleverly-executed work, purchased in Kioto, Japan, it is a very old and rare Kimono originally belonging to a former Mikado. It presents 'The Incarnations of Buddha,' the central figure being Buddha after he has become incarnate.

"Two bronzes in room I claim attention, the first, a statuette by Princess Louise, being a replica of the statue of Queen Victoria in Kensington Gardens—a clever and accurate piece of work—and 'The First Funeral,' depicting the bewildered figures of Adam and Eve at the death of Abel, whom they are carrying to a resting-place. A work by Barrias, it has been described as the finest and most accurate piece of anatomical sculpture which members of the British Medical Association have seen.

"Among the principal pictures in Gallery No. 2 is a fine painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., of 'A Highland Flood,' a large canvas which repays careful study. A torrent is sweeping down the mountain side, upon which the peasants, cattle and poultry are seeking refuge from the rising flood, which is rapidly submerging the homestead. The expressions of the faces of the terrified wife and child contrast strongly with the serene and almost expressionless features of the old man, blind and deaf to all that is happening around him. The painting of the animals is noteworthy, particularly of the dogs, who enter into a sympathetic appreciation of the calamity which has overtaken the family. Very fine, too, is the treatment of 'St. Michael's Mount,' by J. W. M. Turner, R.A. Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, a local artist, is represented by 'Gipsies in the New Forest,' a picture which made

The "Edwin Long" Room

the name of the artist and was exhibited at the Royal Academy. 'The Shipwreck,' by J. Brett, R.A., is a quite realistic representation of a cyclone, with its black and angry mountainous waves, with the golden shafts of sunset illuminating the sky in the background. Those who have seen a cyclone describe it as a wonderful picture. One of the best pictures, by Sir David Murray, is 'Above the Mill,' with its fine evening effect and sunset glow, and another fine picture is 'Icart Bay, Guernsey,' by Henry B. Wimbush, in which the artist has beautifully portrayed the golden-hued rocks. A landscape of Oxford by J. J. Aumonier, noted for its beauty of tone and delicate treatment, and a finely executed bronze figure of a 'Dancing Faun' are also among the noteworthy exhibits in this gallery.

"Gallery No. 3 will be known as the 'Edwin Long' room, the works being chiefly those of that artist. Probably the canvas which will attract most attention is 'Anno Domini : or The Flight into Egypt.' The figures are admirably treated, whilst the head of the animal is in itself a study. Very beautiful, too, is the picture of 'The Chosen Five.' Three Biblical subjects from some of the artist's best works are also worthy of note. 'Jephtha's Vow' depicts Jephtha, who vowed that if he were given the victory he would sacrifice the first person he met. The person happened to be his daughter, and the distracted father is horrified at the thought. The second, 'In the Wilderness,' whither the daughter was sent, is noted for its delicacy of expression, and the third, 'The Martyr,' with its white figure on the altar, the subject of grief to all around, is admirably presented. A good specimen of the work of Byam Shaw is seen in 'Jezebel,' and another excellent picture is 'Barbarossa.' One of the best of Fred Goodall's pictures is 'The Palm Offering,' and a remarkable series of pictures is 'King Ahab's Coveting,' by Rooke (Sir E. Burne-Jones' distinguished pupil).

"The pictures referred to above are only a few of the choice things to be seen in the new museum. There is also a very fine collection of marble and bronze statuary, and four cases of very rare and valuable old porcelain. Another contains Russian objects of art collected by Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes during their residence and travels in Russia, and there is also a collection of Russian gold, silver and other curios. Here are also to be seen the illuminated addresses which Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes have received from the boroughs and cities to which he has loaned at different times his collection of paintings. Among these are appreciations from Leeds, Liverpool, Glasgow, Bath, Sheffield, Oldham, Burnley, Bradford and Derby."

Home and Abroad

From the "Bournemouth Guardian" of 8th February,
1919:—

"PRINCESS BEATRICE.

"VISIT TO BOURNEMOUTH.

"RUSSELL-COTES ART GALLERY.

"BY A GUEST.

"Saturday was, I think, the first day on which the sun had shone all last week, and it helped to give a welcome to the Princess Beatrice. She came down to Bournemouth to open the extension of the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery, that I gave some little description of last week, and to receive the deeds of the freehold given by Lady Russell-Cotes. She, poor lady, has been for a long time unable to take an active part in affairs, and her kindly presence was missed. But it is known to many how keenly enthusiastic she has been in seconding her husband's many benefactions to the town, and it is to be regretted that she was unable to take part in this final dedication to Bournemouth of a building so beautiful and well equipped.

"Did I write 'final'? It is hardly a word applicable in this case, for until the day comes when that lovely East Cliff Hall no longer shelters the generous couple I doubt if there will be an end to their giving. The original gift was of the leasehold and of a considerable gallery of pictures and curios. It has been added to continuously, and now the freehold is made over, and the extension included, and the Mayor mentioned, at the ceremony, that a sum of £5,000 was to be dedicated by Sir Merton towards the maintenance hereafter. Guests on this occasion were handed printed lists of additional works of art that had been presented, and I am sure that he will not stop the process as long as he is with us. In coming to Bournemouth to accept these benefactions her Royal Highness paid the town a great honour, and I can only add, and do so with peculiar pleasure, that everything was carried out in a simple and yet most happy manner. There is such a thing as over-ornamentation, but I am sure that Princess Beatrice appreciated and understood the quiet and yet genial way in which she was received and the absence of those set formalities and ceremonials that must often make Royalty smile.

"The Mayor of Bournemouth is the last man to omit anything that is due to the rank of a visitor and to the importance of an occasion, but Bournemouth has never had a mayor who did just the right thing without push or ostentation better than he does. Her Royal Highness, who, as a daughter of Queen Victoria and a lady who has won the high regard of us all by her grace of manner and kindness of heart,

Mrs. Stebbing and Mrs. Cotes

was received on arrival at the Central Station, which had been duly decorated for the occasion, but not too ornately, by the Mayor and Mayoress.

"Naturally a considerable crowd gathered at the station and along the route to the Royal Bath Hotel and gave the Royal visitor a hearty welcome. At the King's Hall she and her suite were received by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert V. M. Cotes.

"The Princess, with the Mayor and Mayoress, motored after lunch to East Cliff Hall, where they were received by Sir Merton and Mrs. Stebbing (his daughter), who acted on behalf of her mother and did her part in the proceedings in that unaffected manner so typical of her.

"Her Royal Highness, escorted by Sir Merton, made a private tour of the art galleries. The ceremony took place in the first of the picture galleries of the extension. Her Royal Highness occupied the centre seat on the dais. On the right sat the Mayor and Town Clerk, and on the left Mrs. Stebbing and Sir Merton Russell-Cotes. Others present were Miss Minnie Cochrane (lady-in-waiting) and the Hon. Francis Colborne (the equerry), the Duke of Somerset, Sir John Kirk, the Mayoress, Captain Stebbing, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. M. Cotes, and Miss Evelyn Cotes (their daughter), Miss Phyllis Stebbing and the guests at the private luncheon.

"Just to the left of the dais on which Princess Beatrice sat was hung the life-size painting of her brother, King Edward VII, in his Royal robes. It was quite a happy touch to the scene.

"The Mayor, in a few felicitous sentences, welcomed Princess Beatrice to Bournemouth, and voiced the regret that Lady Russell-Cotes was unable to attend in person, and a hope for her speedy recovery. He then outlined the history of the gift of the Art Gallery and Museum to the town, and mentioned that in appreciation of the original gift in 1908, the Freedom of the Borough had been bestowed on both Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes. He also took the opportunity to congratulate the architect (Mr. H. E. Hawker) on what he considered to be a most perfect example of how an art gallery should be built. He referred in a most generous manner to the great sense of gratitude felt by the town for so munificent a gift, which would be a permanent memorial to the generosity of two of its most prominent citizens. Nor did his Worship forget to refer to the great public spirit shown by Mrs. Stebbing and Mr. H. V. M. Cotes, who had so willingly endorsed their parents' plans and had thereby earned the thanks of their fellow-citizens.

"Mrs. Stebbing then, on behalf of her mother, handed to Princess Beatrice the deeds of the property, and the latter presented them to the Mayor to hold in keeping for the town.

Home and Abroad

"Sir Merton, who was warmly received, referred with natural emotion to the absence of his wife. It was, he said, the 59th anniversary of their wedding day, and she had asked him to say that she hoped that the art gallery she had built and given to the town would be appreciated by her fellow-townfolk. Further, that it would develop a love of art not only for its intrinsic, but for its educational value. He added that it had been a labour of love with both of them and that they had had the hearty co-operation of their son and daughter. He also pointed out that Lady Russell-Cotes had donated the numerous collections of museum exhibits which she had herself procured on her travels. Turning to the painting of King Edward, whom, amid applause, he called 'The Peacemaker,' he said that it was a special gift to the gallery to mark that memorable occasion. He thanked the Mayor for the very kindly manner in which he had referred to him and his wife, and made a passing reference to the recent gift they had made of a freehold estate at Parkstone for the purpose of training British—he laid strong emphasis on the word 'British'—boys for the Merchant Service. They hoped, he said, that others would now come forward and help in that excellent work. He concluded by welcoming Princess Beatrice to 'our beautiful health resort.'

"The Mayor then expressed the honour it was to receive those beautiful gifts for the town, and asked her Royal Highness to be gracious enough to declare the gallery open.

"Princess Beatrice did so with great pleasure, and added, 'I consider it a most generous gift on the part of Lady Russell-Cotes and Sir Merton.'

"The Mayor remarked how much their generosity was appreciated, and, in the absence of Lady Russell-Cotes, which they deeply regretted, asked the Town Clerk to read the text of an illuminated address, to be presented to her through Mrs. Stebbing.

"The Mayor then asked her Royal Highness to accept from him, on behalf of the Town Council and burgesses, a gold key as a souvenir of the occasion, which she received, saying, 'Thank you very much.'

"Miss Evelyn Cotes having presented to her Royal Highness, on her grandmother's behalf, an album containing views of East Cliff Hall and of certain incidents when the late Prince Henry was the guest of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, the Princess left the building with her suite and proceeded to the station, leaving by the afternoon train.

"Many of the guests made a tour of the galleries, and there were numerous expressions of surprise and pleasure at the munificence of the gifts. After which they were invited to music and light refreshments in the King's Hall. As I wrote a week ago in describing a visit

The Names of the Trustees

to the place, beautiful and full of interest as it is, may it be a long time yet before the time comes when it is open permanently to the public, for that would mean the severing to many, like myself, of personal ties that have been welded during long years of friendship.

"The following guests accepted invitations to the private luncheon :—

"H.R.H. and suite, the Mayor and Mayoress, the Deputy-Mayor and Deputy-Mayoress, the Town Clerk and Mrs. Ashling, Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, Brig.-General H. Page Croft, M.P., the Mayor's Chaplain and Mrs. Johnstone, the Duke of Somerset, Mrs. Stebbing, Mr. H. V. M. Cotes and Mrs. Cotes, Captain Stebbing, Miss Evelyn Cotes, Lord Grenfell, Sir Daniel and Lady Morris, Councillor and Mrs. Youngman and Sir Thomas Lipton."*

From the "Guardian," February, 1917 :—

"It was intended to have given the names of the trustees of the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum after the presentation of the illuminated address by the Right Worshipful the Mayor to Lady Russell-Cotes. It, however, was overlooked, and, thinking it would interest our fellow-townsmen, we herewith append the names of these gentlemen, viz. :—

Mayor and Deputy Mayor for the time being for the Borough of Bournemouth.

Two Aldermen of the said borough to be annually chosen by the Council of the said borough on the ninth day of November.

* Amport St. Mary's,
Andover.

January 26th, 1919.

Dear Sir Merton,

I am sorry that I cannot accept the invitation to be present at the luncheon on the occasion of the visit of H.R.H. Princess Beatrice at Bournemouth on Saturday, February 1st, as I am still suffering from the effects of a motoring accident which involved the breaking of an arm.

I take this opportunity of congratulating you on the anniversary of your fifty-ninth year of married life and I hope that the occasion will be favoured with Bournemouth's usual sunny weather.

Believe me, dear Sir Merton,

Yours sincerely,

WINCHESTER.

Home and Abroad

The most Honourable the Marquess of Winchester
or other Lord Lieutenant for the time being
of the County of Southampton.

Sir George Augustus Tapps Gervis Meyrick,
Baronet (or the person for the time being in
the enjoyment of the title).

The Rt. Hon. Lord Ribblesdale, P.C.

General Page Croft, M.P. (or M.P. for time being).

Sir Daniel Morris, K.C.M.G.

Trustees for the time being acting under the trusts
of the will of Merton Russell-Cotes and their
successors in office—H. V. M. Cotes and Geo.
Wm. Bailey."

The following letters may be interesting in so far as they
relate to the Trusteeship of the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and
Museum.

Mr. Druitt is one of our oldest friends. He was Clerk to
the Board of Commissioners when I was a member of it, and
is also a brother ex-Mayor and Justice of the Peace. Our
friendship has continued since our taking up our residence in
Bournemouth 43 years ago. I have to thank him for his
courtesy to me during my year of office as Mayor. The name
"Druitt" has been associated with Christchurch and Bourne-
mouth for many years past.

Avebury,
Bournemouth.

June 7th, 1908.

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

Many thanks for your kind letter. I am very pleased to be
associated officially with the munificent gift of yourself and Mrs.
Russell-Cotes to Bournemouth.

With kind regards.

Yours very faithfully,

JAMES DRUITT.

The Marquess of Winchester

Avebury,
10, Madeira Road,
Bournemouth.
May 9th, 1916.

Dear Sir Merton,

Will you allow me, though perhaps rather tardily, to congratulate you on having passed another milestone on life's journey, and entered on your 82nd year, and I trust that you may be spared for many years. I am glad to think that although not enjoying robust health, you are able to take an interest in all that goes on, particularly in all that is associated with the welfare of Bournemouth.

Please convey to Lady Russell-Cotes and to the members of your family my congratulations on having preserved to them a life which must be so much valued.

With kind regards, believe me,

Yours very faithfully,
JAMES DRUITT.

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S.

52, Mount Street,
London, W.
18th January, 1908.

Dear Sir,

Lord Winchester has instructed me to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 13th inst., and to say that he will have much pleasure in becoming one of the Trustees of the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum.

With kind regards, believe me, dear sir,

Yours faithfully,
F. N. BUTLER, Capt.
Secretary.

To M. Russell-Cotes, Esq.,
East Cliff Hall,
Bournemouth.

The Most Honourable the Marquess of Winchester, besides being the sixteenth Marquess, is premier Marquess of England, and Hereditary Bearer of the Cap of Maintenance, and both he and his ancestors have distinguished themselves and "made history." Several of the Marquesses of Winchester held the title of Duke of Bolton, the second Duke becoming the Viceroy of Ireland in 1717, the third Duke was Constable of the Tower. In fact, it would be difficult to find a noble family

Home and Abroad

of which so many members have distinguished themselves in the service of their country. Bournemouth is therefore to be congratulated upon having so distinguished a member of the aristocracy as a trustee of their art treasures.

Hinton Admiral,
Christchurch, Hants.

Dear Mr. Bailey, January 10th, 1908.

It will give me great pleasure to be one of the Committee of Management of Mr. Russell-Cotes' Art Gallery and for it to devolve on my successor in title.

I shall also be pleased to waive the covenant in the lease as to use of the premises otherwise than as a private dwelling-house in favour of it being an Art Gallery.

I consider Mr. Russell-Cotes' is a most magnificent gift to the town of Bournemouth, and I feel very much honoured by being asked by him and the Council to be one of the Committee of Management. I shall be pleased to come over any time I am wanted, if possible.—I am,

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE MEYRICK.

Cavendish Hotel,
Jermyn Street,
St. James', S.W.

Dear Sir Merton, 4th January, 1914.

Thank you very much for sending me a copy of the deed of your most munificent gift to Bournemouth and its citizens.

I read through the details of the collection you have made with great interest this morning, and I cannot sufficiently admire the breadth and diversity of your collector's instincts.

With kind regards.

Believe me, yours sincerely,
RIBBLESDALE.

East Cliff Hall,
6th January, 1914.

To the Right Hon. Lord Ribblesdale, P.C., J.P.,

Cavendish Hotel,
81, Jermyn Street,
London, S.W.

Dear Lord Ribblesdale,

My wife and I were delighted to receive your kind letter expressing your appreciation of what little we have endeavoured to do in promoting the love of art among our fellow townsmen.

Lord Ribblesdale

We value your opinion beyond measure, knowing as we do your high standing as an art expert.

Through the death of my dear old friend Sir Charles Scotter, a vacancy has occurred in the trusteeship, and it would be a great honour conferred upon the borough and most gratifying to the Mayor and Corporation and ourselves if your Lordship would accept the position of Trustee to fill the vacancy.

With kind regards, believe me to be, my Lord,

Very sincerely yours,

MERTON RUSSELL-COTES.

Cavendish Hotel,
Jermyn Street, St. James, S.W.

January 23rd, 1914.

Dear Sir Merton Russell-Cotes,

Your letter of 6th January is at once kind and inspiring. I accept with pleasure the post of trust you have so kindly asked me to occupy.—Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

RIBBLESDALE.

The Right Honourable Lord Ribblesdale is a charming man, a splendid representative of the English nobility and a sportsman. He is a great enthusiast in British art, but has a great contempt for the impressionist and cubist school of art. On the occasion of an exhibition of this class of picture at the Municipal College, which he consented to open, he had a good laugh on finding that one of the pictures which had received a prize had been hanging upside down at the time of the award!! He asked me if I had seen the exhibition, and on my replying "No," he said, "Very well—don't go."

The following extract from "Bournemouth and District Amusements" of 14th February, 1914, should prove of interest:

"The Right Hon. Lord Ribblesdale, who opened the Art Exhibition at the Municipal College about a month ago, took advantage of his visit to Bournemouth to inspect the art gallery and museum at East Cliff Hall, the gift to the borough of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes. He then expressed his great gratification at the many treasures which Sir Merton and

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Lady Russell-Cotes had gathered together, stating it was a miniature 'Wallace' Collection, and much more varied in its exhibits, and he has since, I understand, consented to become one of the trustees of the museum, filling a vacancy caused by the death of Sir Charles Scotter. Remembering the position of Lord Ribblesdale in the art world—he is, among other things, a trustee of the National and 'Tate' Galleries—the compliment paid the town by his acceptance of the offer is one that will be appreciated. By the bye, the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum, at East Cliff Hall, Bournemouth, was opened for the season on Wednesday afternoon, and over 500 persons availed themselves of paying a visit to the very fine art treasures which Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes have collected, and were extremely pleased with all they inspected."

53, Onslow Gardens,
S.W.
April 1st, 1912.

Dear Sir Merton,

Many thanks for your letter with the trust deed enclosed. I regard it as a great honour as the member for Bournemouth to be one of the trustees of the Art Gallery.

With kindest regards, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

H PAGE CROFT.

After considerable thought I have decided, at this juncture, to introduce the following cutting concerning my beloved wife, without, however, her knowledge and consent, knowing with what deep interest it will be read by the many friends by whom she is so sincerely loved:—

From the "Court Journal," 9th March, 1910.

"Lady Russell-Cotes, F.R.S.L., M.J.S., is a native of Glasgow, and was born on the 15th July, 1835. As a child she received her education at Girvan, in Ayrshire, and when about fourteen years of age, her father, Mr. John King Clark, W.S., of East Woodside, Glasgow, sent her to reside with the

Concerning my dear Wife

family of Dr. Lloyd, of Westbourne Villas, London, in order to continue her education with Dr. Lloyd's only daughter, under masters who attended at the house for this purpose. The celebrated Signor de Pinna was her music and singing master, and possessing a very fine contralto voice, she soon became very proficient in these studies and one of his favourite pupils—so much so, that he wrote several songs specially for her. Music, languages and mathematics were her favourite studies.

“ Lady Russell-Cotes is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, and one of the original members of the Japan Society ; she is on the Council of the Shaftesbury Society and Ragged School Union, is a member of the Ethnological Society, and also of several other literary and philanthropic societies. She is also a Governor of the Royal Victoria Hospital.

“ She was married to Sir Merton Russell-Cotes on the 1st February, 1860, and her family consisted of four daughters and one son ; there remaining Mrs. Stebbing, of “ Fernside,” Parkstone, and her son, Mr. Herbert Victor Merton Cotes, a solicitor, who has held the position of one of the Christchurch Guardians and a member of the Bournemouth Borough Council.

“ Lady Russell-Cotes occupied the position of Mayoress in 1894-5, when she had the special honour of entertaining H.R.H. the late Prince Henry of Battenberg on the occasion of His Royal Highness coming to Bournemouth in his official capacity as President of the Royal Counties Agricultural Society. It is to her generosity that the people of Bournemouth are indebted for the free gift of the beautiful building of East Cliff Hall, which will eventually be known as the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum, and in appreciation of which the Mayor and Corporation conferred upon her the freedom of the borough of Bournemouth.

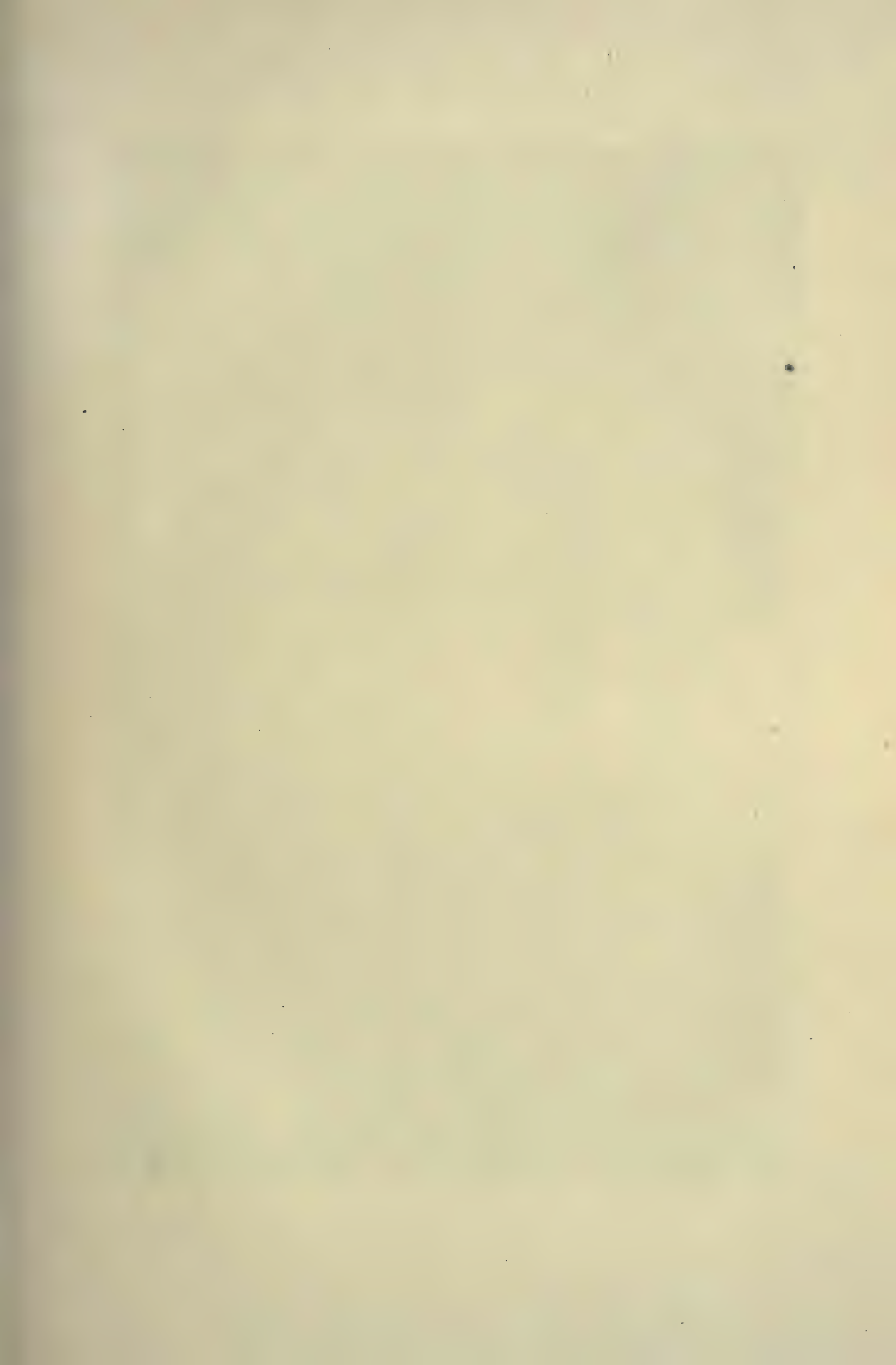
“ Lady Russell-Cotes has travelled very widely and has acquired during her travels a very large collection of specimens of entomology, conchology, and rare and valuable curios.

Home and Abroad

One of the most interesting tours was to the Sandwich Islands, where she explored, with her husband, the great volcano, Kilauea, and Mauna Loa, in Hawaii. This great crater of active living fire is twelve miles in circumference and the largest in the world. Lady Russell-Cotes, accompanied by Sir Merton, went across the floor of the crater to the active lake of fire, three miles in circumference, called Halemaumau, *i.e.*, "the house of everlasting fire."

"Lady Russell-Cotes has also done some literary work, the principal being a book on Japan, China, India, etc., entitled "Westward from the Golden Gate," and one lately, "Letters from Russia," printed for private circulation only.

"She presented the mayoral badge (which is still worn by the Right Worshipful the Mayor of Bournemouth) at the same time that Sir Merton Russell-Cotes presented the mace, which was a facsimile of the one given by Queen Elizabeth to Wolverhampton, Sir Merton's native place, Tettenhall, being adjacent to that town."



Lachrymas non Tenebamus.

* * * *

H.M. KING EDWARD VII, THE "PEACE-MAKER"

*(Who bestowed upon me the honour of Knighthood,
July 22nd, 1909).*

Born at Buckingham Palace, November 9th, 1841.

*Married to Princess Alexandra Caroline Marie Charlotte Louise
Julia of Denmark, March 10th, 1863.*

Succeeded to the Throne, January 22nd, 1901.

Crowned in Westminster Abbey, August 9th, 1902.

Died at Buckingham Palace, May 6th, 1910.

Interred at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, May 20th, 1910.

* * * *

*"Edward the Great ! Edward the Peace-maker !
The gracious monarch, and the kindly man.
The nations mourn thee, and with loving hearts
Will keep thy mem'ry ever there enshrined.
It seems but yesterday the crown was placed
With much rejoicing, on thine honoured head :
And now the muffled bells ring out thy knell
And weeping crowds pass silent by thy bier."*

* * * *

Talent is power ; tact is skill.

Talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it.



H.R.H. the late Prince Henry of Battenburg's arrival at the Royal Bath Hotel.



Portrait of the late Prince Henry of Battenburg, my wife, Colonel Clerk (the Prince's Comptroller),
H.R.H.'s Equerry and myself.

CHAPTER XI

Visits of Royalty

The visits of his late Majesty King Edward VII when Prince of Wales—H.R.H. Prince Henry of Battenberg's visit as our guest during my Mayoralty—Duchess of Albany—H.R.H. Prince Albert—H.H. Marie Louise.

*"Farewell, great Monarch! Mighty Prince of Peace!
Thy Empire Mourns Thee—and not it alone—
All other Kingdoms wail without surcease
Thy Short-held Throne!
"Farewell, King Edward! Thine the Brief-lived Reign—
Thine the Pure Record that Each Heart Endears;
Thou'st left Two Things—a Throne without a Stain
—A World in Tears!"*

I FEEL I cannot more fittingly inaugurate this chapter than by quoting the following interesting letter, which speaks for itself:—

"Directory" Office,
Bournemouth.

January 1st, 1889.

Dear Sir,—With regard to the conversation we recently had respecting the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to Bournemouth, Poole, Swanage, Dorchester and other places in this part of the country in the year 1856, I have referred to the "Poole Herald" of October 9th, 1856. There is a statement of His Royal Highness's tour in this part of the country. From this statement, which was collected by myself at the time, it seems that the Prince, who was then about fifteen years of age, was travelling incog., accompanied by the Hon. Colonel Cavendish, one of the grooms in waiting, and Mr. Gibbs, his tutor.

Home and Abroad

To the article from which I have made these quotations, there is appended a list of places visited by His Royal Highness, which may be of interest if I quote *in extenso* :

Tuesday, September 23rd—Bournemouth : The Prince and his attendants visited this distinguished watering place, and took up their quarters at the Bath Hotel.

Wednesday, September 24th—The Prince perambulated Bournemouth, and strolled along the beach to the mouth of Poole Harbour, and crossed over to Branksea, and remained a considerable time inspecting the Castle and grounds. . . . The party then proceeded through Parkstone to Poole . . .

Thursday, September 25th—His Royal Highness visited Poole Quay and viewed the harbour and town generally, and at twelve o'clock proceeded to Canford House and from thence to Wimborne. . . .

Friday, September 26th—His Royal Highness again passed through Poole on his way to Corfe Castle and Swanage. . . . From Swanage the Prince and his attendants walked to the famed Tilly Whim, and afterwards joined their carriage at Kingston.

Saturday, September 27th and Sunday, September 28th—The Prince and his attendants occupied apartments at the King's Arms, Dorchester.

Monday, September 29th—His Royal Highness arrived at Lyme; but in strict privacy. The Mayor called, but being told that His Royal Highness was travelling in strict privacy, no demonstration was got up. His Royal Highness visited the Cobb on the following morning.

Wednesday, October 1st—The Prince visited Sidmouth, and from thence proceeded to Exmouth, where he slept for the night.

Thursday, October 2nd—The Prince arrived at Exeter from Exmouth by coach and . . . proceeded to Teignmouth, and it is rumoured that His Royal Highness will visit Cornwall to view the property of the Duchy.

You will see from the above extracts from the "Poole Herald" of 1856, that it was in the month of September of that year that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales visited Bournemouth.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM MATE

(Proprietor and Editor of the "Bournemouth Visitors' Directory").
M. Russell-Cotes, Esq., Bournemouth.

“ With his usual Gallantry ”

Apropos of the above mentioned visit, it is stated that Miss Toomer, the then proprietress of the Royal Bath Hotel, was brought in contact with the Prince. She was unaware of his rank, but on being informed who he was, remarked that she “ was sure he was one of the highest in the land from the way in which he bowed.” Another incident worth recording is this one : When it became known that the Prince and his tutor were going to the Royal Bath, there was much bustling about to beautify the rooms, and when His Royal Highness entered one of the apartments, he found a Miss Innes standing on the top of some steps arranging some curtains. Thereupon the Heir-Apparent, “ with his usual gallantry,” insisted upon holding the steps until the young lady had descended in safety.

A further visit during the period of my own residence gave me an opportunity of seeing the Prince of Wales. When the visit was fixed I at once took steps to do all I could to make the visit worthy of Bournemouth. The following correspondence and reports will show something of these arrangements.

From the “ Bournemouth Observer,” 24th December, 1889 :—

“ At a meeting of the Bournemouth Board of Improvement Commissioners on Tuesday, Mr. W. Fisher presiding, a letter, dated 17th December, was read from Mr. Russell-Cotes, Chairman of the Royal Bath Hotel, who, thinking it might be an acceptable way of celebrating the Royal visit, stated that, instead of increasing his subscription to the reception committee, as he had intended to do, he proposed giving a public banquet, and intimated that it would be a very great pleasure to have the honour of entertaining the Board of Commissioners at his own cost on that occasion, also the Clerk to the Board and the Surveyor. As some of his invitations had been accepted by several Mayors and other gentlemen,

Home and Abroad

he would be glad to receive the names of those gentlemen of the Board who would honour him with their presence on the evening of the 16th proximo, in order to enable him to complete his arrangements. After one or two observations from Mr. Beechey and others, the Board decided to accept the invitation."

The following is quoted from the "St. James's Gazette," January 17th, 1890 :—

"THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BOURNEMOUTH.

"Yesterday Bournemouth put on her brightest smiles in honour of the first visit the Prince of Wales has paid to her since he was a boy of fifteen. The pine-perfumed air was as soft and scented as that of the Riviera, and by lengthened snatches during the day the sun shone warmly over the bay, touching the distant headlands with a line of silver. No wonder that Bournemouth is popular. The swift trains of the South Western Railway—some of them are among the fastest that leave London for southern England—will in two hours take you far away from the miserable slush and the melancholy mist of a London winter, and deposit you in a climate at once soft and vigorous, healing and reposeful. To be able to sun yourself on the sands in a straw hat and without an overcoat in mid-January is indeed to extract winter's sting. The people of Bournemouth, proud as they may well be of their lovely little town, determined that it should make the best impression upon their Royal visitor, and they succeeded to a marvel. Spurred by the energy of Mr. Russell-Cotes, without whose aid nothing can be done in Bournemouth, they collected money enough to give the Prince of Wales a stately welcome such as could not have been outdone by the proudest provincial capital. The streets and houses were decorated with much taste. The triumphal arches in particular—there were fourteen of them—were admirably designed; the most effective being an Eiffel tower in evergreens, a hundred feet

Letter from Lord Knollys

high. But the culminating point of the decorations was reached at the Royal Bath Hotel, that wonderful caravanserai which is more like a luxurious country house than an hotel. Here the Prince of Wales, who, with Prince George, Lady Wimborne, and Lord Randolph Churchill, had driven in from Canford House, escorted by a troop of Hampshire Yeomanry, who looked exceedingly like Cromwellian Ironsides in their burnished helmets—made a halt, while Lady Wimborne pointed out to the Prince the quarters he occupied more than thirty years ago in what was then a modest hostelry.

“ Whilst Lieut. Dan Godfrey’s* band played the National Anthem, the Prince expressed his admiration of Mr. Russell-Cotes’ very artistic and elaborate decorations.”

The following appears in another report of the Royal visit :—

“ . . . On arriving within the precincts of Bournemouth the visitors proceeded down the Lansdowne Road, St. Paul’s Road, Holdenhurst Road, and Old Christchurch Road to Gervis Place, and up to the Royal Bath Hotel, in front of which Lieut. Dan Godfrey and the band of the Grenadier Guards were in attendance, and immediately struck up the National Anthem. Here the Prince commanded a halt, and expressed himself as astonished and delighted at the magnificent decorations which covered the whole of the large front of the

* Letter from Lord Knollys :—

Sandringham,
Norfolk.
27th December, 1889.

Sir,

I have submitted your letter of the 23rd instant to the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness fully appreciates the loyal feelings which animate you, and he willingly accedes to your request in regard to the band of the Grenadier Guards playing on the occasion of his visit to Bournemouth.—I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,
FRANCIS KNOLLYS.

M. Russell-Cotes, Esq.,
Bournemouth.

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hotel, where, as I have stated, His Royal Highness was a resident in 1856. . . .

“The decorations and illuminations of the Royal Bath Hotel were very elaborate, and it must be added, very effective. The decorations consisted of two lines of crimson drapery along the two main cornices with national shields and groups of flags, draped to form trophies, fixed between the windows, and at other points to relieve the whole. The centre mast bore the Royal Standard, and the masts at each end the words ‘Royal Bath Hotel.’ At the left wing of the building was the inscription, ‘H.R.H. the Prince of Wales sojourned at this hotel September 23rd to 25th, 1856.’ Along the bottom cornice were festoons of real evergreens, cut from the grounds of the hotel; along the top cornice were fixed wreaths of green lamps—to represent evergreens—tied with crimson knots. The plan of illumination provided for the whole building being outlined; the main entrance was specially treated. Over the centre was placed a magnificent crystal medallion with plume in centre and motto, ‘God Bless Them,’ around; the whole surmounted by a Royal Crown. This centrepiece was surmounted by two scrolls, representing roses, fleur-de-lys, and laurel leaves composed of crystal globes in their proper colours, the whole flanked with the letters ‘A.A.’ in white and green crystal. The whole of the centre of the house was outlined with amber coloured lamps, and the motto ‘Welcome’ in opal, was placed across the principal facade. On each pinnacle were the dates ‘1856’ and ‘1890’ in green lamps; representing the two visits of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; the whole surmounted by a flare-up at each pinnacle. All the windows were outlined with variegated lamps. To complete the whole design, the towers at each end were outlined on the front side with lines of open gas jets, representing stars.”

After this interlude the Prince proceeded to the Royal Victoria Hospital for the purpose of opening it. During the

“Oh, yes, Your Royal Highness ”

ceremony he had occasion to go up the main staircase, where the twelve oil paintings which I had given to the hospital were hung. He seemed very much struck with them, and remarked to Mr. Richard Stephens*—who was then chief magistrate in Bournemouth, and lieutenant of the county—who received him on that occasion, that it was unusual to see valuable oil paintings in a hospital. Mr. Stephens replied, “Oh, yes, Your Royal Highness, they are the gift of Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, who is one of our governors.”

In the evening followed the banquet that I gave to commemorate the Royal visit, at which many of the leading personages in the county were present.

From the “Bournemouth Observer ” :—

“Mr. Wyndham Portal, Chairman of the L. & S.W.R., said he was sure they would be prepared to greet the next toast with enthusiasm, when he told them that it was the health of the donor of the magnificent entertainment—(loud applause)—to which he had been so kind as to invite him (the speaker) and them. His (Mr. Portal’s) acquaintance had not been so long as that of many of those whom he was addressing, but

* From my old friend of 43 years ago, the first and only Justice of the Peace and Income Tax Commission in Bournemouth when we took up our residence there. He and my dear old friend Mr. Creeke (the first Surveyor and “Father” of Bournemouth) were frequently together in our endeavours to develop the town :—

78, South Audley Street, W.

February 3rd.

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

Will you do me the favour of accepting two portraits of T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales which I am sending by train to you? I wished very much to send you some little expression of my sense of obligation for your personal kindnesses to me and my son (which I shall never forget) as well as some record of your splendid hospitality, and I felt that nothing would be more acceptable to you than these portraits of T.R. Highnesses, by Valery. They are the latest, and as they have signed them, it is a proof they are esteemed by T.R.H.

If they give you and Mrs. Russell-Cotes pleasure I am amply satisfied.—Believe me,

Yours very faithfully,
RICHARD STEPHENS.

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it ran back, at all events, as long as their host, the chairman, could reckon. His earliest acquaintance with Bournemouth was contemporaneous with his acquaintance with his friend, the chairman of the night. (Applause.) He had watched his (the chairman's) career, especially of course with reference to the town of Bournemouth, and he had thought no one would doubt the fact when he said that there was no one within the large number of thirty-three thousand of whom they just now heard who possessed a greater spirit of enterprise—(applause)—a more large-hearted wish to do good—thoroughly and sincerely—not only to himself, but to Bournemouth; to his friends and neighbours, to the country generally. (Applause.) Mr. Russell-Cotes was a gentleman who possessed genius and excellent taste. He first came to Bournemouth, he believed, about thirteen or fourteen years ago, for a period of repose; but the magic air of the neighbourhood so inspired him that from the very first moment he came there down to the present, his life had been one of the very greatest activity.

“Mr. Portal then referred to the visit of Sir Francis Truscott to open the magnificent and picturesque pier some few years ago, and to the liberality which Mr. Russell-Cotes displayed on that occasion, remarking that he believed that that event had done more to bring Bournemouth into prominence than anything that had occurred prior to that time. (Hear, hear.) It was not above a year after that that some of the directors of the South Western Railway Company were at that house and Mr. Russell-Cotes had an interview with them, urging them most strongly to take Bournemouth out of being a branch or second-class line of railway, and to bring the direct line to it, and make it a first-class railway. (Applause.) He mentioned this because the direct line now formed a very considerable feature in the progress that Bournemouth had made, and was making; and though he was no prophet, yet he would venture to add, ‘and will continue to make’

International Medical Congress

(Applause.) Not long after that, there was an International Medical Congress in London, and one of our most eminent professional gentlemen invited the members of the congress to come to Bournemouth. They came, and Mr. Russell-Cotes took a leading part in entertaining them. (Applause.) All minor matters such as the part Mr. Russell-Cotes had taken in charities and building, he need not enter into. He was told that since the time of which he was speaking, Mr. Russell-Cotes had found it necessary to seek retirement and repose. He had come back to England again, and he hoped he (Mr. Russell-Cotes) would not find it necessary again to leave, for the example which he set of good fellowship and brotherhood was one that might well be copied. (Applause.) He trusted the life of their host might be spared for many years yet to come, so that he could enjoy the reputation he had so well earned. (Applause.)

“ The toast was drunk with considerable enthusiasm, coupled with the name of Mrs. Russell-Cotes.

“ The chairman, who was most warmly cheered, said no words of his could be capable of expressing his feelings. The kindly way in which Mr. Portal had expressed himself had quite taken the wind out of his sails. He could only say he had resided now in Bournemouth for thirteen years, and those years formed the happiest portion of his life. (Applause.) Speaking of the Royal visit, Mr. Russell-Cotes said he felt morally convinced that none of them could form the slightest conception of the advantage that would accrue to Bournemouth from the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The Lord Mayor of London came here nine years ago, and that little event was the means of putting Bournemouth in a position from which it had never gone back. But as compared with the Prince of Wales' visit, the Lord Mayor's visit was but as a star to the sun—(applause)—and he felt quite certain that they ought all of them to thank Lord and Lady Wimborne

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for their great kindness, and to thank His Royal Highness for so graciously coming to open that excellent institution, the Royal Victoria Hospital."

Shortly after this event I had a very severe attack of influenza, and my doctor ordered me abroad for a complete rest from business and town worries, so, accompanied by my wife and son, I visited the West Indies, Mexico, the U.S.A. and Canada. On my return therefrom, one of the pleasantest incidents in my life took place, as the following extract from the "Bournemouth Directory" will show:—

"VISIT OF PRINCE OF WALES TO BOURNEMOUTH: PRESENTATION TO MR. MERTON RUSSELL-COTES.

"On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, F.R.G.S., was presented with a handsome illuminated address on vellum, in recognition of his public hospitality on the occasion of the visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to Bournemouth last January. The address was bound in Russia leather, lined with watered silk and richly coloured gilt. The first page of the souvenir showed the coat of arms of the Prince of Wales, richly emblazoned; the second, the crest of Mr. Russell-Cotes, and the following inscription: 'Address presented to Mr. Russell-Cotes, F.R.G.S., on his return to Bournemouth after a long voyage.' The third page consisted of two exquisite little sketches of the Jubilee Hospital and the Royal Bath Hotel and grounds, with the following address: 'To Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, F.R.G.S. We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, desire to express our appreciation and thanks for the great hospitality displayed by you and Mrs. Russell-Cotes to a large number of influential guests and private friends on the occasion of the opening of the Jubilee Hospital by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on January 16th, 1890.' On the fourth page were sketches of the Scots Church, the Invalids' Walk, Old Harry Head, and the

“A most hospitable host”

continuation of the address as follows: ‘We unite in congratulating you on your safe return to Bournemouth after a long voyage to the West Indies, Canada, and the U.S.A., and in wishing you and all your family long life, health and prosperity.’ The remainder of the album was filled with the signatures of the donors, and it should be added that the gift is one to be valued no less for its spontaneity than for its artistic worth. The presentation was preceded by a complimentary luncheon at the Royal Bath Hotel, the chair being occupied by Mr. R. Stephens, Chairman of the Bench of Magistrates. The function was attended by a large number of the principal inhabitants of the town, as well as by friends from a distance.

“After the repast, the toast list was proceeded with. After giving ‘The Queen,’ which was loyally responded to, the chairman proposed ‘Mr. and Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes,’ remarking that he was sure they would join with him in recognising the hospitality, the geniality and kindness with which Mr. Russell-Cotes received all his guests on the memorable occasion of the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to Bournemouth. (Cheers.) He could say for himself, and was sure he was speaking for them all, when he said that they would never forget that occasion, and the noble way in which Mr. Russell-Cotes came forward and entertained so large a party at his banquet. In Mr. Russell-Cotes’ presence he would not say more on that point, beyond that they recognised in him a kind friend, a most hospitable host, and an excellent neighbour. (Cheers.) It was a very auspicious day when the Prince visited Bournemouth, and Mr. Russell-Cotes’ hospitality made it doubly so in coming forward to entertain so many of his guests in the very hotel the Prince of Wales himself had visited. (Cheers.) He was old enough to remember when His Royal Highness first visited the hotel, and the last time he was in Bournemouth he had the pleasure of relating

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to him a little anecdote about his former visit. On the morning after the Prince's arrival, when he went into his sitting-room, he found the housemaid putting up the curtains, and he was so shocked to see a woman in such a position that he begged to be allowed to hold the steps while she finished her work. (Laughter.) On relating this anecdote to the Prince, he said, 'I wonder whether I was old or young then?' (Laughter.) That was only by the way, but returning to his theme, he would assure Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes that they enjoyed the goodwill and esteem of all their townsmen. (Cheers.) After reading the text of the address, the chairman presented it to Mr. Russell-Cotes, remarking that he was sure they would all join in drinking his very good health, and that of his wife and family, and congratulations on their return from their travels. (Cheers.) Before he sat down he remembered another of Mr. Russell-Cotes' numberless kindnesses in that he had most handsomely and liberally presented to the town on the occasion of its becoming a municipal borough a mace, and Mrs. Russell-Cotes had given the badge for the Mayor's chain. (Cheers.) He was sure that it was superfluous for him to say anything further to emphasize Mr. Russell-Cotes' liberality and munificence, which he was sure would be received with acclamation by the whole town. (Cheers.)

"Mr. Russell-Cotes, who was warmly greeted, on rising to respond, said he really thought himself incompetent to express to the chairman and those present his feelings for so many expressions of good-fellowship and kindness in reference to himself for the magnificent presentation. His wife and he felt it a red-letter day, and a day they would never efface from their memory. It was a day which would always be foremost in their mind. They had always felt a great desire to do all that they could for the welfare and prosperity of Bournemouth. (Hear, hear.) They had now lived in Bournemouth for fourteen years, and had seen many changes in that time.

“His most bountiful Hand”

Like many others, no doubt, they had been perfectly amazed at the marvellous way in which it had gone ahead by leaps and bounds. He remembered Bournemouth when its population was only 4,000, and now at least it was 40,000, and how many more it was impossible to state, for the population was of a migratory character. He was only glad with regard to the visit of the Prince of Wales that he had been able to mark it in some way, and to seize the right moment for doing it, for he held with Shakespeare when he said, ‘We must take the current when it serves, or lose our venture.’ Therefore he did what he did on that occasion, and was delighted that the banquet that he gave was so much appreciated. It was the greatest reward he had. (Cheers.) He had been travelling in some of the most remote parts of the world, and had seen some of the most beautiful spots that the great Architect of the universe had embellished with His most bountiful Hand. Among them he had seen Nikko in Japan, California, Madeira, Hobart Town in Tasmania, Kandy in Ceylon, and many other places, but of all the most beautiful places he had ever seen, none of them excelled in beauty their own charming health resort. (Cheers.) He would remind them that all their rare beauties, and the unique position in which they stood in the world as a health resort, required to be maintained, and the ratepayers should be prepared to pay a little more and to come forward magnanimously in assisting the authorities. (Hear, hear.) Their lovely attributes required attention and constant expenditure in order to keep Bournemouth to the front. He was delighted that the British Medical Association had decided to come to Bournemouth next July, and he hoped the town would make an effort to receive them in a fitting manner. (Cheers.) A certain amount of money would be required to be guaranteed by the inhabitants of the town, and he ventured to prognosticate that this would be forthcoming, and that there would even be a surplus. (Cheers.) On such an occasion

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they should 'come out' liberally and magnificently, for it was to the medical faculty in Bournemouth and England generally, that the town owed its success and prosperity. (Cheers.) He would say in conclusion that what he had done for Bournemouth he would be delighted at any time to repeat. He would do at all times the best he could for the interests of the town he had adopted as his home. During all his travels he had never forgotten Bournemouth, and wherever he went he only sang one song, and that was 'Bournemouth.' He and Mrs. Russell-Cotes had made a great many friends while travelling, and to all those he had only one request to make, and that was 'come and see Bournemouth.' (Cheers.) He was glad to say many of them had accepted his invitation, and had come. (Cheers.) Wherever he went he had one flag unfurled, upon which was inscribed only one word, and that was 'Bournemouth.' "

Nor was it only the Prince of Wales whom I was favoured to meet. One of the most interesting functions that occurred during my mayoralty was that of the visit of His Royal Highness Prince Henry of Battenberg, the President of the Royal Counties Agricultural Show meeting, which was held at Bournemouth.

The following is an extract from the "Bournemouth Guardian," June 15th, 1895 :—

"When it became known that the show was to be honoured with the presence of Royalty (H.R.H. Prince Henry of Battenberg) the Mayor (Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S.) kindly undertook to entertain His Royal Highness during his stay in Bournemouth, at the Royal Bath Hotel, and the Town Council decided to decorate the route from the station to be traversed by the Prince, in honour of the Royal visit and the holding of the show.

"During the last few months the Mayor has been absent from Bournemouth, being ordered to take a foreign tour for

Prince Henry of Battenberg

the benefit of his health, but he and the Mayoress returned last week, and immediately commenced making the necessary preparations for such an important event.

"The show was opened by the Mayor and Mayoress of Bournemouth on Tuesday, the 11th June, 1895, and in the evening of the same day the Mayoress gave a reception at the Royal Bath Hotel in honour of the opening. It was a brilliant function. The hotel was beautifully decorated, and there was a large and representative gathering, including the Council and members of the Royal Counties Agricultural Show. The Mayor and Mayoress (Mr. and Mrs. Merton Russell-Cotes) received the guests on arrival at the entrance to the dining hall, and for a couple of hours the whole of the south wing of the hotel was placed at their disposal. The magnificently furnished corridors and staircases, with their valuable paintings and curios, were utilised as a promenade. In the grand smoking room, which commands one of the most lovely views of the bay, Madame Cecil Newling gave several of her favourite songs, and in the drawing room Madame Felicie Matthien gave a pianoforte recital.

"Refreshments were provided in the Mikado's room. The grounds in front of the hotel were thrown open to the visitors, and being grandly illuminated, presented a charming appearance. Here the Corporation String Band, conducted by Mr. Dan Godfrey, junior, played a very fine selection of music.

"The reception was attended by upwards of 300 persons, consisting of the Aldermen and Councillors, members of the medical faculty, the leading residents and landowners, and the county nobility.

"ARRIVAL OF PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

"On Wednesday at noon, the Bournemouth East Railway Station and all its approaches presented a very animated scene. Red cloth was laid on the platform and up the main

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entrance, which was also decorated with flags and lined with evergreen plants. All the arrangements were perfect, and everything was carried out without a hitch.

" The police arrangements were in the hands of Captain Hoskisson, of Waterloo. The Bournemouth squad of the 7th Hants Yeomanry Carabineers, under the command of Captain Cory, took up their stand in the yard at noon, also one hundred of the 4th Hants Rifle Volunteers. They formed up in a double line on the platform facing the point at which the train was to draw up. Major Roberts Thomson was also present in plain clothes.

" The Mayor (Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes) arrived in his carriage almost at the same time, ready robed, and the members of the Town Council robed in the waiting room.

" To the minute the train conveying the Prince arrived. H.R.H. was accompanied by Colonel Clerk, his controller, and Captain the Hon. E. St. Aubyn, his equerry. As Prince Henry was stepping from his carriage he was met by the Mayor, who after a few moments' conversation presented him to the Town Clerk. Whilst this was proceeding the band of the 4th Hants Rifle Volunteers played the National Anthem. An address was read by Mr. Druitt, the Town Clerk.

" The Mayor then introduced the members of the Corporation to the Prince, H.R.H. remarking at the close that the Corporation seemed a very numerous body. He then walked along the lines of the Volunteers, and the Mayor then presented Major Roberts Thomson to His Highness. He and the Mayor then left the station, and entering the carriage which was waiting in the yard, drove to the Royal Bath Hotel, where he was the guest of the Mayor during his stay in Bournemouth. The carriage was escorted by the Carabineers, and followed by a carriage containing the Town Clerk and His Royal Highness's staff "



H.R.H. Prince Henry of Battenburg's visit to the Golf Links, during my Mayoralty.



Tree planted by Prince Henry of Battenburg in the grounds of the Royal Bath Hotel on the occasion of his visit. The group consists of His Royal Highness, my wife, my daughter, Mrs. Stebbing, my son Bert and myself.

The "Beef-eaters"

Awaiting the arrival of His Royal Highness at the hotel, there was a large crowd, and a small body of the local police (some of them mounted) were on duty there to keep clear the approach to the hotel. The Bournemouth Corporation Band, under Mr. Dan Godfrey, played various selections prior to the Prince's arrival, and the bells of St. Peter's Church were meanwhile ringing a merry peal.

The illuminated shields and flags at the Royal Bath Hotel lent a gay aspect to the scene, and the six javelin men *en costume* as "beef-eaters" who were stationed at the entrance porch and within the corridor, gave it a touch of picturesqueness. Prince Henry seemed to be much surprised to see these "beef-eaters," and eventually he asked me how I had managed to get permission to have them on duty, but I explained to him that they were not bona-fide "beef-eaters" from the Tower, but that they were our own men, for whom I had obtained the beef-eaters' costumes from the Savoy Theatre. He was exceedingly amused, and remarked that it was the first time he had ever seen such a novel and admirable idea.

Every preparation had been made for H.R.H.'s comfort. The band played the National Anthem. Before leaving our carriage, a photograph was taken of H.R.H. and myself, after which we proceeded to the "Beaconsfield" room, where my wife was presented to him, also my son and daughter. For the Prince's accommodation, three suites of rooms were placed at his disposal, namely, what are known as the "Prince of Wales," the "Beaconsfield" and the "Eugénie," and these had been beautifully and specially adorned with choice flowers.

Later on the Prince was escorted to the dining room, where luncheon was held.

Prince Henry sat on my right and my wife sat at the right of the Prince; next to her Lord Northbrook.

There were also present Lord Manners, General Sir Charles Shute, Sir George and Lady Meyrick, Lord Malmesbury, the

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Hon. and Mrs. Abel Henry Smith, Lady Shute, the Hon. F. A. Brassey, Sir Charles Scotter, Mr. A. F. Jeffreys, M.P., and Mrs. Jeffreys, and the whole of the Aldermen and Town Councillors ; also Dr. and Mrs. Roberts Thomson, other leading medical men, Mr. Charles Franklin Simmons, assistant Secretary of the Royal Counties Agricultural Society, and Mr. Martin Sutton, of Reading, the Hon. Captain St. Aubyn and Colonel Clerk, in attendance on Prince Henry ; also the officers of the guard and the officers of the escort. Mr. New officiated on that occasion as toastmaster, and the Bournemouth Corporation String Band rendered some fine music.

“ At the conclusion of the repast, a brief toast list was gone through. The Mayor gave the toast of the Queen, which was received with applause, and the playing of the National Anthem.

“ The Mayor said : Your Royal Highness, my lords, ladies and gentlemen,—I have to propose the health of Her gracious Majesty the Queen-Empress, and to say in the words of Tennyson :

“ Her Court was pure ; her life serene ;
God gave her peace ; her land reposed.
A thousand claims to reverence closed—
In her as mother, wife and queen.

(Enthusiastic applause.)

“ Prince Henry in reply said : Mr. Mayor, my lords, ladies and gentlemen,—On behalf of the members of the Royal Family, I beg to return thanks for the very kind words which you, Mr. Mayor, just now have given expression to, and to you, ladies and gentlemen, for the enthusiastic manner in which you have received this toast. (Applause.) In doing so, I desire to say with what great pleasure I received the invitation so kindly proffered to me to visit your beautiful and attractive town. At the same time, I must say I looked upon my selection as President of this most important society as a very great

“ The popularity of your Mayor ”

compliment, and I can assure you that I will do my very best to fulfil the duties of the office which I am pleased to hold during the year. (Applause.) Before sitting down, I should like to propose the health of our kind host, the Mayor of Bournemouth. (Applause.) Coming among you as a stranger it would be presumptuous on my part to descant to you on what I know as a recognised fact, the popularity of your Mayor. (Applause.) And if proof were necessary, I would only remind you of what I have heard with great satisfaction, namely, that the Corporation, in order to secure his valuable services as chief magistrate, did not hesitate to extend the area of selection beyond the usual limits of their own body. (Applause.) I will ask you, in drinking this toast, to join me in hoping that both the Mayor and Mayoress—(applause)—have returned much benefited by their recent visit to Italy and the South of Germany. (Applause.)

“ The Mayor in reply said : Your Royal Highness, my lords, ladies and gentlemen,—I cannot help but congratulate myself on it falling to my fortunate lot to-day to return thanks for the gracious and kind manner in which His Royal Highness has proposed my health. (Applause.) As time is pressing, I will only add how much we all feel indebted to H.R.H. for visiting Bournemouth. (Applause.) We feel proudly gratified at all times to have members of the Royal Family in Bournemouth, and we recall with pride and pleasure the fact that on two occasions H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has honoured Bournemouth with his presence. (Applause.) On the first occasion, some years ago, he conferred his patronage on this hotel by making it his sojourning place. On the second occasion, H.R.H. graciously opened the Royal Victoria Jubilee Hospital. (Applause.) I may add that Her Majesty the Queen has no subjects in her wide dominion who are more loyal to her than the burgesses of this beautiful health resort—(applause)—and we look forward to the time that Her Majesty

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may condescend to honour us with a visit—(applause)—if only for one day—(applause)—and so enable us to practically demonstrate to our gracious sovereign how heartily welcome she would be amongst us, and how deeply we should appreciate so generous an act, as we know that a visit from Her Majesty would add very much to the prestige and popularity of our town, if Her Majesty could be induced to pay a visit to the 'Queen of Watering Places' of our native land. (Applause.) I have to thank you, your Royal Highness, my lords, ladies and gentlemen, for the very kind and affectionate manner in which you have drunk the health of the Mayoress and myself, (Applause.)

"Other toasts were duly proposed.

"After luncheon the party drove to the show. The order of the carriages was as follows: The first carriage containing the Mayoress, Miss Ella and Mr. Herbert V. M. Cotes, the second containing the Town Clerk (Mr. J. Druitt, junior), and the third carriage containing His Royal Highness, the Mayor, Colonel Clerk, and Captain the Hon. E. St. Aubyn.

"H.R.H. was received by Earl Northbrook, with whom he shook hands, and then, whilst the band was playing the National Anthem, proceeded to a seat in the Royal box, the Mayor and Mayoress being seated on his right, and the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury on his left. Most of the ladies and gentlemen present at the luncheon also attended the gathering at the show. The grand stand was crowded, and there was an enormous crowd assembled around the great ring, and they cheered loudly on the arrival of the Prince. The various riding, driving and jumping contests were watched with interest by H.R.H.

"The Prince remained at the show yard until 4.30, and then returned to the Royal Bath Hotel, the position of the carriages being reversed. They drove back via the East Cliff Drive.

Royal Counties Agricultural Society

"The Prince was delighted with the cliffs and the grand views he obtained of the bay. On arrival at the hotel he expressed a wish to take tea with the Mayor and Mayoress, and accordingly H.R.H., Colonel Clerk, Captain St. Aubyn, the Mayor and Mayoress, sat down together in the Mayor's private drawing-room, which was at one time part of the suite occupied by the Duchess of Albany. Here the Prince noted with admiration Edwin Radford's painting 'Weary,' which was exhibited at the Jubilee Exhibition, and of which the Duchess of Albany has a replica. After this the Prince expressed his willingness to join in a group photograph of the party consisting of H.R.H., and the Mayor and Mayoress, which was then taken.*

"The Prince was then escorted through the grounds by the Mayor, and walked down the cliffs, where he again obtained splendid views of the bay. He expressed himself as being quite astounded at the size of the bay, and the rich yellow colour of the beach and cliffs. He was also surprised at the tides, until the Mayor explained to him that the ebb and flow were very slight.

"The Prince then returned at 8 o'clock, and was escorted by the Mayor to dinner in the dining hall.

* This portrait was enlarged and sent to H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice, and it is to this Prince Alexander refers in annexed letter from his school at Lyndhurst. Prince Henry also planted an *Ilex Quercus* (Evergreen Oak) in our grounds, the acorns from which my wife sent to the Princess Beatrice, and now growing in the grounds of her residence in the Isle of Wight.

Park Hill,
Lyndhurst.

May 22nd, 1898.

Dear Mrs. Russell-Cotes,

Thank you so very much for being so kind in sending me the photograph of my father which I hear has arrived quite safely, and I am longing to see it.

Yours sincerely,

ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG.

Home and Abroad

“THE COUNCIL DINNER AT THE ROYAL BATH HOTEL.

“The annual dinner of the members of the Council of the Royal Counties Agricultural Society was held on Wednesday evening at the Royal Bath Hotel. His Royal Highness Prince Henry of Battenberg presided, and amongst others present, in addition to many of the Council and officials, were: The Mayor (Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes), the Earl of Northbrook, the Earl of Malmesbury, Captain St. Aubyn, Sir Charles Scotter, Colonel Clerk, Mr. A. F. Jeffreys, M.P., Mr. Bonham Carter, the Mayor of Dorchester, the Town Clerk (Mr. Druitt), Mr. J. E. Cooper Dean, Mr. H. V. M. Cotes, Mayor of Eastbourne, Town Clerk of Eastbourne, Dr. Roberts Thomson, and many others.

“Prince Henry of Battenberg proposed the toast of Her Majesty the Queen. (Applause.) He said that in an assembly such as that the toast needed no enlargement, for they all knew the deep interest Her Majesty took in agriculture, and especially in their particular society. (Applause.)

“The toast having been received with enthusiasm, and musical honours,

“Prince Henry asked the company to drink to the health of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the members of the Royal Family. The support given to agriculture by the different members of the Royal Family, who followed the example of Her Majesty, was well known to them all. (Applause.) They appeared from time to time as successful exhibitors, and he need not remind them of the successes of the Prince of Wales at that very show. (Applause.) Being farmers themselves on a large scale, they could fully sympathise with the many who were at the present moment suffering so severely from agricultural depression. (Applause.)

“Sir Charles Scotter proposed the health of the Mayor and Corporation of Bournemouth, and testified to the admirable manner in which that body had tried to make the visit of the

The Council Dinner

society a success. The Corporation of Bournemouth was not an ancient one, but it possessed the secret of success in that when a majority had decided on a given course, the whole Council were loyal to that decision. (Applause.) At their head they had a Mayor (Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes) who they would all agree was a gentleman of great ability—(applause)—of indomitable perseverance, with a will of his own—(laughter and applause)—and who, like most of them, tried to get his own way. (Laughter.) Above all, he always on public occasions treated his guests with princely hospitality. (Applause.)

“The Mayor in response took the opportunity of expatiating upon many of the predominant characteristics of Bournemouth as a health resort. He also referred to the way in which the South Western Railway Company had come forward with ever increasing facilities for railway accommodation, and concluded by saying the only thing they wanted to crown the edifice was a visit from her Gracious Majesty the Queen. (Applause.)

“Lord Northbrook proposed the toast of the ‘President of the Society,’ and after a felicitous speech, reminding them that the Queen and other members of the Royal Family had always visited and supported the Royal Counties Agricultural Show, he wound up by saying that they now had the honour of welcoming Prince Henry of Battenberg as their President, and they would all agree that he had carried out his duties in a most satisfactory manner. (Applause.)

“Prince Henry thanked the Lord Lieutenant of the County for his kind reference to himself, but admitted that when he left Scotland on Tuesday, he had felt the fatigue of the journey ; but they had received him so kindly that he would carry from Bournemouth the best possible impression, and he hoped that the same would take place with regard to them.

“The Band of the Royal Marines played selections during the banquet, under the direction of Mr. George Miller.”

Home and Abroad

On Thursday morning, Mr. Dan Godfrey's full band played a delightful selection of music while the Prince, with the Mayor and Mayoress, were having breakfast. After breakfast H.R.H. sent for Mr. Godfrey and complimented him on the performance.

Immediately afterwards he said, "Now, Mr. Mayor, is there anything that I can do for you?" I said, "Well, sir, my wife and daughter would be delighted if you would kindly insert your autograph in their albums." He replied, "With the greatest pleasure," and I said, "For myself, I would ask you to kindly plant an ilex in the grounds." He said, "That also I shall be delighted to do. When?" I said that he could do it now. We therefore went out on the lawn, and the head gardener was there with the tree, everything being in readiness. H.R.H., in a very workmanlike manner, planted it. As the weather was very hot the tree was covered with scrim, to shelter it from the sun, and watered daily. It is now thirty feet high, and acorns from it were sent to H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg by Lady Russell-Cotes, and accepted with thanks. The Prince chatted very affably with my wife and daughter. A group photograph was taken just after the Prince had planted the tree.

I afterwards drove the Prince through the Lower Gardens, accompanied by Colonel Clerk and Captain the Hon. E. St. Aubyn. The Prince admired the gardens very much, and asked whether it was a public drive. I told him that it was not an ordinary drive, but the special privilege of driving along it had been accorded to only two personages, that was H.M. King Edward VII (then Prince of Wales) and himself. He expressed great amazement that it was not used regularly for a drive.

He admired the fountain, and suggested that the centre jet should be raised, and a rockery placed round, which, he thought, would be a great improvement.

The Prince at the Golf Links

We then drove to the golf links at Meyrick Park. Although the Prince had never played golf, he walked to the first tee, and struck off several balls. He missed the first stroke, but with the second, he sent the ball whizzing a tremendous distance. Mr. Tom Dunn, the golf links controller, was also present. The Prince expressed himself over and over again as being exceedingly surprised and delighted with the magnificent extent of country and the beautiful links, which, he said he was quite unprepared to find right in the centre of the town. He said it reminded him of a Scottish moor. He had no idea that there was such a beautiful place in the South of England. He was also pleased at the excellent provision that had been made for golf, cricket, football, bowling, and other games in the park.

I then gave orders to drive by way of the cemetery to the show grounds, which were reached at noon. Here we walked through the grounds, and inspected the exhibits, saw the shoeing competition and the bee tent, where he admired the marvellous manipulation of the bees. Both he and I made various purchases, amongst which was a summer-house which the Prince purchased, and two that I bought which are still in our grounds.

An adjournment was then made to the Prince's temporary rooms in the show grounds, where a private lunch was provided, those sitting down being H.R.H. the Prince, Colonel Clerk, Earl of Malmesbury, Lord Northbrook, Lord Alington, Lord Wimborne and myself.

During lunch, which was a very elegant and select function, Lord Malmesbury chaffed His Royal Highness on his having had so many invitations from those who were sitting round the table, and yet he had declined them all. I said, "No, my lord, not quite all, seeing that His Royal Highness has accepted my invitation and is my guest." The Prince said, "You are quite right, Mr. Mayor, and I am very glad

Home and Abroad

that his lordship has named it, as it enables me to give my particular reason for doing so. It is, that where it is a matter of a municipal body, and the Mayor personally of the borough or city that I might visit, I have always made a point, and feel it my duty, to accept the invitation of the chief magistrate." The company, with one accord exclaimed, "Hear, hear," and Lord Northbrook said, "And quite right, too, sir."

Afterwards the party adjourned to the Royal box, where my wife and daughter, and other guests assembled, when a jumping competition was watched with interest.

Before his departure from the East Station, the Prince shook hands with the Mayoress and Miss Ella Cotes, and expressed his thanks to the Mayoress in the heartiest manner for the attention and kindness that had been shown to him by her. At the station there was a special saloon carriage waiting attached to the four o'clock London express.

Whilst he was shaking hands with me after entering his saloon carriage, I told him how delighted the people of Bournemouth had been at having had the honour of his visit, and expressed their earnest hope that he would return at some future time. He said, "I am afraid, Mr. Mayor, that perhaps it is because I am the son-in-law of the Queen more than for myself." I earnestly declared that it was for himself, and himself alone, and that no other idea had ever entered our minds.

The train was then moving off, but he made a motion to the station superintendent, who at once stopped the train. It seemed as though he went with the most profound reluctance. He then again beckoned me to him, and again expressed his deep appreciation of all the kindnesses that had been shown him. "Especially," he said, "don't forget to tell the Mayoress how deeply I have appreciated all her numerous little personal attentions to me."

“Don't forget to tell the Mayoress”

I again retired, but yet again he beckoned me to him, and said that it would give him great pleasure, at some future time, to visit Bournemouth, and he hoped to do so in his yacht, as he had been so delighted with his visit.

At last we shook hands for the last time, and the crowd gave three cheers as the train gradually passed from our sight, H.R.H. still waving his adieux from his carriage window.

I never saw Prince Henry again. When I heard that it was arranged for him to go to Ashanti, I wrote to him at Balmoral, pointing out to him the awful dangers and risk accruing for a European from jungle fever, and I earnestly begged and prayed him not to go. I did not give him my address—my wife and I were travelling in Scotland and were at Innellan on the Clyde—but to my amazement two days afterwards I received a long telegram from him from Balmoral Castle thanking me for my letter and advice, but stating that it was too late, all the arrangements having been made, and duty compelling him to go.

That the views I had expressed to Prince Henry were unfortunately only too true, was proved by the result, for he developed jungle fever, was carried on board ship, and died on the voyage home.

The first intimation that we had of his death was on our arrival at Las Palmas, about mid-day, 25th January, 1896, when we saw the flags on all the vessels in the harbour at half-mast. On enquiring the reason, we were told that it was for the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg. My wife, daughter and I were standing together at that minute, and the news fell upon us like a thunder-bolt, and for a few minutes we stood speechless from emotion, because the Prince had endeared himself to us so much in his brief visit. His genial and charming nature left behind a feeling with us that we had known him for years, and that he had been a dear and an intimate friend. He was one of nature's perfect gentlemen.

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Perhaps I may here mention that in conversation with my wife, they happened to touch upon the question of British emigration and colonising in different parts of the world. He said, "It is marvellous how the Anglo-Saxon race have colonised the world, and not only that, but the way in which they have done it, the justice, equity, and good results that have appertained to their colonisation. This, Germany has never accomplished, and never will. The Germans do not understand how to colonise."

In one of the leaderettes in the "Guardian" of Saturday, June 22nd, 1895, it says:—

"A hearty vote of thanks was, at Tuesday's meeting of the Council, passed to the Mayor and Mayoress of Bournemouth (Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes) for the handsome manner in which they maintained the honour of the office on the occasion of the visit of Prince Henry of Battenberg and the Royal Counties Agricultural Society. There can be no doubt that the entertainment of the Prince was a right Royal one.

"Councillor D'Angibau said they must all have felt pleased at the magnificent and handsome way in which their Mayor and Mayoress entertained His Royal Highness. The undertaking must have entailed an enormous amount of care and trouble on the part of the Mayor and his family, to say nothing of the expense; and they must all feel grateful for their generosity."

That my efforts and those of my confrères to make the show a success were appreciated by the council of the society is shown by the following cutting from the "Court Journal" of December 7th, 1895:—

"Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S., has been unanimously elected a Vice-President of the Royal Counties Agricultural Society, in consideration of the kindness and hospitality shown by him to the society during the recent

The Duchess of Albany

visit of the society to Bournemouth. It was during Mr. Russell-Cotes' mayoralty that the society's show was held at Bournemouth, when he had the honour of entertaining his Royal Highness Prince Henry of Battenberg, President of the society."

Among other members of the Royal Family, the Duchess of Albany was a frequent visitor to our beautiful town. The following extract from the "Daily Telegraph" refers to one of her visits, though on this occasion only a brief one:—

"Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany, attended by Miss Edith Heron-Maxwell and Sir Robert Collins, visited Bournemouth for the purpose of distributing some prizes at the Industrial and Loan Exhibition in that town. Notwithstanding the continuous rain, which to some extent marred the day's proceedings, groups of spectators gathered around the station and along the route to the Royal Bath Hotel, and Her Royal Highness was heartily cheered. On alighting at the hotel, which was profusely decorated with bunting, the Duchess of Albany accepted a handsome bouquet of roses from Miss Clarie Cotes, and subsequently took luncheon in the south wing of the hotel, which commands an extensive view from the East Cliff."

H.R.H. the Prince Albert was the next member of the Royal Family to pay us a visit, the cause of which was brought about by my wife and I having presented to Dr. Barnardo's Homes nearly forty acres of land, being part of our "Parkstone Manor Estate" overlooking Poole Harbour, the upper part of which is close to the very spot upon which Turner painted his famous picture of "Poole Harbour" now in the National Gallery.

It had been our intention for many years to have made our home there, it being adjacent to the home of my dear old friend, the late Dr. Horace Dobell, who was anxious to have

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us as his neighbours, and always declared that he "considered it the finest site"—to use his own words—"in old England for health and beauty. We have lived here"—he wrote me—"for sixteen years and have never, for health or pleasure, found it desirable to leave it for a single day! In fact, we seldom went outside our own fences!"*

Such an eulogy, emanating as it does from so eminent an authority, needs no comment; in fact, it would be "gilding refined gold" to do so. His opinion as a medical expert impressed itself so forcibly upon my wife and myself, that we eventually arrived at the mutual decision that we would give a part of the estate to Dr. Barnardo's Homes for the purpose of developing it for a nautical school in connection with their admirable institution.

Having arrived at this conclusion we consulted Admiral Lord Jellicoe. Lord Jellicoe strongly approved of what we

* Parkstone Heights,
Dorset.

October 18th, 1905.

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

I am pleased to reply to your letter if I can help you in selecting a final resting place after your strenuous life!

I can only speak for "*Parkstone Heights*," which I consider *the finest site*, perhaps, *in all Old England for health and beauty*. I have no bacteriological records, as I think just now, the subject is "*running amok*" as the Indians say. But I can give you a practical evidence of the purity of the air which Mrs. Russell-Cotes will appreciate, viz.: *That our lace curtains have been up more than two years and do not the least require a laundress at present!!* In London (Hesley House, close to Regent's Park and the Square), three weeks quite settled a pair. *We have been here sixteen years and have never for health or pleasure found it desirable to leave it for a single day!* In fact, we seldom went outside our own fences.

I consider that *the finest site both for health and beauty next to ours in all the neighbourhood is the elevated plot now covered with fir trees to the south-west of our ground!!* It is just suited for a mansion and grounds. *It would be a delightful occupation to you to build a house there and lay out the grounds, and it is the only site for a mansion, as all the best sites except this have now been taken up.*

With sincere good wishes.

Yours truly,
HORACE DOBELL.

H.R.H. the Prince Albert

proposed doing. Correspondence also took place between the President of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the Duke of Somerset, and Lord Jellicoe to the same effect, as indicated in this letter :—

Guildford,

October 20th, 1918.

My dear Duke,—I am very much interested to hear of the project in connection with Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and its application to sea training. I sincerely hope that it will materialise. It is impossible to overrate the importance in the future of using every means in our power which will assist to provide for the manning of our Mercantile Marine by personnel drawn from those under the flag of the Empire, and the idea that is in mind is certainly one method of furthering the scheme. I, therefore, send my warmest wishes for the project.

Yours sincerely,

JELICOE.

The following report from the "Bournemouth Guardian" of 10th May, 1919, gives a clear and interesting account of the subsequent event relating to the carrying out of the above project :—

" ROYAL VISIT TO POOLE.

" PRINCE ALBERT LAYS FOUNDATION STONE OF NAUTICAL SCHOOL.

" £80,000 SCHEME.

" Bournemouth and Poole were honoured on Thursday afternoon by a visit from H.R.H. Prince Albert, the occasion being the laying of the foundation stone of the Lady Russell-Cotes House of the Russell-Cotes Nautical School, which is to be erected on an estate bounded by the Constitution Hill Road and Ringwood Road just below Sea View, Parkstone. The school will be for the training of boys from Dr. Barnardo's

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Homes for the merchant service. A beautiful day favoured the event which was in every way a success. His Royal Highness was given a cordial welcome and appeared much impressed by the expressions of loyalty from all sides.

"THE SCHEME: ITS ORIGIN AND COST.

"For seventeen years Dr. Barnardo's Homes have been training boys for His Majesty's Navy at a branch in Norfolk, known as the Watts Naval Training School. For years Dr. Barnardo's Homes have been seeking to establish a branch which would do for the British Mercantile Marine what their Watts Home has done for the Navy. Some thousands of boys have been placed by the homes in the British merchant service ; but these had had practically no training for their life-work. Last year the homes saw, for the first time, a way of removing this handicap. Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S., of Bournemouth, saw the need and set about remedying it by giving his Parkstone Estate for development as a nautical school. It is an estate of about 40 acres, three and a half miles from Bournemouth and one mile from Poole—ideally situated for the purpose, and in Poole Harbour there is ample convenience for the anchorage of a seagoing tender which it is hoped will be provided by public generosity.

"It is proposed to erect four houses, each to shelter 60 boys. Workshops, dining hall, kitchen, isolation block, dormitories, outdoor swimming bath, staff and superintendent's house and other buildings will also be necessary. Lady Russell-Cotes has given £8,000 for a central building which is to be called the Lady Russell-Cotes House, and this will be in perpetual memory of her ladyship, who is keenly interested in the great scheme.

"The plans for the development of this estate have been drawn up by Mr. W. Ernest Hazell, F.R.I.B.A., who has the ideal of making the new school a home and not a huge



Water colour sketch of Lady Russell-Cotes House Nautical School, Parkstone,
by W. Ernest Hazell, exhibited in R.A., 1919.



H.R.H. Prince Albert laying the Foundation Stone of the above
House and planting a tree in the grounds.



Branksea Island from the Estate.



Poole Harbour from the Estate.

“ A Slim Khaki-clad Figure ”

barracks. The cost of the scheme will amount to £80,000. This large sum includes, of course, the estimated value of the estate, £20,000. The central house will cost £8,000. The other items comprise :—Four houses each to accommodate 60 boys, at £5,000 per house, £20,000 ; a gymnasium and workshops, £6,000 ; a dining hall, kitchen and stores, £8,000 ; an open-air swimming bath, £2,000 ; roads, fences, etc., and laying out of playing fields, £6,000 ; and a seagoing tender, £10,000.

“ PRINCE ALBERT’S ARRIVAL AT BOURNEMOUTH.

“ The Prince arrived at the Bournemouth Central Station by the 12.49 train. A considerable crowd had gathered outside the station and lined the approach from the Holdenhurst Road. On alighting his Royal Highness—a slim, khaki-clad figure—accompanied by Major Greig, his comptroller, was received by Mr. Herbert V. M. Cotes and escorted to his motor. The entire party drove away in two cars. The crowd cheered when they caught sight of the Prince, who appeared a little nervous. He responded to the cheers with a salutation. H.R.H. arrived at East Cliff Hall at 1 p.m. and was received by Sir Merton Russell-Cotes. The Prince cordially shook hands and expressed pleasure at seeing him. Sir Merton thanked his Royal Highness and said that he had conferred a great honour upon the town, and thanked him on behalf of Lady Russell-Cotes and himself for the special honour he had done in first coming to view the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum. Sir Merton then escorted the Prince round the upper gallery, showing him all the most important items of interest. He was then escorted into the new galleries, where a photograph was taken of himself, Sir Merton, Mr. Herbert V. M. Cotes, and the Prince’s Comptroller, Major Greig. Sir Merton afterwards took his Royal Highness round the three galleries, and he was very much pleased with the

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pictures.* Before leaving the Prince wrote his autograph in Lady Russell-Cotes' album, afterwards giving the pen to Sir Merton and wishing Sir Merton goodbye, shook hands most cordially, thanking him for the trouble he had taken in showing him round and said, 'Will you be kind enough to give my very kind regards to Lady Russell-Cotes, and tell her I hope she will soon be better.'

"His Highness was entertained privately to lunch at the Royal Bath Hotel, there being many distinguished guests. Unfortunately Lady Russell-Cotes was too unwell to leave her room and Sir Merton was not sufficiently recovered to be able to leave the house. Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell was also an absentee owing to the after effects of influenza. The guests present at the head of the table were Prince Albert, H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, the Duke of Somerset, the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury and Mr. Herbert V. M. Cotes and Mrs. Stebbing, the son and daughter of the donors. There was also a large company. The luncheon table was beautifully decorated with roses and asparagus fern, and Mrs. Stebbing (for Lady Russell-Cotes) was presented by Mr. W. McCall, on behalf of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, with a bouquet of Liberty roses and lilies of the valley.

"After lunch H.R.H. Prince Albert, accompanied by Mr. Herbert V. M. Cotes and the party, drove through the Pleasure Grounds. The afternoon was brilliant and warm, and the gardens looked their best. The cars drove slowly and the many people who were awaiting the Prince in the gardens and in the Square had a very close view of him. There was much cheering and hats and handkerchiefs were waved. The Borough Member, who was in the last car, was also recognised and welcomed by adherents in the crowd.

* Especially was H.R.H. attracted by the splendid life-size portrait of his grandfather (H.M. King Edward VII) in front of which a photographic group of the Prince, Major Greig, my son and myself was taken.

Welcome by the Mayor of Poole

"RECEPTION AT POOLE.

" There had been some response to the Mayor's appeal for a display of bunting along the Upper Route to Sea View, and down the Constitution Hill Road there were lines of streamers and flags displayed.

" The site is situated on gorse-covered downland, and Nature added her charm to the scene of colour and gaiety by a gorgeous display of yellow on the gorse bushes. Every point of vantage on the hillocks was covered with spectators some time before the Prince's arrival.

" The first part of the ceremony took place on the top of the hill in the north-east corner of the estate, and here, on the Prince's arrival, a large crowd awaited, the Mayor and Corporation of Poole (attended by the Borough Mace-Bearers) being present to welcome his Royal Highness. The Mayor (Major G. A. Dolby), who had previously been a guest at the luncheon, in a brief speech of welcome said : ' May it please your Royal Highness, as Mayor of the borough of Poole, and on behalf of the aldermen, councillors and burgesses, it gives me very great pleasure to welcome you to our ancient borough, and to have this opportunity of expressing our deep sentiments of loyalty and attachment to his Gracious Majesty your illustrious father and the Royal Family.'

" He then presented the aldermen and councillors to the Prince, who subsequently planted an oak tree, given by Mr. Herbert V. M. Cotes, in commemoration of the event.

" A procession was then formed, the party walking down the hill to the platform just below which a guard of honour provided by the Poole branch of the National Association of Discharged Soldiers and Sailors, under Lieutenant A. N. Butler, had been drawn up, together with representatives of the Parkstone troops of Girl Guides under the command of Staff-Captain Miss Llewellyn, Lieutenant Miss Haskett-Smith (1st and 3rd Parkstone Troops), Captain Miss Briggs and

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Lieutenant Miss Miller (2nd Parkstone Troop), Captain Miss Roberts and Lieutenant Miss Young (4th Parkstone Troop). His Royal Highness inspected the guard of honour and subsequently proceeded to the platform, the band of Dr. Barnardo's Homes playing the National Anthem.

"Lord Shaftesbury, in his opening remarks, welcomed his Royal Highness to the county of Dorset, and said they in that county yielded to no one in their affection and loyalty to the Crown and to the Royal Family. (Applause.) If any member of the Royal Family ever honoured Dorset with a visit they might rest assured of a loyal and appreciative reception.

"If any proof were needed of the supreme value and importance of sea power that testimony had been abundantly provided by the experiences gained during the great war we have just come through. (Hear, hear.) It was a mere platitude to say how this, as an island nation, would have existed but for the retention of command of the sea. Our very existence would have been disastrously compromised. How should we have provided men for the ships, the munitions, the supplies in all theatres of war, and all the ways and means of our strong armies in the field, and for the powerful arm of the Navy, but for the mercantile marine. (Hear, hear.) Henceforth we must take it that the Navy and mercantile marine are one. Each is a necessary complement to the other. The mercantile marine of this country, by their bravery and undoubted devotion to duty, had won a very high place in the esteem and the hearts of their grateful countrymen and countrywomen. If in the future it was necessary to look to the training of their lads for the Royal Navy as a national asset, equally must provision be made for the training of boys for the mercantile marine. *In future the British mercantile marine must be manned by British sailors, and British sailors only.* (Hear, hear and loud applause.) Any organisation that has for its

The Russell-Cotes Nautical School

object the education and training of boys for that service must be of special advantage. Dr. Barnardo's Homes had stepped in and voluntarily offered to take up the work, and he would remind them that that organisation always had 300 boys in training for the Royal Navy and now they proposed to train boys for the Mercantile Marine. For years they had wished to do this, and now, on the jubilee of their existence, the opportunity had come through the generosity and public spirit of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes. Dr. Barnardo's Homes had also the advantage of having the boys. When the school is built they had pledged themselves to fill it with 300 boys immediately. As it was they had already provided 3,000 boys for crews for merchantmen. His Lordship then invited his Royal Highness to perform the ceremony amid applause.

" THE CEREMONY.

" Stepping forward, the Prince was handed a silver trowel studded with green Amazon stones and bearing the inscription : ' This trowel was used by His Royal Highness Prince Albert for the laying of the foundation stone of the Lady Russell-Cotes House, Russell-Cotes Nautical School, Poole, Dorset, 8th May, 1919. Given by W. Ernest Hazell, F.R.I.B.A., architect, as a memento.' A silver handled mallet to match the trowel was also used by his Royal Highness in laying the stone. In a cavity in the stone was placed a bottle containing local records and coins, and the inscription on the stone was as follows : ' This foundation stone of the Russell-Cotes House was laid by H.R.H. Prince Albert on 8th May, 1919.'

" THE PRINCE'S SPEECH.

" Having declared the stone well and truly laid, Prince Albert said :—

" I am very glad to have had the privilege of being here this afternoon to take part in the beginning of a scheme which I know will be of very great benefit to the Mercantile Marine

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and to the country in general. (Hear, hear.) We have learned through bitter experience during the war how much we owe to the Mercantile Marine. We know as a result of the war that the fate of the country depended on them. (Hear, hear.) We know how splendidly they came to our help, those men of the merchant ships, mine-sweepers, drifters, and other fleet auxiliaries, and how we won through at a cost of 15,000 of their lives. (Hear, hear.) As we depended on the Merchant Service in war, so in peace we depend on them for the reconstruction of our world trade. And to this end we must have a first-class merchant fleet with well-trained and well-equipped British crews. (Applause.) I am sure that the Russell-Cotes Nautical School will be of the greatest help in attaining this end.* With the example of the Watts Naval School in Norfolk in connection with Dr. Barnardo's Homes in front of us, we can go forward with confidence in our project. (Applause.) The Watts School has turned out hundreds of young sailors for the Navy. (Hear, hear.) Every battleship which took part in the war had a Watts boy among the crew. When volunteers were called for, for the attack on Zeebrugge, five Watts boys were among them. (Applause.) Two others went down in the Hampshire with Lord Kitchener. So the Watts School already has noble traditions during the short sixteen years of its life. What the Watts School is to the Navy so I am sure the Russell-Cotes School will be to the Merchant Service. (Applause.) You will, I know, join me in the wish that this new school will turn out to be a great and fruitful enterprise,

* Dear Sir Merton,

Allow me to express my sense of this new and generous help given by yourself and Lady Russell-Cotes to that fine service the *Mercantile Marine*.

I also saw in the paper—the "Times," I think—a condensed report of a spirited speech of yours on the misdeeds of the Germans and the full reparation which should be exacted.

I remain, with kind regards.

Yours sincerely,

RIBBLESDALE.

Tribute by General Page Croft

which will carry the name of the generous donors, Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, and of Dr. Barnardo's Homes into a long and brilliant future. (Loud applause.)*

"VOTES OF THANKS.

"Proposing a formal vote of thanks to his Royal Highness for performing the ceremony the Duke of Somerset spoke of the occasion as one pointing to great opportunity for future development. The Council of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, he added, had long watched for an opportunity to train British merchant seamen. He referred to the Watts Naval School record of work and said that school had already established its position, and he hoped before long the Russell-Cotes School would establish an equal position as regarded the Mercantile Service. (Hear, hear.)

"Mr. W. McCall seconded and said the work started that afternoon would be of great importance to the country.

"The thanks were accorded with cheers."

The following is from the "Bournemouth Echo" of the 9th May, 1919:—

"TRIBUTE BY GENERAL PAGE CROFT, M.P.

"General H. Page Croft moved the vote of thanks to Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes for their splendid gift which would prove an inestimable boon to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, to this neighbourhood and to the country. (Applause.) Not once nor twice they had had to thank them previously for what they had done for art and culture in that neighbourhood. He ventured to think that no gift could be more fitting in that hour when they were dictating terms to their enemies—(hear, hear)—or more opportune at a time when they were engaged upon reconstruction responsibilities than a scheme which provided for the preservation and the careful training of the youths of the nation. (Applause.) Sir Merton and Lady

* It will be of historic interest that the above speech was the first public utterance by his Royal Highness.

Home and Abroad

Russell-Cotes' munificence would give to the mercantile marine more young men trained in the arts of the sea and would also constitute a fitting memorial of the 15,000 dead who had found their graves in all the oceans of the world. (Loud applause.) Already Dr. Barnardo's Homes had provided 87,000 chances in life for those who otherwise would have found existence void and full of despair. Of 36,000 who had gone to Canada, 97 per cent. had made good. They deplored that day that Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes were unable to be with them owing to the state of their health, but he was sure they would send them their best wishes with this hearty vote of thanks. (Applause.)

"Mr. Howard Williams (the hon. treasurer of Dr. Barnardo's Homes) seconding, referred to help in the past,* and called for three cheers for Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes which were given with great enthusiasm.

"MR. HERBERT V. M. COTES' REPLY.

"Mr. Herbert V. M. Cotes said: It is with a sincere and deep regret that I have to-day to represent my beloved mother and father, and that I have to respond on their behalf to the more than kind utterances that have fallen from the lips of

* Dr. Barnardo's Homes,
18-26. Stepney Causeway,
London, E. 1.
19th October, 1917.

Dear Sir Merton,

I am very much obliged and grateful to you for your kind letter of the 18th instant, enclosing your generous gift. Your generous proposition was reported to our council at their meeting on Wednesday last, and a resolution of thanks was passed.

Next week I will send you a copy of the resolution, and it will also give us great pleasure to prepare and present to Lady Russell-Cotes an illuminated copy of the vote of thanks. As this will be a perpetual memorial I will submit the draft to you in the first instance, as we would like it to be in the form in which you would most appreciate it.

Meantime once again thanking you and Lady Russell-Cotes very heartily for your generosity to our children. I need hardly tell you how much we appreciate it, for our family numbers over 7,000 boys and girls; we have added 4,908 children since war broke out, a large proportion being the children of our brave soldiers and sailors, and in these times of high food prices you will understand that it is



Portrait group taken in the Russell Cotes Art Gallery. H.R.H. Prince Albert (now Duke of York), Wing-Commander Louis Greig, H.R.H.'s Comptroller, my son Bert and myself.

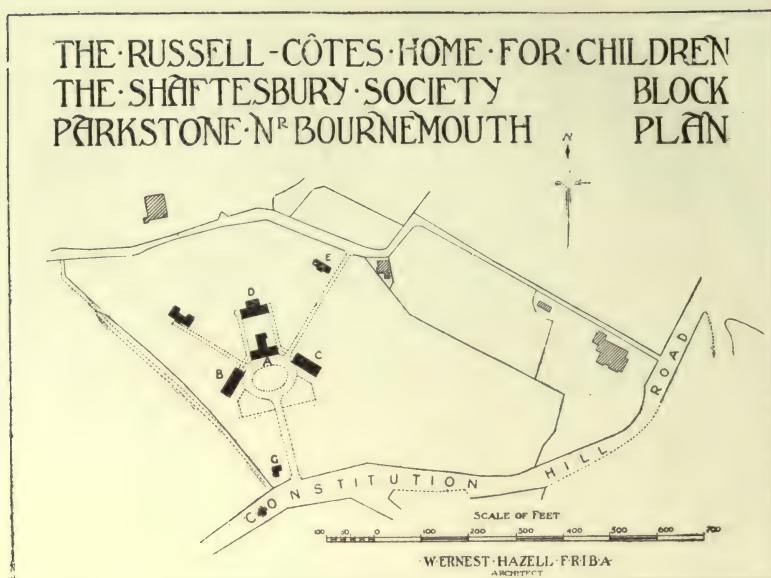
This portrait was taken in front of Tennyson Coles' portrait, in oils, of the late King Edward VII.



The laying of the Foundation Stone by Prince Albert.



H.H. Princess Marie Louise laying the Foundation Stone of the Russell Cotes Home for Children
Reading from left to right : In the foreground are Sir George and Lady Dolby (Mayor and Mayoress of Poole), H.H.
 Princess Marie Louise, my son Bert and Mr. Arthur Black



- A. Lady Russell-Côtes House. B. Home for 30 Boys. C. Home for 30 Girls.
 D. Dining Hall and Kitchen. E. Isolation Building. F. Open-air School. G. Lodge.



The Lady Russell-Côtes House

My dear Son's Speech

my friend, Brigadier-General H. Page Croft and Mr. Williams, the honorary and honoured treasurer of the Barnardo Homes. My father passed the rubicon of the allotted span of three score years and ten some years ago, and to-day he has reached the ripe age of four score years and four ; and on the 15th day of July my darling mother will also have reached that age. I thank God that they have been spared to us so long. They, like the rest of their family, abhor the word ' Charity ' as so often used to-day, and we all prefer the word ' Duty.' Providence has been pleased to bless the life labour of some with

no easy matter to provide for such a vast army of young people. Every gift, therefore, is received with a most grateful welcome.

Believe me to be, dear Sir Merton,

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes,
East Cliff Hall, Bournemouth.

Very truly yours,
WILLIAM BAKER,
Honorary Director.

THE ACCOUNTANTS OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES,
National Incorporated Association,
18-26, Stepney Causeway,

Hereby record their very hearty thanks to
Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S.,
and Lady Russell-Cotes.

London, E. 1.

The pioneers in the development of the beautiful town of Bournemouth, for their generosity in making a gift to the homes of £500 as an endowment towards the Boys

Garden City,

Woodford Bridge, Essex.

The latest development of Dr. Barnardo's Homes for training boys in healthy and pleasant surroundings and giving them an insight into agricultural pursuits.

Christmas Day, 1917.

The Board Room,
18-26, Stepney Causeway,
London, E. 1.

Dear Sir Merton,

17th October, 1919.

It gives me much pleasure to inform you that at the meeting of our council on Wednesday last, when I submitted your name for election to our body of Vice-Presidents, you were unanimously elected. The members of the council are very grateful for your kind interest in the work of these Homes, and for all that you have done and intend to do to promote the welfare of the Russell-Cotes Nautical Training School.

Believe me to be, very truly yours,

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S.,
Russell-Cotes Road,
East Cliff, Bournemouth.

W. BAKER,
Honorary Director.

Home and Abroad

success, and those that have been so blessed should feel it their duty to help others. Is it not more blessed to give than to receive, and yet those who receive on behalf of others are doing a noble work and are surely equally blessed. How I wish my mother and father could have been here to-day, but both my parents are unfortunately through illness, unable to be with us. My mother is unfortunately confined to her bed, whilst my father is confined to the house by doctor's orders. I wonder if I shall be forgiven if I say that hearing that neither my mother nor my father could be at either of the functions to-day, H.R.H., with that charming sensitiveness which distinguishes our Royal Family, caused a telegram to be sent yesterday to say he would call at East Cliff Hall on his way from the station to the luncheon; and this he has done. Surely, ladies and gentlemen, the future of our country is more than safe when a member of the Royal Family pays such a charming compliment to a commoner of an older generation. I would therefore say that what my mother and father have done has been done with a fierce desire to help their fellow creatures. May the Great Architect of the Universe bless this enterprise. (Applause.)

"This closed the official proceedings, and after the Prince's departure, the large concourse of people lingered behind to inspect the foundation stone, and from the vantage point of the dais to enjoy the brilliant views."*

The gift which my wife and I had made to the Barnardo Homes did not, however, comprise all the land of the Parkstone Manor Estate at our disposal, but left the most idealistic part of it, that is to say, the upper part of the estate, which was

* At a later date Major Greig, the Prince's Comptroller, wrote to me from Godstone Court, Surrey:—"I trust you were none the worse for your activities on your birthday and that Lady Russell-Cotes is improving. I return to Buckingham Palace on Wednesday. His Royal Highness was very pleased with all the day's arrangements." Lord Grenfell, writing in a similar strain, remarked that he had heard that the Prince was very pleased with his day and his reception.

“ The Good Fairies ”

beautifully wooded with pine trees and commanded magnificent views of Poole Harbour, Branksea Island, the Isle of Purbeck and Corfe Castle. My wife and I therefore decided to offer this unique site through our dear old friend, Sir John Kirk, to the Shaftesbury Society. Our offer was at once accepted by the council with acclamation, and H.H. the Princess Marie Louise graciously visited us to lay the foundation stone of Lady Russell-Cotes' House of the Russell-Cotes Home for Children.

A leading article in “ the Bournemouth Visitors' Directory ” of Saturday, July 19th, 1919 :—

“ ‘GOOD FAIRIES’ AND THEIR ‘MAGIC WAND.’ ”

“ In a charming booklet* issued in connection with the stone-laying ceremony which took place near Constitution Hill on Tuesday, Mr. W. Pett Ridge refers to Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes as ‘the good fairies,’ who, ‘by the use of a magic wand, of which they are the lucky owners,’ have transferred a site on Constitution Hill to the Shaftesbury Society, who, ‘not unused to the carrying out of generous enterprise, may be depended upon to make the most admirable

* Buckingham Palace,
July 21st, 1919.

Dear Sir Merton,

Prince Albert was much interested in the book you sent and the account of Princess Marie Louise laying the foundation stone.

He asks me to thank you and to say that he trusts your wonderful scheme is going ahead rapidly because its need is increasing every day.

Yours sincerely,
LOUIS GREIG.

Mulgrave,
Meyrick Park Crescent,
Bournemouth.
9th August, 1919.

Dear Sir Merton,

I received the very beautiful brochures illustrating the Home for Children and Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and I congratulate you and Lady Russell-Cotes most heartily on the far-sighted public spirit which has prompted such liberality. I am a very humble worker for the youth

Home and Abroad

use of it.' The generosity of the 'good fairies' has already been chronicled in these columns. Opportunity is now afforded for a fuller revelation of the manner in which the Shaftesbury Society propose to utilise the gift presented to them for the benefit of sick and ailing children from London and elsewhere. The land given by Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes adjoins that which they presented for the establishment of the Russell-Cotes Nautical School, and is eight acres in extent. The buildings at present contemplated will provide for sixty boys and girls, and will be substantial, home-like, and of modern open-air type. They form one half of the Peace Memorial scheme which is being promoted by the society, the other half having relation to 'an up-to-date Institutional Mission in some congested outer areas of Greater London, with halls and class rooms, infant welfare centre, institute and other equipment for all-round service.' That part of the scheme with which we are more immediately concerned has been rendered practicable by the gift of the site by Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, and by Lady Russell-Cotes' offer to bear the cost of the erection of the first block of buildings, estimated at not less than £3,000."

of the country, but during the last forty years—particularly the last twenty-five—I have been abundantly satisfied with my investment of time and money on their behalf, and never hesitate to urge upon churches and communities the fact that it is in that direction we ought to plan and spend.

I am very sorry I cannot support either financially just now. Taxation is particularly hard on me and I have a considerable scheme afoot for making my company of boys into Sea Cadets under the new Admiralty scheme. Thirty of them are just finishing a week in camp at Weymouth.

I hope you are in fair health and that Lady Russell-Cotes is free from pain.

Yours faithfully,
HENRY ROBSON.

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P.,
East Cliff Hall,
Local.

H.H. Princess Marie Louise

From the "Bournemouth Visitors' Directory," 19th July, 1919:—

"CHILDREN'S RECOVERY HOME.

"PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE LAYS FOUNDATION STONE AT PARKSTONE.

"SIR MERTON AND LADY RUSSELL-COTES' GENEROUS GIFTS.

"Less than three months ago the ancient borough of Poole was honoured with a visit by H.R.H. Prince Albert, who came to lay the foundation stone of the Russell-Cotes Nautical School on Constitution Hill, Parkstone. On Tuesday H.R.H. Princess Marie Louise visited the borough with the object of laying the foundation stone of the Russell-Cotes Home for Children on a site overlooking the former one. The establishment of the Home for Children is part of a memorial scheme brought forward by the Shaftesbury Society, and fortunately the Council have been put in possession, by a very generous gift, of an ideal site for such an institution. The donors of this splendid gift are Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, both of whom have done wonderful work for the poor and needy. The site is one of the most beautiful and health-giving spots in the whole of the south country, and overlooks Poole Harbour. The object of the Home is to give poor town children who need a prolonged residence in the country the advantages of such a stay. At least £10,000 will be required for the first essential buildings of the Home and it is hoped to make extensions and developments on the large site as funds become available. In addition to the pleasing site, the donors have generously promised £3,000 for the central house.* The buildings at present contemplated will

* On fulfilling this promise I received the following letter:—

Shaftesbury Society,
32, John Street,
Theobald Road,
London W.C. 1.

Dear Sir Merton,

Three thousand thanks for your kind and welcome letter with your splendid cheque for the Lady Russell-Cotes House. We enclose our

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provide for sixty boys and girls and will be substantial, home-like, and of modern, open-air type. The first house to be erected will bear the name of Lady Russell-Cotes and will contain most of the central administrative offices. There are also to be separate blocks of dormitories or wards for boys and girls, connected with the central building by covered ways, and an open-air school will be suitably located among the trees.

" H.R.H. Princess Marie Louise, accompanied by Lady St. Helier (lady-in-waiting), arrived at Poole by train just before 1 o'clock, where she was met by the Mayor and Mayoress of Poole (Major and Mrs. G. A. Dolby) and Mr. Herbert V. M. Cotes, Captain and Mrs. and Miss Phyllis Stebbing (the son-in-law, daughter and grand-daughter of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes), and then they together motored to the Guild-hall, where the Mayor, on behalf of the Aldermen, Councillors and burgesses of the borough of Poole, welcomed Her Royal Highness to the ancient borough and expressed their pleasure at being so honoured. The Mayor then proceeded to introduce the Aldermen and Councillors to the Princess.

" The large gathering then adjourned to the Council Chamber to partake of luncheon.

" THE CEREMONY.

" Following the excellent repast, the visitors made their way to the site of the proposed Home. The entrance was from

official receipt, and with it our warmest appreciation of the generous thought that has made possible the scheme of the Russell-Cotes Homes for children on the noble site you have provided. We hope that conditions in the building world may make it possible before very long to go forward with the plans, and to give a succession of our ailing London children some of the benefit and joy to be derived from a long stay in the new Home.

We have heard with very much interest of the near approach of your diamond wedding anniversary. May God be with you both, giving you grace and strength according to each day's need.

With very kind regards and abundant gratitude,

Yours sincerely,

JOHN KIRK,
ARTHUR BLACK.

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P.

The Stone "well and truly laid"

Constitution Hill-road and a guard of honour was formed by the girls of St. Faith's Home (Parkstone), the 5th, 2nd and 1st Poole and the 2nd and 4th Parkstone Troops of Girl Guides, under Captain Miss Wingfield (5th Poole), and members of the National Association of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers, under Mr. H. E. C. Conway. On the site there was a good attendance and the ceremony was performed from a raised platform. The cripple children from the Victoria Home, Bournemouth West, sang songs pending the arrival of the Royal visitor and the Mayor, and then led the singing of the hymn "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."

"The Rector of Poole offered the dedicatory prayer and the Lord's Prayer was said, following which Sir R. Melville Beachcroft, Vice-President of the Shaftesbury Society, who presided, said they were very grateful to Her Highness for honouring them with her presence on that interesting occasion, especially as she had come the whole way from London to do something for the children. The Royal Family had always shown their interest in everything affecting the welfare of the people, especially the little children. The Shaftesbury Society could not fail to realise the extreme value of the gift from Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes. It was a joy to anyone who looked upon it and they looked forward with hope to the 60 or 70 children whom it was hoped to have there. The council of the society had no hesitation in accepting that noble gift, supplemented as it had been by £3,000 from Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes.

"H.R.H. Princess Marie Louise then laid the foundation stone, which had been supplied by Messrs. W. E. Jones and Sons, Bournemouth, and which bore the inscription :—'This foundation stone of the Lady Russell-Cotes House was laid by H.H. Princess Marie Louise on the 84th Anniversary of the Donor's birthday, 15th July, 1919.' Princess Marie Louise then declared the stone 'well and truly laid.'

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“ The Mayor of Poole said it was a great pleasure and a great privilege to be there that afternoon and to have the honour of proposing the vote of thanks to H.H. Princess Marie Louise, who had so kindly come that long distance to lay the foundation stone for the Russell-Cotes Home for Children. Her Highness had shown herself a worthy daughter of their Princess Christian, who was held in love by all. He must not conclude without mentioning Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, who had provided that estate for the residence of children who were suffering from anæmia, near the sea. By a happy coincidence that day was the anniversary of Lady Russell-Cotes' birthday and he felt sure that he was expressing the feelings of everybody present when he regretted that the liberal donors were not with them that afternoon to witness the laying of the foundation stone of the splendid gift, especially when indisposition caused their absence. Such large charitable institutions needed large sums and he appealed to the generous sympathies of those present for practical help and earnest prayers for that new undertaking in their midst. He was sure no one would turn a deaf ear when they knew that it was for the health of their rising generations on whom depended the future of the Empire. He had great pleasure in proposing the vote of thanks to H.H. Princess Marie Louise.

“ In proposing the votes of thanks to Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, Dr. T. N. Kelynack, Vice-Chairman of the Shaftesbury Society, expressed his gratitude to the donors on behalf of the society and also on behalf of the medical profession. They had heard the saying that ‘ The old shall dream dreams and the young see visions.’ The old and young had been dreaming dreams and seeing visions. It was through the donors' generosity and far-sighted wisdom of their benefactors that that day their dreams were true and before them the visions splendid. They rejoiced that that stone would stand there through all the coming days as a symbol of faith,

My Son's Response

science and service in the interest of the weary little pilgrims from the dark and dreary places in London. Those children would there have a chance of receiving health and happiness, and of growing up and becoming loyal and useful citizens of their great community. (Applause.)

" Sir John Kirk*seconded and announced that congratulations had been sent to His Majesty the King, Queen Mary and Queen Alexandra, who were patrons of the Shaftesbury Society. He thanked Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes for the site, which he considered to be unrivalled.

" Mr. H. V. M. Cotes responded in the following words :—
' I hardly know how to thank Mr. Kelynack and my old friend, Sir John Kirk, for their kindly reference to my mother and my father. There has been nothing but kind remarks. It is not charity. It is the duty of those who are so placed to help others. (Applause.) It is not so very many weeks ago that I had this same pleasant office to perform at a very short distance from where we now stand, and I can only regret that the conditions that then prevailed as to the health of both my mother and my father still exist. They are therefore neither of them able to be present with us to-day. At the former ceremony I stated that my father that day had reached the age of 84 ; now, to-day, it is my happy pleasure to tell you that my mother has reached that age, and I sincerely pray she may be spared to us for years to come. There is no doubt that the anxiety of the past few years has told on all of us,

* Sir John Kirk, the indefatigable Director of the Shaftesbury Society, is one of our most intimate friends, for whom my wife and I have the most unfeigned affection, knowing as we well do his strenuous and arduous efforts in devoting himself, and his earnestness of purpose for the betterment of waifs and strays of the slums of London and elsewhere. To this task he has devoted his whole life, which has been rewarded by his living to enjoy not only the love and affection of his countrymen, but that of the late beloved King, H.M. Edward VII who recognised his life-long work among the lowest grade of the people by conferring on him the honour of Knighthood. The number of children he has rescued from the midst of squalor and a miserable existence, and converted into good men and women it would be impossible to calculate.

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but now we are assembled together where a peace memorial will soon be erected. May it bring peace to those for whom it is to be built. We do not erect a statue to a man, or a column to celebrate a victory, but a memorial of pity—pity for the poor little homeless ones. This is not to be a sanatorium, but a place where those little ones who require health and rest shall obtain both whilst being tenderly nursed and carefully looked after so that their return to health shall be assured in so far as human endeavour can make it possible. The careful and wise scheme that has been constructed, while guaranteed as to its commencement by the land on which we stand being given by my father and the house by my mother, it remains for all of you and the public generally, to come forward and subscribe liberally in order that the other houses may be built with all convenient speed. I feel sure that the necessary funds will be forthcoming to support a society that has done such grand work during the last 75 years. I am deeply anxious that this scheme should succeed for the sake of my mother, whose gentle and tender heart was always tenderest for the little ones, whom, for years past, in her own quiet way, she has befriended.'

"The singing of the National Anthem concluded the proceedings.

"VISIT TO EAST CLIFF HALL.

"On the conclusion of the ceremony at Constitution Hill her Highness motored to Bournemouth, from whence she returned to London by the 3.39 train. The programme, however, was so admirably planned, and the time table kept with such exactitude that she was able to pay a brief visit to Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes at East Cliff Hall and have a cup of tea and a look at the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum. 'Have you and Lady Russell-Cotes collected all these things yourselves?' she asked of Sir Merton, who replied, 'Yes, your Highness, every one of them, and it has

“It must have taken a long time”

been a labour of love.’ ‘It must have taken a long time,’ commented the distinguished visitor. Before leaving her Highness expressed her deep regret at not being able to see Lady Russell-Cotes, and begged that her kindest regards and hopes for better health might be conveyed to the invalid. She added that she had had a most enjoyable day, everything had gone through in the most perfect manner, and she had been much touched by Mr. Herbert Cotes’ sympathetic and kindly reference to his mother.

I reproduce two characteristic letters from Sir John:—

Shaftesbury Society,
32, John Street,
Theobald’s Road,
London, W.C. 1.
June 8th, 1917.

My dear Friends,

I feel prompted to say, like the Centurion of old, that I am not worthy of all the kind thoughtfulness of my many friends, none of whom have been more steadfast than Lady Russell-Cotes and your good self. Our friendship has stood the test of years, and I am deeply grateful for your good wishes and congratulations.

I am overjoyed to know of your kind intentions for the society which has claimed my life’s blood for the last half century. I could not be other than gratified at the thought that through your joint generosity the little children will be the happier for your kindness, when perhaps we shall have joined the majority.

With a heart full of thanks and appreciation, and with kindest regards to you both.

Very sincerely yours,
JOHN KIRK.

To Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes,
Bournemouth.

Shaftesbury Society,
32, John Street,
Theobald’s Road,
London, W.C. 1.
September 15th, 1919.

My dear Sir Merton,

I am glad you like the souvenir album. It embodies a good deal of real joyful pleasure and appreciation. What wonderful friends you have been to the work, as well as to its unworthy Director! One piece of kindness will ever live in my memory. I was suffering from a severe cold and Lady Russell-Cotes met me at the Cripples’ Home. “You must come home with me,” she said, “and I must nurse that cold of yours.” And she did, like a sympathetic mother. But this is only on a par with the uniform kindness of you both. No words can

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adequately express all I feel. May the Home carry down to future generations the embodied recollections of your joint good-heartedness.

Of course I am sending a receipt to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Pope, with a letter of appreciation and thanks, and I feel disposed to say very gratefully, "Next one, please."

With warmest regards, in which I am sure Mr. Black would join if he were here.

Yours very sincerely,
JOHN KIRK.

"THE KING'S APPRECIATION.

"The following telegram was received by Sir John Kirk on Tuesday afternoon:—'Buckingham Palace.—I am commanded to thank you and the Mayor and Mayoress of Poole for the dutiful message of congratulations you have addressed to the King on the occasion of the laying of the foundation stone of the Russell-Cotes Home for the Shaftesbury Society by Her Highness Princess Marie Louise to-day, and I am to assure all who are assembled for this inauguration ceremony of how greatly His Majesty appreciates the form this Peace Memorial is to take in providing for the care of children in whose welfare His Majesty always takes a deep and abiding interest.—(Signed) STAMFORDHAM.'"

My old friend, Mr. Alderman Mate, J.P., the Editor of the "Bournemouth Directory" and Chairman of the Education Committee, in a leader in that journal on July 19th, 1919, refers to Mr. W. Pett Ridge's introduction to the Shaftesbury Society's handbook, wherein he refers to "the good fairies and their magic wand." I should very much like to reproduce the whole of this admirable article in reference to the work of the Shaftesbury Society and their arduous efforts to succour the young of submerged humanity. I think, however, as half a loaf is better than no bread, I cannot do better than quote the latter part of this famous author's remarks. After urging the imperative necessity of providing some seaside health resort for the society's convalescent children, he goes on to say:—

“Parkstone is near Bournemouth”

“I understand that at Parkstone there will be one of these health resorts, where anæmic boys and girls of London are to be transformed into sound, wholesome young people. Parkstone is near to Bournemouth, and in a neighbourhood so well furnished with all the means for physical cure that in public announcements it sometimes finds a difficulty in reciting them. ‘No advertisement,’ says one notice, ‘can do this place justice!’ The estate looks down on Poole Harbour—which does not mean that it regards the view slightly—and Dorsetshire, with all its pleasant spots, has none more pleasant. At Parkstone the good fairies are Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, who, by the use of a magic wand of which they are the lucky owners, have transferred a site on Constitution Hill (there is a regal touch in the name) to the Shaftesbury Society, and the Shaftesbury Society, not unused to the carrying out of generous enterprise, may be depended upon to make the most admirable use of it. Money will be required to build the Home, and later, to extend it. The opportunity is given to any who read this to afford themselves the privilege and the delight of taking a benevolent share in the undertaking, and for any good-natured cheques they send, I can promise them an interest that will be higher than any of the dividends which come their way.

“Higher, because it conveys the knowledge that they have helped to offer to some London child the precious and wonderful gift of health and happiness.”

In all our " Travels " my beloved wife has been my inseparable companion, counsellor and friend. With her hearty concurrence, therefore, I do not hesitate to introduce into the following chapters some of her observations and comments, which cannot fail to enhance the interest of the subject. It may not be out of place to here record the fact that her writings earned for her the exceptionally high distinction of being unanimously elected a " Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature," the proposer being the President, the Right Honourable Lord Halsbury, at that time the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

CHAPTER XII

Australasia

Adelaide—Melbourne—The Cable—Cape Schank—Black Spur Mountains—Ballarat—Belfast—Sydney—Blue Mountains—"Free thought" movement—Tasmania—Dunedin—Christchurch—Wellington—Auckland—Tauranga Gate Pah—Rotorua—Ohinemutu—The Maori Belles—Tikitere—Wairoa—Lake Tarawera—Rotomahana—The Pink and White Terraces.

The thoughts of men are widened by the process of the sun.—TENNYSON.

He that hath not travelled knoweth not the world.—M.R.C.

IN perusing the following chapters I would ask the kindly reader to note that in referring to my travels, in all of which I was accompanied by my beloved wife, I have been desirous of avoiding all descriptive matter of a guide-book character, more especially of such places that have been visited or explored by others, but to confine *my description solely to the incidents that took place, and to places little or not known to the man in the street or ordinary book readers*, and who therefore know little or nothing of Nature's phenomena or of the varied races inhabiting countries out of the beaten track.

During my residence in Bournemouth and after my arduous efforts as related in previous chapters—I had a nervous breakdown in 1884, and it was then that my late old friend, Dr. Horace Dobell, was of the opinion that nothing would be so great a restorative as a prolonged voyage. With considerable reluctance I arranged in the first place to go to Australia, accompanied by my wife, son and daughters.

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We engaged comfortable quarters on the "Torrens," one of Trinder Anderson's clipper sailing ships, with accommodation for about eighty passengers, all of whom were in search of health at the Antipodes. The voyage was most uneventful and most tedious, and I would like to say in passing, that for anyone of a nervous temperament and active mind, and suffering as I was, nothing could possibly be more detrimental to them than a voyage of this kind; steamers afford much more variety and entertainment, calling as they do at various ports *en route*. I should, therefore, never advise anyone to follow my example, but rather my advice, although as sailing vessels have now become one of the relics of the past, there is not much likelihood of anyone making a similar mistake.

I may indeed say, that on our arrival in Australia my health had not materially improved, for the long tedious monotony of the voyage of three months had increased considerably the nervous condition. On landing at Adelaide I consulted a doctor, who earnestly advised me on no consideration to contemplate returning home at once, but to extend my travels in search of health to at least twelve or eighteen months. This advice we decided to follow, it being arranged that my wife and I should continue our tour as related in the following chapters, and that my son and daughters should return home by one of the New Zealand Shipping Company's steamers from Christchurch, New Zealand, when we arrived there.

In approaching Adelaide, after a three months' voyage, we sailed up what is called the "Back Stair Passage." We were all intensely thankful to get on to *terra firma* once more. Some of the passengers went off at about a mile before we got to Adelaide (where the Excise officers came on board) and were awaiting us on the quay on our arrival. These passengers greeted us with showers of oranges, bananas and other fruit which they had purchased for that purpose, in order to show their delight at being once again on land.



Giant blue gum tree, Black Spur Mountains, near Melbourne, Australia. Average size about 300 feet high, and 90 or 100 feet in circumference. We had tea inside one of these gigantic trees.



My wife, son (right) and self with the "Captain" and Agent (left) of the "Last Chance" gold-mine, at Ballarat, 15th March, 1885, dressed in "borrowed plumes" before descending the shaft.

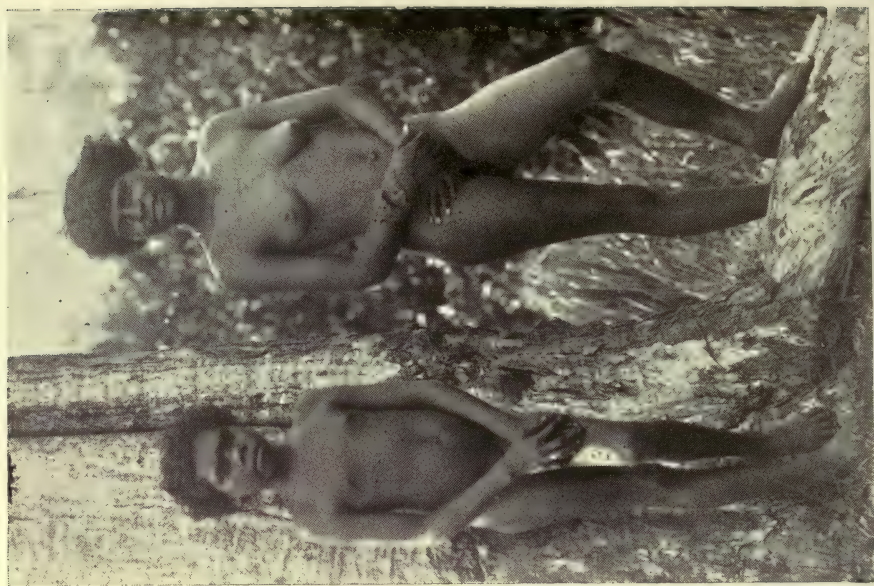
This mine was then the deepest gold-mine in the world.



"The Plains of Heaven," Blue Mountains, N.S.W.



Tree Ferns in the Black Spur Mountains.



Australian Aborigines.

Arrival at Adelaide

We found Adelaide unbearably hot after being on board ship ; in fact, the difference between the temperature whilst on the vessel and ashore was extraordinary.

After breakfast at the hotel, we went out with our umbrellas and walked on the shady side of the road. The heat was very great, but exceedingly dry, and therefore more bearable. In passing a shop, we were startled to notice that the thermometer indicated a temperature of 112 degrees Fahrenheit, and this, too, on the shady side of the road. I was so astounded that I walked into the shop and asked the assistant what was the meaning of it. He looked at me, seemingly astonished at the question, and said, " Why, that is quite a usual heat, and in some instances it is even higher than that, during the middle of the day."

At night the moon was full, and it had all the appearance of being about three or four times larger than at home, and also suspended, as it were, much nearer to us and with a marvellous luminosity, so much so, that we could easily read a book or newspaper by its light.

This section of the province is the great wheat producing country which makes the finest flour in the world.

The principal streets of Adelaide are of very great width ; in fact, we thought almost too wide. It is quite a journey to cross from one side to the other. The Houses of Parliament, Government Houses, Supreme Courts, Post Office, University, Art Gallery and Hospital and other buildings are very fine.

From Adelaide we went direct to Melbourne, and in approaching we found ourselves in the centre of a magnificent harbour. We had to go up rather a narrow and muddy river in order to approach Melbourne, the characteristics of the river, streets (rectangular in square blocks) and buildings reminding us very strongly of Glasgow. Some of the buildings there are very fine.

On arrival I was anxious to let the dear ones at home know that we had reached there safely. I therefore handed a

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cablegram to the attendant at the Post Office, and paid 10/6. The attendant looked it over, and then said, "I shall want half a crown more." I asked, "Why?" He replied, "The word 'Bournemouth' has one more letter in it than is according to regulations; only ten letters are allowed." I said, "That is the name of the place." "I have nothing to do with that," he said. "Well," I said, "leave the 'e' out." "Oh, no," he said, "I could not do that." "Well, if I write it over again will that do?" I asked. "No," he said, "now that we know what is the real name of the place we cannot accept it in any other way." I therefore had to submit, and handed him the amount claimed, being, no doubt, the largest sum ever paid for one single letter in a cablegram.

Melbourne is one of the most remarkable cities in the world, the site it occupies being nothing more, fifty years ago, than dense bush, the only sounds being the shrill call of the aboriginal, the howl of the dingo, and the extraordinary call of the laughing jackass. There now exists a handsome city having a population of nearly half a million, with magnificent public and business buildings, which would compare favourably with those of any capital in the world. The streets, especially Collins Street and Bourke Street, are wide, well paved, and kept scrupulously clean, whilst the system of cable cars in use is excellent.

The Houses of Parliament, which are of classic design and commandingly situated at the head of Bourke Street, constitute the most striking architectural feature of the city.

A system of sewerage was adopted a few years ago, the cost of which was upwards of three millions sterling.

During our sojourn in Victoria, we visited Cape Schank, staying for some time with our friend, Mr. Robert Anderson. On one occasion we drove over to Flinder's Bay, and had a day's fishing for sharks. They were so plentiful that we could not possibly drag in all we caught. We had to be very careful

The Black Spur Mountains

with the young ones, for with their double row of teeth, which are just like steel saws, they can snap with such force that they could bite off one's fingers quite easily.

We also made a journey into the Black Spur Mountains, and stayed a night or two at the extensive vineyards of Mr. Castello, and then proceeded further into the bush and forests of eucalyptus trees and tree ferns. The former in many instances were not less than 300 feet high and from 90 to 100 feet in circumference. One of these trees at the edge of a river at Marysville where we stayed the night, had fallen across it, and my son and I walked half way across the top of it without feeling the slightest danger. Another of the trees was hollow, and in this I should think eight or ten men could have sat quite conveniently. The tree ferns are very beautiful, and grow to a prodigious height. All these wonderful products of nature, together with the other marvels of horticulture, growing wild, strike one with awe. These tree ferns completely hid the stage-coach when it moved on a short distance, and yet, beside the immensely tall trees they looked absolutely insignificant, and standing amongst these giants of the forest one could only rarely see glimpses of the blue sky above. We had to travel over in some parts what they call "corduroy roads," from the fact that the mud, after the rain, had become so deep that it would be quite impossible to go along. However, they have utilised trunks of trees, laid down side by side across the roads. Travelling in this fashion is not by any means calculated to make one feel very happy, but it may, nevertheless, be beneficial to the liver with such an old ramshackle stage-coach as we had to travel in.

In the Black Spur Mountains we saw several very large snakes, one of which my son killed and skinned as a trophy. There are also a number of small bears. We saw one of these bears shot and hanging in a tree, having evidently been caught among the boughs. The laughing jackass is heard also, with

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its piercing cries from *diminuendo* to *crescendo*, and birds of various kinds are plentiful in these almost impenetrable forests.

We spent a few nights in Ballarat, which is another of the peculiar English-like towns. We went down the Last Chance Mine with the captain and the agent who accompanied us. This mine at that time was the deepest and most extensive gold mine in the world.

In Ballarat there is a very wide street, with three foot-paths, one on each side, and one in the centre, lined with trees, and also two roads. There is also a large lake, where were once gold mines, but which having sunk and become full of water, form the lake. Alongside of this lake are the Botanical Gardens, which are very fine.

From there we travelled through the woods and forests to Belfast, a place on the south coast purchased by Mr. John Anderson, brother of Mr. Robert Anderson (the childhood friends of my wife) to whom I have referred before. In this locality, the largest potatoes in the world are grown, some of them being large enough for the consumption of six persons. The size of these potatoes is attributed to the fact that the whole of that locality is volcanic, and the earth is rich, heavy loam, full of phosphates. We saw some of these potatoes in Melbourne, and could not possibly believe that they could grow to such an enormous size except by artificial means.

We then proceeded to Sydney. The opening into Port Jackson is comparatively narrow, so much so that when Captain Cook first sailed past it, he considered it to be the mouth of a small river. Whilst he was at breakfast, the look-out man at the mast head—a man named Jackson—reported that he saw an entrance that seemed a good anchorage; but Captain Cook, half in jest, smiled and said, "I will name it Port Jackson," and it has been known by that name to this day. The heads are about 400 feet apart from each other, the north head overlapping somewhat the south; the rocks

Sydney's Wonderful Harbour

appear to have been broken off abruptly and stand up perpendicularly about 300 feet high, leaving a chasm or passage between them which forms the entrance to Port Jackson.

After passing through the heads, a view of extraordinary and magnificent beauty meets the eye—a view almost indescribable—as it is that of what is unquestionably the finest harbour in the world, or rather, I may say “harbours,” for there are several which radiate from the principal one, which leads up to the docks at Sydney.

Captain Cook, however, landed at Botany Bay (a little farther south than Port Jackson) which is now a suburb of Sydney. One of the land owners there has erected an obelisk on the spot, with the inscription: “Captain Cook landed here on the 28th April, A.D. 1770,” with an extract from Captain Cook’s own journal, viz. : “At daybreak we discovered a bay, and anchored in the south shore about two miles within the entrance, in six fathoms of water . . .”

It is amazing that a man of Captain Cook’s wonderful acuteness as a navigator should have entered Botany Bay, whilst he should afterwards have sailed out of it and passed the entrance to the greatest harbour in the world.

We took a steam tram there one day. It was at one time a famous convict station; now, however, it is a most delightful locality, with innumerable charming villas in their own grounds and gardens, full of semi-tropical flowers, shrubs and plants, which in a climate like the mother country would not grow. The bay is a fine one—somewhat, in fact, like Bournemouth.

To describe the beauties of the harbours of Sydney would take the pencil of an artist and the pen of a poet, neither of which do I claim to possess. The best advice that I can give is that anyone who has the means and can spare the time, should go to Sydney to judge of the beauties of this wonderful and marvellous harbour for themselves. The first salutation, generally, that one receives, is “What do you think of our

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harbour? ” The river from Sydney up to Parramatta, where the original Government House is now standing, in every way reminds one of dear old England except perhaps the river itself, which is swarming with jellyfish, so much so that the steamer has to plough through them, and all attempts to bathe in this river are rendered impossible. This is perhaps one of the most extraordinary sights imaginable, for I know of no other river in the world that possesses this unpleasant feature.

Sydney is the most English-looking city in Australia, with perhaps the exception of George Street and Pitt Street, in which are huge buildings, more of the American type. It is quite obvious that Sydney is making rapid progress, to equal, if not outshine, Melbourne.

During our stay here, we made the acquaintance of several very nice families. On writing to the station superintendent for tickets for the Blue Mountains, we received a letter from an old friend who was formerly holding a responsible position in the L. and S.W. Railway at Waterloo Station. He was so delighted to meet us and renew our old friendship, that he awaited us at the station and had a special car placed at our disposal, and also made other kindly arrangements so that we had not the slightest trouble during our trip up this marvellous railway.

We arrived at the top of this extraordinary range of flat-topped mountains, up to which the zigzag railway runs. In many places we seemed to have twisted and twirled backwards and forwards in such a way that we seemed to come back repeatedly to the same spot, so that anyone could easily shake hands from the railway carriage window if they were on the other side. We got out at one of the stations by pre-arrangement, and went to what they call the “ Weatherboard Falls.” I was a short way ahead when suddenly there burst upon me one of the most marvellous views that I had ever witnessed—a scene never to be forgotten, and quite indescribable. I

“The Plains of Heaven”

immediately turned round and shouted to the others : “ Stop ! Remain where you are.” I went back to them, they took each other’s hands, closed their eyes, and I led them to the point where this wonderful view had struck me—and then bade them open their eyes. It was a scene of indescribable grandeur. Anyone who ever saw Martin’s great picture “ The Plains of Heaven,” can only barely realise what this wonderful view was. From where we stood a precipice sheered down to a depth of some hundreds of feet. We stood in a hollow, which seemed just as if it had been scooped out by some giant hand and covered with trees. Low down, and stretching away in the distance, as far as the eye could see, was a flat but undulating plain covered with trees—a primeval forest. The atmosphere was tinged with a blue, ethereal tint, like some lovely fairy gauze, which gives the mountains their name. A strong wind was blowing a long way below us, and as we watched, we saw the trees all blue like the waves of the sea—and then, the wind shifting, the waves were green, the other side of the leaves for the time being uppermost—and then again blue. We were so enthralled with this wonderful, vast expanse, that we could scarcely tear ourselves away and bring ourselves back to mundane matters, but the train had to be caught, having been specially ordered to stop for us. This was only a goods train, and we had to make ourselves as comfortable as we could until we arrived at our destination, Mt. Victoria, which was scarcely worthy of the name of a village, consisting only of about half a dozen houses. The accommodation here was of a very primitive kind. I recollect that the fireplace was so high, and the cold so intense at night, that we had to sit on the top of boxes, and on the table, in order to keep warm.

The Fish River Caves, a few miles further along, are also remarkably beautiful, but personally I prefer the sun and open air.

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I should like to say here that during our tour through Australia and New Zealand, we were much pained to find how much the Free Thought movement had taken root, and the hard up-hill fight the ministers of the Gospel have before them to combat it. During our stay in Melbourne one of the judges, Mr. Justice Williams, published a pamphlet entitled "Religion without Superstition," wherein he strove to show that the whole universe is governed by what he called "The God of Nature," and that man requires no other divinity or mediator, either as a God or Saviour; that in short, Nature alone is our all-in-all—the Alpha and Omega of our own and the world's existence. He then proceeds to ridicule the New Testament history from beginning to end, flaunts the idea of Christ being God-Man, but nevertheless paradoxically admits that Christ was "a good Man." How a good man could be an arch-impostor, he fails to explain, and no weaker point in his pamphlet is more apparent than this; the Trinity, Mr. Justice Williams scoffs at, as being unreasonable and absurd, and altogether inconsistent with Nature's (the God of Nature's) laws. This pamphlet created much excitement and contention. Many lectures, sermons and pamphlets were hurled against it, and with such admirable judgment, acumen and power, that common sense could not withstand the irresistible force of the argument brought to bear, and it culminated in Mr. Justice Williams' notorious "Religion without Superstition" becoming a subject of ridicule, amongst those whose preconceived views were in favour of Free Thought. I think it only right to add that in Adelaide we found little or no Free Thought movement compared with Melbourne, where it unfortunately appears to be the rule, especially among those who have been the most successful. In fact, as they have been prospered, so in proportion do they appear to have forgotten the Hand from which all their worldly pelf has proceeded.



Largest wooden building in the world, Wellington, N.Z.



House of Mrs. Boyd, whom we visited at San Francisco. Built entirely of wood, as were all of the best houses in the most aristocratic quarter of that town.

Tasmania's Equable Climate

On our return to Sydney, on account of the advice given to us we decided not to go north to Brisbane as originally intended, on account of the great heat, so returning to Melbourne, we took passage in the S.S. Rotomahana for Hobart, Tasmania.

My anticipation in favour of Tasmania from my earliest recollections, and my imagination of it were not in the slightest degree dissipated on our visit to the island ; on the contrary, it exceeded my most sanguine expectations. There we found little else but English dress, English flowers, trees and weeds, English sparrows, starlings, goldfinches, and even that most charming of all feathered songsters, the skylark, singing overhead, and very English looking swallows ! The country-folk, too, are in every way more thoroughly English in appearance and all their ways, than I have seen elsewhere outside of Great Britain.

Though comparatively small, the island has quite a delightful diversity of climate, and its inhabitants know nothing but what they are told about the lack of sunshine and the abundance of rain, snow and fogs in England.

Were I asked what I considered to be the most equable climate in the world, I should unhesitatingly say " Tasmania." For agriculture and horticulture, no country excels it. It is a very large hop growing country, and the beer is much better and lighter than ours. There are mountains and rivers in all directions. The vegetation is most luxuriant by reason of the quantity of water to be found everywhere, and English fruit trees attain a size and quality which they scarcely ever acquire in their native soil. The peaches, pears, apples, currants and gooseberries are all most excellent.

Tasmania is, like Ireland, entirely free from snakes and objectionable reptiles of any kind, also wild beasts, although I have not heard of St. Patrick having been there !

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Hobart is very much like an old English town, exceedingly pleasant and beautifully situated at the mouth of the River Derwent. The walks, rides and drives in the neighbourhood are beautiful. It is situated in a lovely harbour surrounded with grand hills, the highest being Mount Wellington, which forms a picturesque background for the quaint town nestling at its foot. With energy and capital Tasmania could be made the richest and most prosperous colony that we possess, as certainly it is one of the most charming and healthy. In short, were I once again a young man and became a modern Faustus, I would attain the realisation of my dream of a lovely island with a delightfully equable, sunny and temperate climate, and should not for one moment hesitate to realise my possessions and spend my life in this beautiful spot.

We steamed right across from Hobart ("Hobarton" it is locally called) to the "Bluff" (the most southerly promontory of the middle island of New Zealand), which is rightly named, for we found it stormy, wet and cold.

New Zealand possesses every variety of climate and beauty. The "Bluff," which as I have said, presents a bleak appearance, is in the interior a magnificent country.

Here in the winter it is cold, bleak and boisterous. Further north, say at Dunedin, you get a similar winter to that which prevails in Scotland. Further north still, at Christchurch, it is more like the English climate, but with a drier atmosphere. Then at Wellington you have a climate like the south-west of Ireland, rather damp and humid, and further north again, at the capital, Auckland, you have a sub-tropical and delightfully equable climate.

The fiords equal, if they do not surpass, some of those wonderful freaks of nature to be found only in Norway, but they are not so numerous. Then there is Mt. Cook and mountain ranges that are grandly sublime.

New Zealand in 1835

In the middle island are to be found some of the best farms in the world, and agriculture and sheep farming are carried on in a very extensive scale, climate, soil and everything being favourable. It is, in short, a magnificent country, possessing all the charms of Norway, Scotland, England and the Riviera. Nearly every description of agriculture and horticulture are carried on there, and the mountains and lakes are exceptionally grand and beautiful.

Very little was known about New Zealand before 1835 (the year of my birth). Till then it was a favourite haunt of whalers, the Bay of Islands being their rendezvous. Here, after a successful season, they would bring their booty to boil down. They mixed freely with the natives, in some cases taking wives from amongst them. As a rule, these whalers were not all they should have been. Many of them were runaway convicts, or deserters from ships, and the life they led on shore was often an absolute orgy. There was no one in authority to hold these wild and unruly spirits, who were constantly being recruited by the scum of society from other places, in check.

In 1835, the Imperial Government, with the object of maintaining some sort of order, appointed a Mr. Bushby, the British Resident at Kororareka. As Mr. Bushby had little force to back up his authority, except the force of moral suasion, matters were not much improved by his appointment ; and as the French were suspected of designs upon the islands, and the New Zealand Government had commenced in 1839 the system of colonising on an extensive scale, the Imperial Government deemed it wise to annex New Zealand in 1840.

Captain Opson, arriving in H.M.S. " Rattlesnake," hoisted the Union Jack on the standard which now rises from the hill overlooking the Bluff. On the 5th March, 1840, on Mr. Bushby's farm was signed the famous Treaty of Waitangi, by which all the most influential chiefs of New Zealand ceded

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the sovereignty of the land to Queen Victoria, in return for which Queen Victoria extended to the natives her royal protection, and imparted to them all the rights and privileges of British subjects.

The first seat of Government was situate on a green promontory which may be seen as you sail up to Kawa Kawa. It was called Russell Town, in memory of Lord John Russell (after whom I was named), but the place was found unsuitable for the capital, and accordingly within a short time of the signing of the treaty, the seat of Government was moved to the spot where the city of Auckland now stands.

From the Bluff we sailed on to Port Chalmers, facetiously called Port "Mac-Chalmers," from the fact that inside the fine harbour is Dunedin, a purely Scots settlement with a Scots climate, Scots mountains, Scots accent, and indeed everything to remind one of "Auld Lang Syne," and I may fairly add, "Auld Reekie" (Edinburgh). The real beginning of Dunedin dates from 1861, when gold was first discovered in Gabriel's Gully. Since when it has grown with more or less rapidity till now it is one of the most prosperous and picturesque towns of New Zealand. Its public buildings are the finest in the colony. Its situation is charming; seen on a clear day from the bay, or from some of the hills around, it is scarcely possible to find a more picturesque sight. One of the characteristics of Dunedin, however, is that one cannot get what is called a "bird's eye view" of it. It is hidden away in nooks and corners, behind clumps of trees, and under green hill crests.

Christchurch* (named after our own Christchurch, near Bournemouth), which is only one night's steaming from

* It was whilst staying here that we went to an entertainment that brought back to my memory Madame Wharton and her wonderful troupe which created a great sensation throughout the country many years ago by their marvellous "Poses Plastiques," consisting of reproductions of ancient classical groups, and single impersonations of "Venus Rising from the Sea," "Ajax Defying the Lightning," "Throwing the Discus," "The Wrestlers," "Venus and Mars," and other

Christchurch and Dunedin

Dunedin, we found as intensely English as Dunedin is Scots. No mountains, but a flat, fertile, well-wooded and splendidly watered place (the Canterbury Plains, so called after the Canterbury "Pilgrims" or first settlers), the city itself being in the centre with the lovely serpentine river Avon (named after our Avon) winding its circuitous way sparkling and rapid, its banks lined with weeping willows, bridges everywhere, so that within a comparatively short walk the Avon is crossed and recrossed many times. The streets are at right angles, and all named after the different bishoprics at "home"—as England is invariably called throughout the Australasian Colonies.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of this district is somewhat novel, and (to my mind) slightly objectionable. On driving a pipe a few feet into the earth, water rushes up. Indeed, before the foundation of a building can be laid the space required has to be supported by piles while the water is pumped out. The water is intensely cold and clear, its source being the mountain snows.

In the museum here we saw a skeleton of the Great Moa (which has been extinct for many years), and a stuffed Apteryx Kiwi, which is nearly, if not quite, extinct. My wife was fortunate enough to procure several specimens of the latter, which are now in our museum, with many New Zealand birds and other exhibits.

I should like to say, in passing, that she also obtained specimens of the Kea (a large parrot). One day at lunch with the Minister of Agriculture, he told me the Kea (or "Sheep-

classical subjects. I saw them on several occasions, and, as a lover of the beautiful, I was entranced. Madame Wharton was a lovely woman, and the other men and women (about twelve persons) were all selected as being anatomically the finest models that had ever been brought together; such a strikingly beautiful combination I never saw before, or since—it was, in fact, a dream! Nature's crowning effort was here portrayed in the grouping together of the "human form divine." Here, "beauty unadorned, was adorned the most"!

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Killer") was at that time responsible for the *death annually of five per cent. of the whole of the sheep raised there*. I understand that since our sojourn there this bird has been nearly exterminated. The extraordinary nature of this parrot is that it discovered the suet around the sheep's kidneys. It alights on the sheep's back, eats its way till it gets to the fat, and then leaves the dead carcase intact, but for the kidneys.

The town of Christchurch lies some eight miles distant from Port Lyttleton, in the midst of an extensive plain, famed for its grain-producing qualities. Christchurch is separated from that port by a range of hills, culminating seaward in the rocky headland known as Bank's Peninsula.

Some fifty years ago, when the first settlers pitched their tents on the site of the present city, not a tree was to be seen. Now all is changed ; at every turn the eye rests on the most luxuriant foliage ; flowering shrubs of every description shelter the villas and adorn the gardens of the wealthier merchants ; the river (well stocked with trout and grayling, imported expressly from the mother country, and which seem to thrive in their new home), runs between banks thickly shaded with willows, while avenues of eucalyptus, in all its varieties, form an agreeable shelter along the high roads.

The town is built for the most part of wood. The Supreme Court, Post Office, Museum, etc., would bear transposition anywhere. The Botanical Gardens are beautifully laid out and well kept, and with perhaps the exception of Auckland, are the finest in New Zealand.

The range of mountains which bounds the fertile plains of Christchurch is a very noble range. Dense forests of birch and fir clothe the hills from base to summit, while the valleys, save where the broad track worn by a winter torrent is marked by a heterogeneous assemblage of stones of all shapes and sizes, are one mass of ferns and creepers. "Totara" pines, from fifty to sixty feet in height, tower above the surrounding

“Wet, windy, wooden Wellington”

undergrowth, dwarfing by comparison the stately tree ferns which flourish beneath their shades. Among these, noisy troops of parrots sport and chatter, together with the “Poé” or “Parson bird.” In fact, it is a terrestrial paradise, and what is more, a paradise without its serpent, for like Ireland, there are no snakes or reptiles.

Our sojourn at Wellington was a most enjoyable one from the fact that we had many friends there who made our visit both interesting and pleasurable. Wellington, which is composed principally of wooden buildings, is situated inside a commodious harbour and is notorious for wooden structures and constant rain, wind and changeable weather; hence it has acquired the sobriquet of “Wet, windy, wooden Wellington”! Our friend, Sir Julius Vogel, objected to it as a libel on the place when I remarked that the word “wretched” should be added to the other appellations. The suggestion was not considered an improvement! Perhaps the largest wooden building in the world, at that time, was the Government Buildings.

From Wellington we went by water to Auckland, which is perhaps the most important, businesslike, prosperous and go-ahead city in New Zealand. Here we found all the bustle and activity of a seaport, together with its commerce in all its various phases.

This “fair city of the sea,” as its inhabitants love to call it, with its broad, clean streets and pleasant suburbs, its unrivalled harbour, its verdure, and sheltered shores—well may the inhabitants within its gate be proud of it!

From the summit of Mount Eden you obtain a splendid view of the Pacific Ocean on both sides of the narrow neck of land on which the city of Auckland is built. It is one of a series of extinct craters, with which this isthmus in the broadest part, seems to be composed.

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The peaches, rich and luscious, in Auckland, are as plentiful as flowers in May. Least expensive of fruit, they met us at every corner, but whether gracing the centre of a table, or filling to repletion a basket of native flax, they were always the same never-enough-to-be-commended luxury.

The famous kauri gum for which New Zealand is so noted, is found a few miles north of this town. There are said to be considerable quantities of it, but it is feared that the supply will soon become exhausted, as it is used in such huge quantities for the making of the finest varnish. It was formed by the resin which exuded from the kauri gum pines, which, though extinct, once grew here. It is of a very transparent, bright yellow colour; we have various specimens in my wife's museum.

During our sojourn at Auckland, we arranged to visit Rotorua for the hot lake and geyser country. We left Auckland in a small, wretched steamer at night and arrived at Tauranga in the morning. It is here that we saw the graves of the brave men who fought the Maoris at the Gate pah, which is about a mile inland. On that occasion they attacked this pah in the dark, and through some unfortunate cause the Maoris made their escape, and the British, making their entrance at two different points, attacked each other, and each force was nearly annihilated before they discovered their fearful blunder. These men were all buried in the graveyard at Tauranga, and the graves covered with shells from the bay. The peculiarity of these shells is that they have been worn into rings by the movement of the sea and constant friction. A string of these is in our museum.

The following extract from my wife's pocket diary will, I think, prove of interest :

" Wednesday, 27th May, 1885—On our way from Tauranga by coach to Ohinemutu. Dr. Ginders (the Government official) says the Maoris have what they call a ' Whari-puni,' where

Auckland and Tauranga

they all sleep packed like herrings, head to feet, and fill up every chink to prevent any air getting in, which is very injurious to them, of course, and they drink as much whisky as they can get. Some, very few, wear the blue ribbon. Their alphabet contains fourteen letters—M, B, D, G, S, C, F, H, J, Q, V, U, Y, Z. They have a building made of boards covered with rushes and native flax raised from the ground to keep the rats away from their corn, and another similarly built but low down to the ground in which they place their dead. There are also three or four graves scattered about guarded round by upright slabs of stone and stones and rubble heaped on the top of them; we gathered a swaltria rose, the last one of summer, from close to the grave house. The Maoris are great riders. I saw to-day a horse being led with two saddles on it, the lady's in front. We gave a little girl sixpence to-day to give to the piccaninny she was carrying on her back, and she gave him an oval-shaped ball that they play with; even the men and women indulge in this pastime. It is composed of bulrush tied to a string about four inches long. They play by throwing it first on to one shoulder and then another, clapping their arms and making a regular beating noise something similar to the beat the niggers make with their feet. We are here about 1,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is very cold, and to see the hot steam rising in every direction is very strange. The Maoris boil their potatoes in the geyser holes, as the water rises sometimes to 200 degrees Faht. One whari (house—pronounced 'wharry') we were asked to notice had a brick bedstead in it, and a young man lying on it. I saw some Fiji mats about. The Maoris are fond of gay colours; Belgian blankets with broad red stripes, they are very fond of. Both men and women sit about a lot smoking pipes. Sometimes you see men carrying children on their backs wrapped round with these blankets. One very hand-

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some woman we found baking round scones ; she very kindly offered us some—they were pure flour and water without any salt. The old father was lying in the corner quite blind. On enquiring, I find that there are more boys than girls among the children. They have got into the pauperising habit of begging."

From Tauranga we travelled by coach to Rotorua, near which is the old native village of Ohinemutu.

The natural wonders of the district containing the hot lakes and geysers are so utterly marvellous that I am constrained to describe in detail the various districts, commencing with the Maori township of Ohinemutu. The wonderful phenomena of this district is the boiling ground.

The bubbling and gurgling and hissing that go on are at first somewhat confusing. You hardly know where to stand to be safe, but very soon you learn to distinguish the firm from the treacherous earth. A few steps led us on to the native pah, situated on a narrow tongue of land running out into Rotorua. Cauldrons lie on each side of the path—sometimes on the very edge of it. Some are bubbling and boiling, some gently simmering, some rising suddenly above ground and then sinking, with a swish and gurgle, back again into the steaming orifice. From some of the boiling springs water is led into ducts, to form reservoirs for various purposes, washing, bathing, and so on. Walking on we soon found ourselves in the large square in which was the " whari-puni " which my wife refers to in her diary.

The " whari-puni " (literally, the " sleeping house ") is the public hall of the " hapu " or sub-tribe, where visitors from other tribes are entertained and where important meetings of all kinds are held. Most Maori villages, however small, have a " whari-puni " of some kind, more or less pretentious, distinguished from the ordinary whari by its greater size, and by woodcarving, sometimes highly elaborated, sometimes rude

Rotorua and Ohinemutu

and unfinished, which invariably adorns the beams and supports. Horrible goggle-eyed monsters—the ancestors of the tribes—writhe and twine amongst each other with bewildering intricacy of design, whilst in odd juxtaposition with such uncouth conceptions, may be seen a simple and tasteful scroll border, rivalling in design and execution the delicate tracery of an Etruscan vase. Every beam, indeed every available wooden surface, is rich with massive carving or intricate tattooing.

The Maori belle and woman of fashion is a tall stalwart woman, with a massive, heavy face and the shoulders of a grenadier. The plentiful blue-black hair, carefully combed, falls down over her neck in heavy masses, or, if it is wiry and irrepressible, radiates in a frizzy glory round the head. The lady of distinction is careful of her dignity, moves with a stately stride, holds her head well back, and swings the arm with an easy rhythmical motion, somewhat manly perhaps, but not ungraceful in a Maori woman. In dress, no less than in pose, she is impressive. It may be a scarlet tunic and black skirt that she wears, or a black tunic and scarlet skirt, or it may be a striped plaid of many colours, thrown back from the shoulders and falling down to the heel in easy folds, but whatever it is, it is something distinguished, and the envy of her more plebeian sisters. Some of the women have a worn and slatternly appearance, more especially the older women, their one consolation in life seeming to be tobacco. The men seem less lively than the women. Octogenarians, with faces like a bit of the carved wood on the front of the "whari-puni," squat down in the forum, rolled up in the folds of a blanket, looking stolidly before them or watching the pranks of the youngsters. Those old Maoris are fond of shaking hands with the white stranger. Whether it is the helplessness or loneliness of old age that makes them thankful for the notice even of an alien, or whether it is from the garrulousness of second childhood,

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those aged Maoris are much more affable than the younger men of the tribe, who are often shy and reserved. Most of these lack-lustre and passive old fellows who sit like heathen idols in the public places of the pah, will nod their mahogany heads on your approach, shout a friendly "tena-koe" ("Here you are!"), and, if you choose to come to close quarters, will proceed to chatter to you as if you understood all they said.

Not the least interesting features of a Maori village are the youths and children. They are full of fun, as indeed are their elders, and chase and tease each other good-naturedly with much shouting and laughter.

Tikitere, which is a few miles distant from Rotorua, is famed for its mud springs. A sulphurous cloud hovers over their surface, but occasionally blows aside, allowing the coffee-coloured, grating and seething mud and water to be seen. I do especially remember Huritine, which is irregular in shape, with its sides in places projecting over the boiling mass; I should imagine that roughly speaking, the diameter of this spring would be between fifty and sixty feet. When the steam clouds clear off, the mass of water is seen rising towards its centre in a boiling cone, rushing backwards and forwards, and lashing its sides with the most terrific fury. The ground near these boiling mud springs is of the most treacherous nature—a thin crust of pumice mixed with sulphur and covered with black mud is all that separates the adventurer from the ghastly horrors below. Above the Huritine spring is a collection of more mud boilers of an even worse appearance, but they are not of the same evil malevolent grandeur.

During our visit to Wairoa, the stopping place for Rotomahana, we became acquainted with Mrs. M. P. Snow, of Fitchburg, Mass., who had prolonged her sojourn among the Maoris for upwards of six months under peculiar circumstances. Her son visited this place about two years previously,

Tikitere and Wairoa

simply as an ordinary tourist in search of health. He, however, became so deeply interested in the natives of Wairoa that he determined to remain among them for the sole purpose of using his influence and example to wean them from the intemperate habits he found them addicted to. They became deeply attached to him, and success attended his most exemplary and Christian work. His health still failing, he arranged to return home through Europe, and he left Wairoa amidst the deepest regrets of the Maoris. His health grew worse, and he finally broke down in the Red Sea, *en route* for England, which, however, he was never destined to see. On hearing of their son's decease, Mr. and Mrs. Snow determined to visit the scene of their dear son's good work. Business matters, however, would not admit of Mr. Snow accompanying his wife; she therefore arranged to make the trip alone. On her arrival at Wairoa, she was received with delight by the natives, and finding how much intemperance still existed, she determined to remain sufficiently long to complete the work her son had carried on with such signal success. This she did, and returned home in the P.M.S.S. "Australia" on the 23rd June, 1885, and travelled with my wife and myself as far as Honolulu, where with sincere regret we had to part company with her, she proceeding to Fitchburg via San Francisco, we remaining at Honolulu preparatory to our visit to the volcano of Kilauea.

One of the gentlemen who came down to see us off before leaving Auckland by the "Australia," was the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon. This gentleman has accomplished in Auckland an exceptionally admirable work in establishing a tabernacle at a cost of upwards of £14,000, every penny of which was absolutely subscribed and paid before he preached his first sermon. We visited his tabernacle several times during our sojourn in Auckland, and on each occasion found the place crowded to excess and many outside unable to obtain

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admittance. His eloquence and plain, forcible English, reminded me of John Bright ; and in his telling and earnest appeals to his congregation one could not help feeling one's spirit refreshed and intensely gratified with the gospel of our great Master as He Himself would wish it preached.

But to return to the King Country. Again I insert a quotation from my wife's diary.

"The Maoris are beginning to put glass in their windows at Ohinemutu, where we saw some women squatting and washing clothes in the warm lake ; no need there to make fires or boil water for any purpose. The water M. and I had for our feet was too hot straight from the spring, and had to be cooled. The natives are very fond of dogs, and they have a great variety from the poodle to the Newfoundland. They nurse and pet them as English ladies do. They are avaricious, asking long prices for anything they sell you, always pretending 'No money,' at the same time making plenty of money by visitors, which simply keeps them in a state of idleness. When a chief dies, they hold a Tangi or Wake, much like the Irish Wake. They send for the neighbouring tribes, and the body is kept until these all gather together, and until they obtain the money the deceased may have in the bank, which is sometimes as long as a fortnight. In one case they spent £300 upon flour, sugar, etc., which they strewed on the fields. They then got long sticks, split them at the top, and placed the deceased's money (all in bank notes) into them, and stored them in the flour all about, and all this they make a present to the tribes who come to the funeral, and my informant told me that during the time of all this lavishness the children of the deceased man came to them begging for a morsel of meat—they were starving ! Then a grand procession goes out to meet the visiting tribes, the young girls dressed in white, also the men, but the latter put patches of colour over the white shirt they wear, and all of

Maori "Haka" Dance

them dust their faces with a blue powder. They then start off, dancing as they approach them, and singing in their peculiar monotone. The howling and mourning go on for that day and then the dead is buried. The young children are quite neglected during this time, and there are always many deaths of the little ones after a chief dies, not only from neglect, but keeping the body for so long a time taints the air. White men are found to make the coffin, but the Maoris themselves screw it down, as no other would be allowed to approach it."

At Wairoa, the staple amusement is the Haka dance performed by the natives of the village. It is similar to the Hulu-Hulu dance in Hawaii. It is very open to question whether the Haka, even in its ordinary form, is a thing to be encouraged among the natives. When the Haka is announced there is quite a bustle amongst the young folks, whilst the old tattooed men and women crouch in the gathering dusk before their wharis, smoking their pipes and chatting or looking wisely silent. The young men and women retire to their toilet, and come forth by and by arrayed in "evening costume"—the women dressed in white, with a shawl or sash of some gay colour wrapped artistically around them, and the young men in tweed trousers and cotton or woollen shirts! The Master of the Ceremonies was a powerful and athletic young fellow of twenty-six or thereabouts, who made all the arrangements for the dance, assigned the dancers their places, indicated the proper gestures, and conducted the music.

Presently the dancers, thirty men and thirty women, trooped in and arranged themselves in two rows along the vacant side of the building—the women in front and the men behind. They seemed to be arranged pretty well in order of merit, the best dancers being towards the top of the whari, so that their virtues are brought well under the eyes of the visitors, the row tailed off towards the door, where the worst dancers were out of the direct line of vision and veiled in a

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judicious gloom. The dancers in their places, a short time of preliminary chatter followed, and whilst the women adjusted a scarf or put some other finishing touch to their toilet, we had time to observe the extraordinary variety of physiognomy in the row of brown beauties. Some were of large and masculine build, but comely, tattooed on the nether lip, and if it had not been for the laughter in the face, looking somewhat fierce—such women, one would think, as in bygone times might have taken or held a pah, when pahas were worth the taking. Some were delicately formed—some even fragile and approaching the European standard of beauty, wearing a look of sadness in the rare moments when the face was in repose—but for the most part seeming to enter into the work of the evening with zest and spirit. Towards the tail end the beauties were very decidedly *passées*, and appeared to be worn out with family cares and to find but little joy in their mirth. Some of the dancers looked self-conscious and modest, some looked arch, some had the brazen look begotten of many hakas, whilst some were so absorbed in the business of the evening as to be oblivious of everything else.

The M.C. straightened himself up—all eyes looked to him ; he raised a low whining chant in monotone ; bodies and limbs and facial muscles began to move in a series of rhythmical contortions. Ever and anon the chant of the leader swelled into a hoarse and guttural chorus, ending in a series of indescribable sounds, which seemed to come from far down the throat, half sighs, half grunts. Gradually the motions quickened. The bodies of the dancers turned now to this side, now to that, but always in a state of intense agitation, seemed to be animated by one spirit, so perfectly simultaneous were their gestures. The arms, moving in rhythmic motion to the chant, went through a variety of pantomimes. At one time they moved as if working a pair of oars ; then the arms worked as if holding the reins of a galloping horse, and again they



The White Terrace, Lake Tarawera.

The natural terraces of silica were formed by water continually being vomited from the vast abyss below.



The Pink Terrace, which is opposite to the White Terrace.

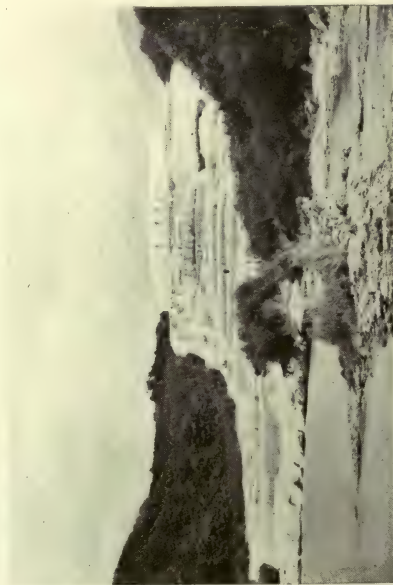
The fascinating tint of pink is caused by a deposit of metal in the boiling water as it rushes up from the yawning chasm below. The water is deliciously soft from the silica deposits.



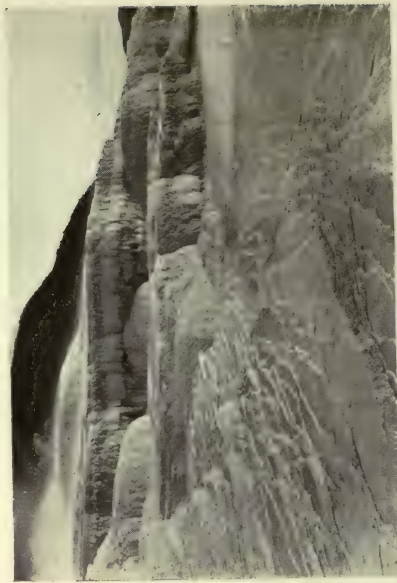
The White Terrace, N.Z.



The White Terrace, N.Z.



The Pink Terrace, N.Z.



The Pink Terrace, N.Z.

Pink and White Terraces, N.Z., destroyed after we visited them.

Tarawera to Rotomahana

were held rigid as a bar of iron—only the fingers quivering so rapidly that their outline became blurred. As the dancers warmed to their work the gestures became more violent, till at last Fitte the First is ended, and the ladies sank upon their knees to indulge in an interval of gossip and refreshment, having probably hinted the necessity for something of the kind by an unmistakable bibulous pantomime. The beer was at this part of the proceedings brought in in a bucket. One of the white visitors met the demands of Maori etiquette by advancing to the beer-bucket, dipping a glass, and taking the first drink, when the beverage was served out, beginning with the dancers—the elders of the hapu also in time receiving their share. For those who did not drink beer (and there were abstainers among them) raspberry vinegar was provided. When all had had a little rest and refreshment, the dance was resumed in much the same style as before, except that this time the men were in front and the women behind ; and so ended Fitte the Second, for another interval of relaxation and refreshment. Again the women came to the front. The Master of the Ceremonies addressed them, stimulating them to still greater efforts, and chaffing some of them unmercifully, to judge by their shame-faced looks and the hearty roars from the company, generally. The third and last dance began. New attitudes and gestures were resorted to ; now they stood, now on their knees, now bent to this side, now to that ; their voices became louder, harsher, and full of a fierce glee ; their heads wagged violently ; their tongues lolled from their mouths ; nothing of the eye but the white was visible, and the whole face had a look truly diabolical. This extraordinary dance then came to an end, with a rapid and telling *pas de deux* between the leader and the *premiere danseuse*.

We travelled to Rotomahana from Wairoa by boat over Lake Tarawera. Our guide was named Kate, a thoroughly reliable and careful woman. She carried one recommendation

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on her breast, for she wore the Humane Society's medal for having saved life in Tarawera Lake. She was a familiar figure, as she rustled about in her black silk made in the extreme of fashion, a jaunty little hat perched on her head, which, on the least approach to courtesy she doffed with the air of a Sixteenth Century gallant. She was an exceedingly robust specimen of the Maori women, shrill-tongued, and seemed well able to protect any party to whom she acted as cicerone. Some of the boatmen waded by the side of the boat and pushed, until the boat was well into deep water, when they all settled to their oars for a pull of two hours over one of the most lovely lakes in New Zealand. The expanse of water widened, the boat hugged the southern shore, and nook after nook of surpassing beauty revealed itself, as the banks opened up in a succession of wooded forelands, receding bays, and stretches of rocky bluffs, fringed and feathered with masses of drooping foliage. About half way along the southern shore, the lake shoots towards the south in a long narrow arm called Te Ariki, and it was down this bay that the boat turned to make for Rotomahana. On the left rose the remarkable Mount Tarawera. There is a strange fascination about this curious truncated mountain. It looked bare and scarred, its steep walls rising up black and terrible as if blasted with lightning—the very sublimity of desolation. No wonder that the Maori imagination invested this spot with a sacred horror. It is to them a city of the dead, and may not lightly be approached; and when clouds gather round its summit and roll in heavy masses along its sides, driven by the fierce winds that play about the crest, it requires no active imagination to people it with weird and spiritual terrors.

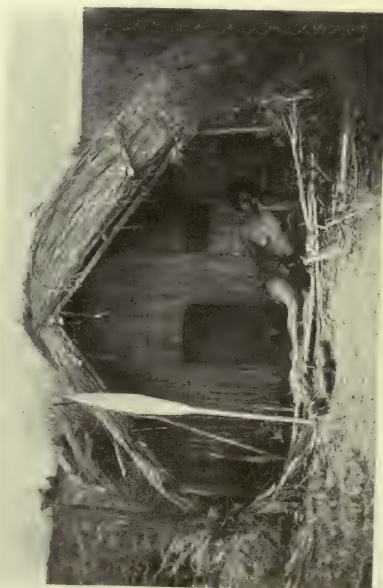
Opposite the mountain, on the right side of the Te Ariki arm, is a remarkable hill, readily recognised as the site of a former pah—a position of great strength when the tomahawk and spear were the war weapons. By and by, on coming to



Maori "Tango" or lying in state



Maori family. The only clothing they wear are called "Mats" of their own make.



A Maori woman sleeping outside a native whare. Very few of these huts now exist.



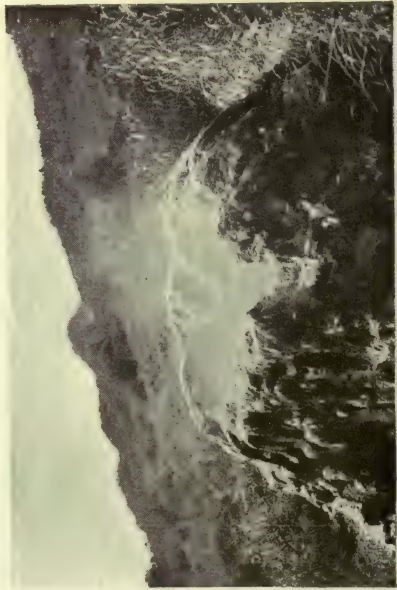
Mount Cook, N.Z.



Hot water stream from Pink and White Terraces to Lake Tarawere,
down which my wife and I glided—a veritable dream of delight.



Mud Springs, White Terrace.



Devil's Punch Bowl, White Terrace.



Devil's Porridge Pot, White Terrace.

The Pink and White Terraces

the crest of a small hill, we saw the White Terraces for the first time, trending down, like a slope of compact and somewhat dirty snow, to Rotomahana. We found ourselves presently on the other side of the hot creek, where we had to take off our boots and put on our slippers, preparatory to our scramble over the White Terrace.

I said previously that the Terrace looked like a trend of dirty snow, but what is any distant and bird's-eye view of the White Terrace to the revelation of beauty that struck us dumb when we ascended the steps of this magnificent staircase? Could Eastern fabulist in his wildest flights imagine any work of the genii to equal the exquisite workmanship of this range of sculptured fountains? One might talk of snow wreaths, of alabaster, or Parian marble, of any substance pure and rare, but all such comparisons would but mislead. The whiteness of the terrace is not the whiteness of snow or marble, nor has it the bluish transparency of alabaster.

What is called Rotomahana (*i.e.*, "Hot Water") is a rushy mere lying in a hollow surrounded with somewhat broken, scrub-coloured hills. The White Terrace is at the north-east corner of the lake, just where the Kaiwaka leaves it to join Tarawera. The terrace covers the hill-slope, ascending from the lake-level to a height of perhaps 150 feet, and contracting in breadth as it ascends, until the cauldron is reached from which the water arises, where the final platform is perhaps fifty feet broad, so that the general outline is that of a huge half-open fan. The surface, however, is not a plane, but rather a large convex, the terraces running in variously sized curves, dipping down to each side, where the silica of the terrace touches the setting of manuka that fringes it.

On reaching the foot of the terrace, a short walk over a glistening surface of rippling silica, hard as a pavement of marble, brought us to the lower basins, where the water, having had time to cool in its slow, trickling descent, has lost

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the fierce heat of the cauldron and become merely tepid. The walls of the basins are massive and rounded, running into an infinite variety of scallop and curvature, the lower part of the wall receding, and the upper edge overhanging and forming a thick, rounded lip, over which the water trickles in its descent from one basin to another, to make its way finally to the lake. The water which fills these cold water reservoirs is no less wonderful and exquisite in its beauty than the basins which hold it. It is blue, but such a blue as is seen nowhere else in Nature—more delicate than the shade of the sky—a milky, pellucid blue, with a gem-like iridescence like the shifting light of an opal. The basins rise one above the other in unbroken succession, the surface level of one basin forming the base for the wall of the next.

Hundreds of these lovely reservoirs, of the most bewildering variety, go to form the terrace—no one the exact pattern of its neighbour—the irregular sweeping curve of one being abruptly intersected or broken in the arc of another, but each in shape more exquisite than any curve could be drawn with compass. As we ascended, the steps became purer in tint and more richly chased and fretted. Their infinite variety of size and form and their exquisite beauty produce at first an impression akin to bewilderment. But when the first bewildering flush of surprise has passed, there is a placidity and repose in this petrified torrent—a hushed stillness and mighty enduring strength which fills one's mind with a sense of the Eternal.

The terraces vary in breadth as well as in height. One terrace consists of a comparatively narrow ledge, whilst another has a breadth of many feet. About half way up the ascent the buttresses became formidable walls which have to be surmounted by choosing a break, where the wall is approached by a series of smaller steps. But the beauty of those buttresses! The silica hangs over the ledge like rich falls of lace. It seems as if foaming cascades were mesmerised into

Whakarewarewa and Geysers

marble in their descent, before the water could reach the ground ; and on more closely examining this stony drapery, we found that its texture is a marvel of delicate tracery and chamfered fretwork, down whose fluted furrows the blue water of the upper basin falls in little ropes of foam. Below this flowing crust of silica, the wall of the terrace recedes into a shallow alcove, of a sufficient depth in some places to allow a child to sit under it protected from the small cascades of water that fall from the domed upper surfaces of the terrace, whence those particular walls have been called the "Umbrella Buttresses." Underneath in those recesses, the creamy white, which is the colour of the silica on the more exposed faces, is overlaid by films of the most brilliant colours—rich green and orange chromes, browns and reds.

As we ascended the terrace, not only did the buttresses become purer in colour and more massive, but the water became very perceptibly hotter, and, if that were possible, more exquisite in tint. At the bottom we dipped our feet into the tepid water, and would willingly have dipped them there for ever, were it not that we were drawn from one level by the more enchanting beauty of the next above it. As we ascended, we felt less inclined to draw our feet from our slippers.

About six months after our exploring this marvellously wonderful region and whilst we were travelling through India, we heard with great regret of the terrible earthquakes in the locality of Tarawera and Rotomahana, destroying utterly those exquisite Pink and White Terraces of silicate, converting these marvels of nature into a terrible chaos and ruins of their former beauty and grandeur.

Whakarewarewa is a district of geysers occupying the side of a hill which forms the right bank of the Puarenga Creek. The number of the springs is very great. On entering the settlement the appearance it presents is that of a disused quarry where hollows at various levels have been filled with muddy

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water. Following the guide through this series of sulphur baths to the rising ground, where stands the native village, we come to the general cooking-pot of the community—a clear blue boiling spring of enormous depth, with sides which serve as shelves on which to stand kettles or other cooking apparatus. Thence the path wound round under the hill amidst an infinite variety of strange sights.

Next to Rotomahana and Wairakei, Whakarewarewa gives the most complete example of the various processes which characterise the hot-water district generally—silicious deposits like those at Rotomahana.

At Oropi we entered the eighteen mile bush. The road is one of the roughest, the hills are numerous and steep, ruts are plentiful, and occasional stumps and stones add to the general unpleasantness. With our good carriage and horses, however, and the careful driver, these discomforts were reduced.

The discomforts of travelling from Tauranga to Ohinemutu is more than counterbalanced by the novelty and beauty of the scenery through which one passes. The massive outline and drooping tassels of the rimu, the picturesque beauty of the birches, the rata with its scarlet blossoms and its rugged, twisted trunk, the graceful parachutes of the tree ferns, the soft luxuriance of the underwood and grasses by the roadside, and other pretty and attractive features of our woodland scenery delights the eye that sees them for the first time, and divert the attention, in some measure, from the unpleasantness of ruts and corduroy. Bush scenery is never seen at its best from a level road. It is when they hang on a steep slope high overhead, or pave with their tops the depths of some ravine, that forest trees are seen to most advantage.

On reaching the Mangarewa Gorge we found all the conditions for seeing New Zealand forest at its best. Elsewhere in the Oropi Bush there is monotony, the road being shut in on

Mangarewa Gorge and Oropi Bush

each side as if by a hedge of lofty trees, each tree beautiful in itself, but presented at exactly the same angle as its neighbour. But the gorge is superb—what there is of it. Unfortunately it is too soon passed. As the horses took their way down the steep track, cut in places out of the solid rock, we looked with delight over the sea of rich and varied foliage that rolled in waves of loveliest green for miles along the opposite slopes. As we descended to the bottom of the ravine where the bridge spans a creek, the rocky sides of the gorge closed in like a towered gateway. The creek loiters in dark pools, shaded by the thick leaves of the fingered aralia, and fringed with filmy ferns that love the darkness. By and by we wound along the edge of a torrent that made music among its boulders, whilst on our right rose the sheer wall of a cliff, giving foothold to shrubs and ferns and mosses innumerable.

"No alien land in all the world has any deep, strong, charm for me but the Hawaiian Isles ; no other land could so lovingly and beseechingly haunt me sleeping and waking, through more than half a lifetime, as that one has done. Other things leave me, but it abides ; other things change, but it remains the same. For me its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun ; the pulsing of its surf beat is in my ear ; I can see its garlanded crags, its leaping cascades, its plummy palms drowsing by the shore ; its remote summits floating like islands above the cloud-rack ; I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitudes ; I can hear the plash of its brooks ; in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago."—MARK TWAIN.

CHAPTER XIII

The Hawaiian (Sandwich) Islands

Samoa—Fiji—Oahu—Honolulu—The Right Honble. Archibald Cleghorn—The Right Honble W. M. Gibson, the Prime Minister—Climate—Captain Cook—Molokai—Kilauea—Halemaumau—Pele's Throat—Pele's Hair—The Sacred Ohelo berries—Hilo—The great flow from Mauna Loa—My wife's accident—The Hulu dance—Haleakala—The Spreckelsville plantation and process of sugar production—Maui—Lanai—Kauai—Princess Liké-Liké—King Kalakaua's Band and the echo—The audience granted me by King Kalakaua and my visit to the Royal Mausoleum—Our departure—Charles Mathews' account of his visit—San Francisco—Josh Billings—Mark Twain—Artemus Ward—Karl Formes—The snore and the Scots accent—Typhoon *en route* to Japan.

The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. It is God's Garden and they who know it not by personal travel are in ignorance as to its marvellous wonders ; its education and its manifold lessons give that which book lore attempts to convey in vain.—M.R.C.

AFTER a lengthened stay in Auckland, where we had a most enjoyable time and made many friends, among them the Rev. Thos. Spurgeon (who was the last person to bid us "Bon Voyage" with a hearty hand shake), we visited several of the Pacific Islands, Samoa, Fiji, and the Hawaiian Islands, all of which are of volcanic and coral origin, and are dreams of tropical delight. It was at Samoa that poor Stevenson spent the latter part of his life, and it was here he died.

The natives are a remarkably fine looking people, of quite a classic cast, and very warlike in appearance. The contests between the rivals to the throne, Malietoa, Mataafa,

Home and Abroad

and Tamasese, have been the cause of considerable strife and bloodshed, many battles being fought between the opposing parties.

Apia, the capital of Samoa, was the scene of the terrific hurricane which in 1889 caused the loss of six German and American warships, the only vessel escaping being the British ironclad *Calliope*, which managed to steam out under circumstances of the greatest peril. The skeleton of one of the German ships still lies on the beach, forming a sad blot on the beautiful scene around it.

A Protestant church of Gothic design was completed some years ago, and the festival of the native congregation held to celebrate the opening of the church was a strange anomaly, very suggestive of the country and the times. During the course of this Christian festival the church and the grounds were closely surrounded by Malietoa's warriors, armed with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets, the adjoining houses being also filled with them, whilst armed men continually paced up and down and through the crowd in every direction.

Their principal labour consists in making kapa, or so-called "tapa." This kapa is composed of the bark of the wanki, and another tree. The bark having been stripped off is beaten into a pulp on a kapa board with clubs made of close-grained hard wood called kancla. Some of these kapa boards are plain, and some have patterns sunk in them, into which the kapa is beaten; thus a pattern is formed of any design which may be desired and the material after drying shows a semi-perforation or transparency exceedingly elegant. In this form the kapa is used for curtains, blinds and clothing. The plain kapa however, can be used for many purposes, but principally, on account of its being able to contain warmth, for bed coverings. Sometimes as many as three, four or five thicknesses are placed on a bed, with the uppermost one

Arrival at Honolulu

stamped, like calico, with pretty designs. We secured some large pieces, which are in my wife's museum.

The island of Oahu (pronounced "O-wha-cho") once nothing but pure scoria and cinders, but now a perfect "Garden of Eden," contains Honolulu, the capital city of the Hawaiian Islands, and like Colombo in Ceylon, is the port of call for all passing vessels and is called the "Clapham Junction of the East." It possesses many natural and interesting beauty spots. Of these the most impressive is the Nuuanu Pali. This great cliff is at the eastern limit of the Valley of Nuuanu, which extends seven miles from the sea, narrowing from a mile wide at its mouth to 200 feet at the top, where it falls away sheer 1,000 feet. Engineering of the highest class has cut and strung an excellent roadway down the face of the mountain, making accessible to all kinds of vehicles some truly beautiful spots on the landward side. The Valley of Nuuanu is remarkable as the scene of the last battle of conquest waged by the famous Kamehameha the Great, sometimes called the "Napoleon of the Pacific." All the way up the valley are to be noted the places where decisive movements of the extraordinary struggle took place. When finally the Oahu army had been beaten, and was a disorganised, fleeing mob, it was forced bodily, to the number of more than 6,000 men, over the precipice to quick death on the rocks below, where the plain meets the mountain.

As far as the eye can reach towards the northward, a line of white marks the reef. Green, in varying shades, predominates where the rice, the sugar-cane, the meadow grasses, with shrubs and forest trees, fill the vista, and off into the north sparkles a sea rivalling in blue the arching vault, until the horizon line is but dimly traced.

During our stay in Honolulu, I was proposed as a member of the Royal Club by the Right Honourable Archibald Cleghorn, a Scots gentleman from Edinburgh, who had settled in Hono-

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lulu many years before and married the Princess Liké-liké, the sister of his Majesty King Kalakaua. Meeting there, from day to day, the leading men of the island, I became conversant with many historical facts and interesting local lore relating to the islands, from the fact that being a visitor, and of an enquiring turn of mind, I took every opportunity of obtaining all the information I could relating to these most interesting and lovely islands. It was here, too, that I made the acquaintance of H.M. King Kalakaua's Prime Minister, His Excellency the Right Honourable W. Gibson, with whom I became very friendly. He furnished me with endless knowledge regarding the islands and their progress.

And now let me say a few words to eulogise the great work accomplished by our much-criticised, but most self-denying, and excellent missionaries. To discover and realise what they have accomplished in the remote places of the earth, their critics ought to travel and see for themselves what these great and heroic men and women have done ; often taking their lives in their hands, they have devoted and sacrificed their lives in their loving devotion to work consecrated to the uncivilised races.

The marvellously equable and cool temperature of these islands is ascribable entirely to the north-east " trade winds " that blow continuously from March till November, sometimes with immense force, but always equally welcome, making an otherwise tropical climate not only bearable, but throughout the whole year one of the most charming in the universe. From this cause the Hawaiian Islands are nearly, if not altogether, exempt from diseases, saving leprosy amongst the natives. To an inhabitant of colder and more inhospitable climes the unspeakable charm of sitting on the verandah or " lanai," and being wafted by these deliciously cool and refreshing breezes, is a dream only to be realised by a sojourn in these lovely islands " On the Blue Pacific Wave." During

Hawaiian Climate

the so-called winter season we found scarcely any appreciable difference in temperature, ranging as it did from 60 degrees minimum to 90 degrees maximum, the "sick wind" being the only drawback to an otherwise perfect climate. This "sick wind" is a hot wind blowing from the Equator, consequently charged with hot briny moisture, making the air stifling and unbreathable. I may add, however, that even this visitation is exceptional, and the three months—December to February—which constitute the Hawaiian winter, are simply charming, being more like our May or June in England, bracing and exhilarating, with an "Italian" sky, such as I have experienced in the Riviera at its best, but without the chilly and treacherous nights in that part of the world. The average temperature throughout the whole year is about 70 to 75 degrees Fahrenheit. It is, in fact, a climate absolutely perfect, with a country affording the valetudinarian an unlimited choice of temperature, for on the mountain slopes, by ascending a few thousand feet, one can obtain any change, from heat to cold, desired. For instance, at the Volcano House at Kilauea, 4,600 feet above the sea level, we found the thermometer ranged from 55 degrees at 6 a.m. to 70 degrees at noon, and 60 degrees during the evening, whereas on our arrival at Hilo, the chief town of the island of Hawaii, on sea level, we found it from about 70 degrees to 85 degrees. This was in the months of July and August, the middle of summer, and their hottest months.

After staying in Honolulu a short time I arranged with our friend Mr. Wilder, an American steamship owner, to charter one of his boats to take us across to the Island of Hawaii, in order to visit the active crater of Kilauea, near which is the spot where Captain Cook was killed. A statue has been erected here to perpetuate his memory. At a later date King Kalakaua told me himself that the reason his ancestors killed Captain Cook was because they had deified

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him as the god "Orono" whom they had been expecting to come for ages past, but when a piece of timber fell upon Captain Cook's foot and he cried out with pain, they at once looked upon him as an impostor, hence their determination to do away with him. The manner of his death is well known, but I may mention that his heart was eaten by three children named Kupa, Mohoole and Kaikakoolea.

There were numerous heathen temples in the island devoted to the worship of all sorts of heathen gods, the principal one being to "Pele," the goddess of Fire. The first temple was built in Honolulu by King Kamehameha I, also called "the Great." There were also a number of malignant spirits, to whom the blood-thirsty priests, in order to gratify their lust for slaughter, sacrificed multitudes of human beings on the death of the great chiefs, or, for the matter of that, on the slightest possible excuse, or most frivolous pretext. They confined themselves principally, however, to prisoners, but if there were not sufficient of these, their blood-thirstiness had to be satiated by many of the king's own brave warriors being slaughtered. Although he eventually put a stop to it and substituted hogs, dogs and fowls, or in fact any living beast to satisfy the priests, yet Kamehameha, for the first few years of his reign, frequently sacrificed human beings.

This undoubtedly was so, but whatever may have been the habits or idiosyncrasies of the natives of these islands when Captain Cook discovered them, my practical experience is that the natives now are the most ingenuously kindly-hearted and even-tempered aboriginal people it has been my lot to meet.

We left Honolulu on Tuesday, 14th July, 1885, in the "S.S. Kinau," and landed at Kaihou, for Kilauea, two days afterwards. Soon after leaving Honolulu we passed the island of Molokai, on which there is a great leper settlement established in 1866 by a law that made it compulsory for any person

Molokai the Leper Settlement

afflicted with leprosy, with a few exceptions, to submit to be banished there for life. This has been rigidly carried into effect, and it is hoped that within another century this dreadful malady may be stamped out. Beside the 800 lepers occupying the Valley of Kamalo, there were ministers of religion (native lepers) who hold Protestant services in the native language in very nice clean places of worship ; there are also native leper schoolmasters and mistresses, likewise a band, the members of which, but for the fact of their being there, no one would for a moment suppose were victims of the scourge. Their music is admirable, and they seem to forget all their troubles and isolation.

The settlement is situated at the base of a range of precipices in the Plain of Kalaupapa, bounded on one side by the ocean and hemmed in on the other by the Pali (cliff) of Kalae, and is unquestionably the largest and most populated leper settlement in the world. It is a solitary, isolated spot, which has been set aside for the use of these unfortunate human beings afflicted with that horrible disease. It has never been determined whether leprosy is contagious or not, but the Hawaiians deem it better to avoid any risk, and therefore these poor victims are segregated as I have already mentioned. The settlement is under the control of a Board of Health and all expenses of maintaining it are borne by the Government. The Receiving Hospital is near Honolulu, and here all doubtful cases are sent ; the moment the disease manifests itself the patient is removed to the settlement where he is comfortably cared for. No one is permitted to visit the leper settlement except by an order of the Board of Health, and very few individuals outside the medical profession care to take the risk. Experiments have shown, however, that foreigners are but seldom attacked by this disease. As a matter of fact, I have often discussed this mysterious and loathsome disease with my numerous medical friends. I have

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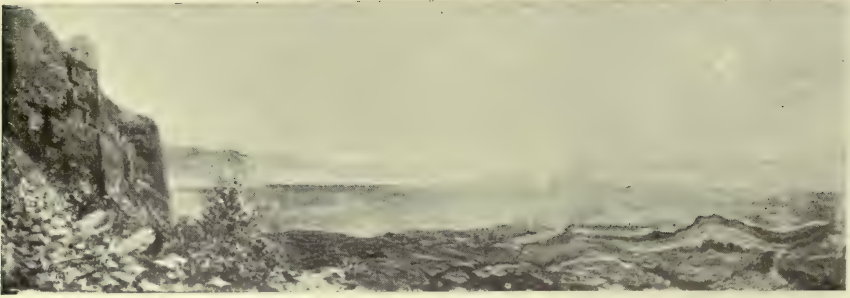
studied the problem and from observations made during our travels I have arrived at the conclusion that this malignant disease has been created by the natives in various parts of the world living almost entirely upon fish for generations past, and more especially, in those cases where it has been eaten either raw or only partially cooked. We have visited every country where leprosy prevails, and on making searching enquiries I have found that nearly the sole diet of the natives had been as I have stated, fish, viz., Japan, China, Straits Settlement, Norway and many other places.

During our sojourn at Honolulu, the Right Honourable W. Gibson, King Kalakaua's Prime Minister, told me the following incident apropos of the vagaries appertaining to leprosy. A man in perfect health was condemned to death for a murder he had committed, but the medical faculty, that is to say, the English and American doctors in Honolulu, petitioned the king to allow them to experiment upon him in the interests of humanity, if the felon agreed to it, in which case, at the expiration of three years he was to receive a free pardon. The prisoner agreed to this arrangement. The doctors therefore inoculated him repeatedly with virus taken from lepers. He was also sent to the leper settlement at Molokai, and married a woman there seriously affected with leprosy. Nothing, however, caused the disease to develop in him, and at the expiration of three years he was allowed to leave the settlement a free man, and Mr. Gibson added, with a smile, he had had many a good laugh at the expense of the medical faculty.

From Molokai we steamed on to Maui, and calling at several places, proceeded to Hawaii, where we first touched at Mahukona. Here we were much amused with watching the marvellous fish, with brilliant and varied hues, showing in the sun through the transparent blue water, many dotted with patches of brilliant colour. Many natives in canoes threw out their nets and dived into the water like ducks. A whole crowd



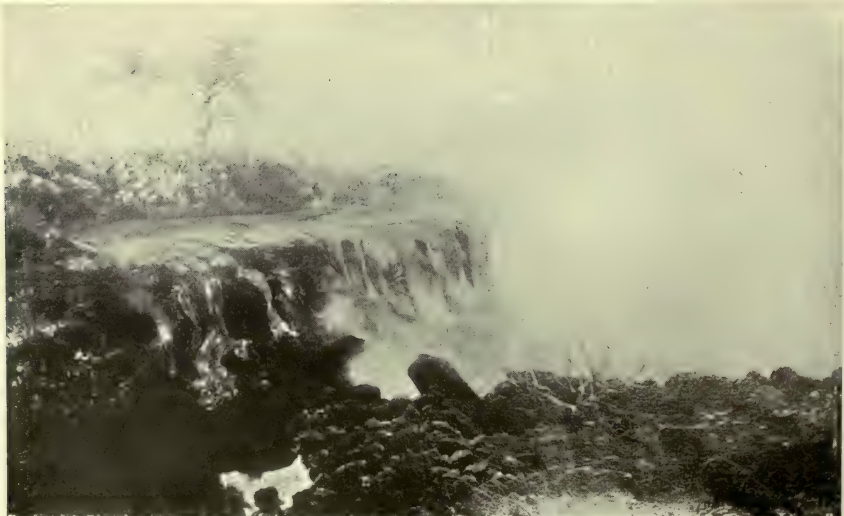
Map of the Hawaiian Islands, visited by my wife and myself, May till September, 1885.



The great crater of Kilauea, visited by us in July, 1885



Halemaumau, Hawaii, the active crater in the interior of Kilauea.
Explored by me, 21st, 23rd and 27th July, 1885.



River of molten lava flowing from Mauna Loa to Hilo, Hawaii, where we sojourned for some weeks
in consequence of my wife's accident on the crater of Kilauea.

Mauna Loa and Kilauea

of them, men and women, alternately assisted in driving the fish into the nets. They appear to be just as much at home in the sea as on the land, ducking, diving, splashing and disporting themselves in every imaginable way, and apparently enjoying themselves infinitely more than we, the spectators on board the "Kinau."

Kilauea is the largest live volcano in the world. It is situate on a spur of Mauna Loa, which towers into the sky to the height of 13,675 feet. The spur of this mountain on which Kilauea is situated is about 4,000 feet above sea level. Originally the great active volcano was at the apex of Mauna Loa, but this has become practically extinct. The volcano of Kilauea broke through the mountain side, and has ever since been in a high state of eruption. It is twelve miles in circumference. The active crater at the north-west end of the floor, which is three miles in circumference, is called in Hawaiian "Halemaumau," that is, "The House of Everlasting Fire"!

The shape of the volcano is an elongated oval, running from east to west. It is surrounded by precipices of scoria, from 1,000, 1,200 to 1,500 feet high. These are called "Palis." The interior of "Halemaumau" is continually throwing up fountains of fire, which rise gradually higher and higher till they frequently ascend to the height of a hundred feet, the lava being scattered all over the lake of molten fire. To reach the lake of fire we had to walk over an enormous undulating black sea of lava thrown up in every shape and form by great convulsions, and so pitched one on top of the other in immense masses, that in some places they reached a height of twenty or thirty feet, divided by yawning chasms and fissures two to six feet wide, with the molten lava rolling below one's feet, and here and there vomited forth like molten iron out of a furnace, the heat being intense, and the air suffocating, being impregnated with sulphur. Over this, cat-like, we had to pick

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our way, after the two guides with lanterns, in Indian file, in case of the layer of lava giving way and engulfing us all in the molten sea below. As the exploration of this marvellous crater is always made during the night, the lambent fire below is apparent in these fissures giving fiery warning of where not to tread.

The volcano really resembles a huge lake covered with black ice, with water below, but instead of ice it is a strata of thick scoria cooled down and sufficiently thick to enable one to walk over it, the molten fire below taking the place of the water. In crossing it, we came upon a kind of blow-hole, called "Pele's Throat," up which poured a volume of steam and smoke, perfectly overpowering, but which we carefully avoided, walking on the weather side. From this pipe or funnel is heard a terrific noise like a number of foundries with hundreds of sledgehammers going. On arriving at Halemaumau we were speechless with awe and wonder at its indescribable terrible sublimity, for there was a surging, rolling, splashing, tossing sea of molten fire of gold in every hue and shade, from the darkest richest colour to a brilliant light yellow. Waves upon waves rolling over and over, till it reached the side of the crater, against which it broke, sending up thousands of livid sparks of fire. In the crater and sides of the lake we counted at one time sixteen fountains of liquid fire shooting up molten liquid, lambent lava to a height of 60 to 90 feet, then breaking up into myriads of fiery stars. Then a time of comparative quiet would ensue followed by a dull report, a tremor of the lava bed, or the rush or rattle of rocky avalanches within the pit thrilled our tense nerves. About the margin of the lake there glowed bright crimson spots, alternating with fissures filled with flames of electric whiteness, and we knew that an outbreak was near at hand. The thin crust on the molten lake was rent apart, and there rolled out a blood-red wave whose incandescent crest swept on and broke in

Halemaumau and "Pele's Hair"

fiery spray against the massive wall. Other raging billows clashed together, and tossed their mingled volumes of silver, gold and crimson, high in the glowing air. The super-heated, highly elastic gases tore through the liquid matter, carrying with them in their upward rush lava spun into fine filaments, called "Pele's Hair," and drove before them sulphur clouds through which the moon beamed with a dull, livid light. This "Pele's Hair" is like tow or black bottle glass with darkish dirty green tags on each hair, very sharp like needles. It is produced by the wind blowing the molten lava through the air as the fountains of fire burst forth from the lake of molten scoria, and is only to be obtained hanging in small shreds at the very verge of the molten lake of fire, to attempt which is not only dangerous but fraught with great risk. However, against the advice of my two guides, they having declined, under any circumstances, to obtain any for me, I persisted in going down, being determined to obtain, if possible, some of this precious "Pele's Hair." I scrambled down the best way I could until I got to the verge of the lake of fire, where I managed to secure a few bits, which are now in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum.* I was just on the point of returning, when the guides shouted to me to rush back as quickly as possible. I did so, and after climbing up and over a few of the huge boulders of scoria, they told me to turn round and look. I did so, and saw that on the very spot on which I had been standing a few seconds before, one of the fountains of fire which had ascended since I left, had dropped in a shower like liquid gold that would have shamed any pyrotechnic exhibition and would have ended my career for ever had it fallen on me! The following is how it is described by another explorer:—"In the midst of the lake's brilliant confusion there played a fountain of blood-red lava 'which

* I gave a specimen to Sir Charles Parsons, and indeed to several other men of science.

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did the tumultuous sea incarnadine,' filling the air with crimson light, and tinging the beetling cliffs with rich colour. The heat-wave whirled about the pit, now and then rushing over the brink and glowing about us, while the roar of escaping gases, the rumble of falling rocks about the lakes, and the queer spluttering cough of the belched up lava filled our ears with strange sounds. This beautiful and awe-inspiring spectacle lasted for many minutes, and then the light and heat subsided, and the lake's surface cooled again to sombre blackness, only to be renewed again and again."

It was in this lake of molten fire that the Hawaiians used to propitiate the Goddess Pele by throwing in live animals, and, it is said, human sacrifices were made to the goddess.

In 1823 a party of missionaries had visited Kilauea, and while there, in defiance of the threats of the priests and the fears of the people, partook of the sacred fruit (the "ohelo" berries) and boldly invaded Pele's domain. The impunity with which this was done astonished the natives, but they attributed it to the superiority of Jehovah to their goddess, rather than to an entire absence of the supernatural. This berry, which has a bitter sweet taste, is sacred to the Goddess Pele and only grows near the volcano. It somewhat resembles the Scotch blackberry or English bilberry.

Early in 1825 their credulity was again staggered by the boldness of Queen Kapiolani, who with a daring which, when her previous associations are considered, does her infinite credit, determined to convince its votaries of the falsity of their oracles. She visited the great volcano, reproved the idolatry of its worshippers and neglected every rite and observance which they had been taught to consider as necessary for their welfare. In vain the priests launched their anathemas, and denounced upon her the vengeance of the offended deity. She replied she feared them not; the fires of the volcanoes were the work of the God she worshipped; she would abide

Across the Island to Hilo

the test of daring the Goddess Pele in the recesses of her own domains! Venturing to the brink of the abyss, she descended several hundred feet towards the liquid lava, and after casting the sacred berries into the flames—an act than which none more sacrilegious, according to their ideas, could have been done—she composedly praised Jehovah amidst one of the most sublime and terrible of his works. The sincerity of her faith could not have been put to a severer test. This practical exposé of priestcraftism caused many natives to be converted to Christianity.

We started at 6 a.m., on our ride on mules from Kilauea across the island to Hilo,* which is the principal town in the island of Hawaii. It has a splendid bay, and the best and most

* The following letters are from a native Hawaiian lady that we visited during our sojourn in Hilo, after crossing the Island of Hawaii from the great volcano of Kilauea. She was a niece of the late Queen Emma Kaleleonalani, and married a Welsh gentleman, who was the Deputy Governor of Hawaii. Queen Emma was the great great grand-daughter of the conquering King, Kamehameha the 1st. H.M. Queen Emma visited Queen Victoria, with whom she was a great favourite.

My dear Mrs. Russell-Cotes,

I was delighted to receive your letter and papers. I suppose by the time this reaches you you will be home again, and enjoying civilisation once more. Your family will be overjoyed to see you and Mr. Russell-Cotes both back home again safe and sound, and not eaten up by us "cannibals" (?) for such is our wonderful reputation abroad, I presume! The "Goddess Pele" might have proved otherwise, though.

I hope by this time you have quite recovered from your fall in the crater, and that you are able again to use your *limb* (you know, of course, I must not mention the other name for it).

Hilo and the Hiloites still flourish and last week someone started a skating hall!! I don't think the missionary saints of Hilo will contaminate themselves by going there.

Mr. Russell-Cotes' old friend, Father Pugeot—they were very great friends—and how extremely kind he was in coming daily to see you when you were confined to your room with that—must I say—"leg"!

It has been raining in torrents here incessantly almost every day since you left, and makes one feel so low-spirited. It always reminds me of Mr. Russell-Cotes, who felt so "blue" those wet days when you were in Hilo.

I herewith enclose one of dear Queen Emma's letters to me, which I promised I would send to you. I have put one in that she wrote to me in lead pencil in answer to one I wrote her about Mrs. Brown, a lady she was slightly acquainted with, who was

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commodious harbour in the whole of the Hawaiian islands. The journey is almost indescribable, not a human being to be seen, no birds or living things of any kind. The whole country consists of mounds of twisted scoria, like gigantic snakes rolling about in wild confusion. The path we went along has been marked very carefully, for a slip would have been fatal. The lava is formed in billowy waves coiled like huge ropes, with here and there extinct craters—ghastly chasms (ferns growing up from them everywhere) and steam cracks (occasionally vomiting hot steam and fire)—which have a most terrifying effect. On approaching Hilo in the dusk, we passed a most lovely and enchanted tropical forest with exotic plants of every description filling the air with the most

smashed to pieces, together with two of her children, in a railway collision.

It is very hard for me to part with her letters, for they are very precious to me, although I have plenty more, but I will not be selfish, as I am very anxious that everybody should know how good and holy the dear Queen was; now she has gone to meet our dear blessed Lord whose faithful and loving servant she has always been. She was so good and kind and amiable to everybody from the lowest to the highest. She was alike to all. Well may our dear Lord say to her "Enter thou into the Kingdom of thy Lord," for if ever a saint or martyr earned a crown, she deserved one, and although she is dead her many noble and good deeds live and speak and act for her, teaching us to follow in her noble footsteps.

The Princess Regent was here on a visit to the volcano and a whole retinue with her, and next week the Governess of Hawaii returns from Honolulu, and she has promised to come and spend some time with me here.

With many, many, kindest regards and affectionate remembrances to yourself and Mr. Russell-Cotes from Mr. Evans and myself, including a kiss from Baby.—Aloha Nui,

Believe me to be, very affectionately yours,

HANNAH NAWAHIUO KALAI EVANS.

"Honolulu, Waikiki.

"February 19th, 1884.

"My dear Hannah,

"I must thank you so many, many, times for writing me. We have been so plunged in tree planting and house or fence repairing, both here and at Punloa, that I have often had to put off answering my letters from mail to mail, till at last the time has gone so long by and we have been more and more engaged

Native Diving

fascinating perfume. Some of the "bird's nest" ferns were twelve feet in diameter. One of these we sent to King Kalakaua.

There are no side saddles in Hawaii, the men and women all ride alike, "a la cavalier," the latter being splendid riders. Whilst at Hilo, we noted a wonderful rubber tree opposite the Court house, 150 feet high. On several occasions we saw the natives diving into the sea from high precipices, from one to two hundred feet deep. We noted this more especially at the Rainbow Falls, where for half a dollar, or a dollar, they would dive right into the water below. We also saw on several occasions the surf riding by the natives, which was marvellous in the dexterity with which they manipulated a single plank, on which they stood, going over waves from fifteen to twenty feet

in our work that finally I am ashamed to acknowledge one's letters have gone by quite too long for answering.

"Your letter of Friday, 14th, was punctually received, and, oh! what dreadful, dreadful, news it contained. Poor, pretty, pleasant Mrs. Brown, to meet with such a fearful and sudden death. The sympathy of every one is united for the poor husband with tears and prayers for the wife and children, that our good God may have them in His holy keeping till they all shall meet in the long future, never to know pain, as they will be in our Lord's presence then, where is no sorrow. Over such crushing fate words seem always to lose depth or strength in conveying one's heartfelt sympathy for the living, and indeed it must be an intrusion on the sacredness of the pain which prostrates and well nigh takes reason and life both from the poor, poor, survivor. But our prayers, Hannah, can be of service to the afflicted husband and therefore we *must* present him to our dear Lord's loving heart, from which flows all that can heal and save such as poor, poor, Mr. Brown.

"A longer letter I must write by and by. I suppose you will be coming to Honolulu soon for the coming Legislation session, as your brother-in-law is returned for Lahaina. Lucy and Jenny are well. To-morrow we all go to Punloa, and then Mr. A. J. Cartwright comes down to see what has been the expenses for new house, etc.—With much aloha, I remain,

"KALELEONALANI."

Honolulu,

My dear Mrs. Russell-Cotes, December 29th, 1891.

It is a long time since I wrote to you, and we have been changing about from one place to another. We left Lahaina, where Mr. Evans was Sheriff, and went to Molokai, as he was appointed Superintendent of the Leper Settlement. While we were there Sister Rose Gertrude came over with the idea of

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high! They are very dexterous, too, in killing sharks; on seeing one, they dive under it, and with a sharp knife rip it open before it has time to turn over to seize its supposed victim.

Hilo is a beautiful village, and it was near here that a stream of lava poured down from Mauna Loa some years ago, and took possession of the bed of the river flowing in the direction of Hilo, which progressed slowly nearer and nearer to the town. The natives became very alarmed, and beseeched the Queen to come and offer some sacrifices. She declined to do so, or to have anything to do with their superstitions. Therefore the local native priests had a day of offering sacrifices to the Goddess Pele, whom they thought to propitiate. They

nursing the poor lepers, but she found some Roman Catholic sisters of the Franciscan Nunnery were there already doing all that was needful. When Sister Rose Gertrude first came she wanted there and then to go amongst the lepers, so that Mr. Evans really had to speak rather severely to her about it. The lepers there are more well cared for than most other people are in a different country. Mr. Evans could not get along with them, they have been left so much to themselves to do just as they like, that when Mr. Evans tried to have some sort of discipline they thought they were being ill-treated, and tried to kill him.

I send you a souvenir of Father Damien's grave, which I see by the English papers the Prince of Wales is quite interested in. Mr. Evans could tell you all about Damien's career over there; I do not care to say anything against him, but if you are a Roman Catholic and believe in the infallibility of priests and that they can do no wrong, then he is a *saint*, but if not, then I say he is the other way. The house where he lived still stands, and his grave is under the tree he used to spend nights and days under when he first went there.

Mr. Evans made a great deal of improvement while we were there.

Of course you know King Kalakau is dead, and his sister Princess Liliuokalani is now on the throne.

Pretty soon Pearl Harbour will be a coaling station for the United States, and I think it will enrich the country a great deal, although a great many people are set against it. The railroad runs from here to Ewa, and they are trying to have it go right round the island of Oahu. We have electric lights and telephones, and they have partly laid a cable from here to Maui across Molokai. There is great excitement over the coming election, and some want to have a new Constitution, depriving the Queen of all rights of putting favourites in Government

River of Molten Fire

consequently formed a procession, and went a few miles to meet the incoming river of molten fire, into which they cast live chickens, pigs, whisky and various other offerings. Extraordinary to relate a few weeks afterwards, instead of the flowing molten lava coming direct on to the town, it branched off to the right and left and flowed into the sea in two different channels, surrounding, but leaving untouched, the village of Hilo!

This event had, for a time, a very serious effect amongst the islanders, on Christianity.

The picture in our gallery by Charles Ferneaux, painted in 1880-1, gives a vivid portrayal of this flow of molten lava, whilst the two other pictures, one by Ferneaux and one by Taverniers, are most wonderful reproductions of, respectively, the volcano of Kilauea and the crater of Halemaumau.†

positions, people utterly incompetent to fill them, too. I did think she would be different from her brother.

Governor Dominus died about six months ago. Poor dear Queen Kapiolani had a stroke of paralysis, which laid her up quite a while, but I went to see her the other day and she is feeling now so much better.

I suppose you heard about our Bishop Willis having trouble with his clergy, wardens, church trustees, etc. The services are divided into two congregations, one the Bishop's—and you could count them on your fingers—the other by Mr. McIntosh, where all the *elite* and "upper ten" go and have very grand choral services, which enrages the Bishop very much, and he tries in every way to make it as disagreeable for them as he can. I belong to the second, as I got so disgusted with the way the Bishop carried on; he even appealed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who decided against him. He won't speak to Mr. Evans or me because we turned against him.

Well, dear Mrs. Russell-Cotes, I am afraid I am tiring you and I must hurry and have this posted soon or the steamer will be off. Remember me kindly to Mr. Russell-Cotes, and write me a long account of yourself.—With aloha nui,

Yours sincerely,

HANNAH EVANS.

† The Chevalier J. Taverniers, at my request, accompanied us to Kilauea, as I had commissioned him to paint a picture of it, on the spot. The result is a most faithful and graphic reproduction. The Chevalier Lanciarez, at whose invitation we went to Japan, also accompanied us, as our guest. He was the Italian Chargé d'Affairs at Tokio.

Home and Abroad

The cliffs at Hilo are supreme in their marvellous beauty, rising as they do out of the ocean, sheer to the height of from one thousand to two thousand feet ; the scene with innumerable waterfalls tumbling from the top of these giddy heights and turning into gossamer spray was unutterably beautiful and enthralling—"once seen, never to be forgotten!" Like all other tropical countries, when it rains here it does so in earnest and comes down in sheets.

Our sojourn in Hilo would have been a most delightful one, had it not been that my wife had seriously injured her leg in crossing the floor of the crater of Kilauea, as the following extract from the "Daily Pacific Advertiser" will show:—"Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes and Mrs. Russell-Cotes returned by the 'Kinau,' having been detained at Hilo for three weeks, owing to an accident which happened to the lady when crossing the lava. She suffered great pain through inflammation caused by improper treatment at the Volcano House, but is now recovering, although still unable to walk, or indeed to stand. They hope to be able to resume their journey to England by the next steamer from New Zealand."

It is impossible to imagine a more fairy-like place than Hilo. Here we were delightfully entertained by the natives, who are exceedingly musical, and with their "tarapatch" fiddles, serenaded us every evening. Their music is very pathetic, soft and charming, but the national Hulu dance (like that of the Maoris in New Zealand) is considered of rather an objectionable character. We saw it performed, accompanied by the usual native music one evening after dining with the Honourable Archibald Cleghorn and his wife, the Princess Liké-liké, at their house at Waikiki, Honolulu. If there was anything objectionable we certainly were not made cognisant of it; on the contrary, we enjoyed its weird novelty, the posturing being somewhat similar to that which we saw at

Extinct Volcano of Haleakala

Kyoto, Japan, and in India, and as now introduced here by Miss Maud Allen and other so-called classical dancers.

Whilst Kilauea is the largest active volcano in the world, Haleakala, the "House of the Sun," on the Island of Maui, is the largest extinct volcano. The morning view from its summit, when the sun drives the night clouds from the vast expanse within the crater's rim, and brings to life the pictures of the valleys and forests and sea beyond, is one of the most magnificent that can be imagined. The Hawaiian legend runs that the great God Maui laid there his nets and snared the sun as he rose, only releasing him upon his promise to always bestow light and warmth upon the islands.

Professor W. D. Alexander, head of the Hawaiian Survey Department, in 1869 made a careful survey of this crater, and gives the following dimensions: "The greatest length is from east to west, seven and a half miles. The narrowest width, two and a quarter miles. The circumference about twenty miles, and the general form of it is oval. The highest point on the west side is 2,720 feet above the bottom of the crater, whose area is about sixteen and a half square miles. The crater, or caldera of Haleakala is like Mokuaweoweo on the summit of Mauna Loa, and Kilauea on its flank, a vast pit sunken in the top of the mountain. The west walls are from 1,500 to 2,000 feet high, and form an angle of about seventy degrees. Standing on their edge one looks down on a plain, from three to five miles wide, bounded on the opposite (eastern) side by an escarped promontory rising to the line of the walls on the west. On this vast plain stand many cones ranging from 100 to 700 feet in height, from each of which have poured out the rivers of lava one can see spread over the floor, and trace far out through the enormous gaps, one opening to the north, the other to the east. Through them those fiery rivers found their way to the sea, forming the ironbound coast line on which the ocean waves are ever breaking."

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For solemn grandeur there is no scene like this elsewhere. The vast extent and massive ruins of Haleakala impress one with awe, while the view from this point—two miles from the sea—is, in that clear atmosphere, wonderful. One is far above the clouds, and in the south-east can be seen the snow-clad peaks of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, and the lesser heights of Hualailai on Hawaii. In the west the little island of Kahoolawe rests on the water, and further towards the north Lanai appears beyond the peaks of West Maui, down into whose deep ravines we can look. Across the channel lies Molokai, and on exceptionally clear days Oahu itself is seen.

“ The only mode of descending to the floor of the crater is on horseback down a trail about three miles. The trip down is fatiguing to both horse and rider, but one feels well repaid when once on the floor of the caldera. In fact it is only there that an adequate idea can be formed of the size of the great pit, and the wonderful forms into which the lava has been tossed and congealed. Here we found hundreds of the superb and singular ‘ silversword ’ plant (the *Argyroxiphium Sandvicensie*) to be seen with their slender pointed leaves from six to eighteen inches in length and half an inch in width, coated with a silvery down that glitters in the sun. From the centre of the thick mass of leaves rises, in the flowering season—September, October—a tall stem covered with chrysanthemum-like flowers, purple in the disc and yellow in the ray. There is, too, the Hawaiian ‘ Eidelweis ’ (*Gnaphalium Alba*) to be found there, as well as several varieties of ferns (the *Aspidium Haleakalensis*) which are peculiar to this locality. There is an abundance of wood, water and bunch grass for the animals, and many good camping spots in the numerous caves. From gazing seaward we turned to again view the crater. It was filled to the brim with snowy clouds that slowly swelled into superb, rounded masses, and then melted in the warmer air. Thinner and thinner grew the fleecy covering, until there

Spreckelsville Sugar Plantation

appeared the majestic cones, the lesser peaks and 'chimneys,' and finally the gloomy, blackened floor. The glorious sunlight lit up all the details of the grand scene, giving us, with the morning beams, effects of light and shade unseen under the evening rays. It was with reluctance that we turned from this grand scene, and mounting our horses and mules for the downward and homeward journey, echoed our guides' farewell to the deserted home of the great fire goddess Pele, 'Aloha Haleakala.' "

On the south-eastern flank of Punkahaka is the picturesquely beautiful Iao Valley. Tremendous peaks, sheer walls, many coloured foliage, combine to make this one of the beauty spots of the world. Rivalling it, on the flanks of Haleakala, is the valley of Kipahulu, where one following the trail drops 8,000 feet to the sea level through a narrow canyon, threaded by a stream which tumbles over a score of waterfalls, each in turn arched by the rainbow in its own spray, making a picture quite beyond the average imagination.

I must mention in passing that on the way to Haleakala, we visited the Spreckelsville sugar plantation, the property of our friends the Spreckels, of San Francisco (at whose invitation my wife and I made a trip from Honolulu to San Francisco, in one of their ocean-going steamers). The system here of irrigation and the great water ditch that runs for eighteen miles into the heart of the vast forest on the windward side of the island, is a sight well worth seeing, especially to one who is interested in the production of sugar.

Whilst in the island we visited several other sugar plantations (as we afterwards did on the Nile and also in Barbados), and the opportunity was afforded us of learning the process of making sugar, and as it may be of interest to my readers, I append a few notes I made at the time.

The process of making sugar is indeed simple. We will suppose that we have the cane grown and ready to transform

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into sugar. It is cut as closely to the ground as possible, and carried to a mill where it is crushed between large rollers, which are closed down sufficiently to extract the juice. The juice then passes into iron receivers called clarifiers. Each clarifier holds 500 imperial gallons, and has a steam coil on the bottom for the purpose of heating the liquid. When sufficient has run into the clarifier to cover the coil, steam is turned on, and the juice continues to run in until the receiver is full. It then runs into another receiver which is filling while the first mentioned is heating. When the juice has got to the temperature of about 160 degrees Faht. the man in charge adds to the juice sufficient quicklime to neutralise any acidity there may be in it. The lime also has the effect of separating the dirt from the juice, and of hardening the grain of the sugar when crystalised.

As the heat of the juice increases, the lime collects the dirt contained in it and causes it to rise to the top, where it is skimmed off and delivered into another tank below the clarifier. The liquid in the clarifier having now got to the boiling point, and the dirt having been skimmed off, the liquid is run into a large iron pan about six feet by fifteen feet and about fifteen inches deep (called a cleaning pan). This cleaning pan is also fitted with a steam coil, and the juice is allowed to boil in this pan. The steam coil being only about two-thirds the length of the pan, the dirt which arrives from it floats to the end, which has no heating surface, and is there skimmed off. The juice now being free from all dirt and earthy matter, is taken into a set of vacuum evaporators and is boiled under a vacuum, to the density of, say, cream. These evaporators are called "double effects." They consist of two large air-tight pans about six feet in diameter, and nine feet high. There is a large copper drain in each of the pans which has tubes running through it in a vertical direction. It is in the first of these pans that all the exhaust steam from

Process of Making Sugar

the engines and pumps is used. The liquid falling into the pan, the exhaust steam is turned into the copper drum. The second pan is then filled, and the vapour which arises from the boiling of the first pan passes into the steam drum of the second pan, and boils the juice contained in the second pan. In this way a great saving of fuel is accomplished, as in case of not using "double effects" the evaporating would have to be done in open pans, and would not boil at a lesser temperature than $212\frac{1}{2}$ Faht. Whereas with the "double effect" you overcome the atmospheric pressure, which is 15lbs. to the square inch, and you are enabled to boil in the first pan at 160 degrees Faht. and in the second pan at 110-130 degrees Faht., carrying at the same time about eighteen inches of vacuum on the first pan and twenty-six on the second pan. When the juice has boiled down to about the consistency of cream, it is pumped out of the second pan into a tank. From there it is taken into another air-tight pan called a vacuum pan, and is crystalised. The process of crystalising is a very difficult one and requires constant care and unwearying attention, in order that the crystals may be as nearly perfect as possible when finished. When the vacuum pan is full, the sugar is let out into a long iron tank with gates at the bottom, which stands over a set of drying machines called centrifugals. Each of these machines will hold about 100 lbs. of sugar when dried. When the sugar leaves the vacuum pan there is quite a quantity of thick heavy fluid mixed with it, and sticking to the crystals, called molasses, and this has to be taken away from the sugar before it can be put in bags or barrels. The centrifugal is used for this purpose. It is a round tub about half the size of an ordinary barrel, has a gate at the bottom and is hung from the centre on a steel spindle about two and a half inches in diameter. The inside of the tub is like a piece of perforated cardboard, the holes being about the same size and in about the same proportion as to number.

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There is an outside casing round this tub, which is about four inches larger in diameter than the tub. This casing is stationary and the bottom is turned up so as to form a trough or gutter. You fill the revolving tub about half full of the sugar, and start the machine going. It soon gains speed, and goes with such velocity that the whole mass is thrown against the side of the tub, and the molasses pass through the small holes in the inside of the tub and fall into the gutter at the bottom of the casing, and from there passes into a tank below. In about two minutes that machine full will be dry and ready to let out, which is done by simply opening the gates in the bottom of the tub and pushing the sugar on to the floor below, where it is put into sacks and branded "No. 1." The molasses is then boiled over again and its product is called "No. 2"; the molasses from which is again boiled, being "No. 3," until all of the good matter has been extracted. The balance is thrown away or put upon the land as a fertiliser. The process is so rapid throughout that from cane seen growing in the morning you can have sugar for tea in the evening of the same day.

Maui is the most agricultural and horticultural of all the Hawaiian islands, and some parts of it are enchanting in their wild and picturesque beauty. The lanes are either carried over narrow lapas or flat ridges between the numerous gulches, or else wind tortuously in and out of these gulches, in the bottom of each of which there is a stream to ford. A guide or native attendant is quite necessary in making a trip; one to the manner born—a Kaamaina, as he is called—in order that the "Malahini" (or stranger) may not attempt crossing the streams unless it is safe to do so. For it often happens that while it is bright and sunny along the line of the road, a rain storm high up on the mountain may cause the streams to rise suddenly, and then they run dangerously swift and deep.



H.M. King Kalakaua, of the Hawaiian Islands, and Robert Louis Stevenson, at the King's Palace, Honolulu, 1885.



Wilder & Co.

Please send to
Kaowapaa's Queens Street
below the Stone Church
(Kawaiahae) the following
4 piece Tongue Groove N. 20.
20 ft lengths
2 bundles Moulding 10 ft
lengths 2 Red Wood Boards
1 x 12 : 20 lengths.

July 10/85.

Kulakaua

Rt. Hon. W. M. Gibson

In this district one is struck with the rich beauty of the "ohias," or native apple trees, which form a great part of the forest growth. These trees grow to the height of forty or fifty feet, and when it is the harvest season, from July to September, are crowded with fruit, some white, but mostly red. The fruit is watery, but sweet, and of an agreeable flavour. It does not bear transportation, decaying in a few hours, so that this immense "orchard" as it is called, is of no particular use except for its beauty and the shade the trees afford.

The small island of Lanai is about twenty-one miles long, eight broad, and has an area of about 168 square miles. In ancient times this island was a "puuhonua," or place of refuge. It has sixteen heathen temples, one of which, at Kaunolu, is in a very perfect state of preservation. A mountain ridge runs through the island, and in the centre the walls of this range enclose a circular space like a vast crater (which it probably is), having an area of 20,000 acres, all covered with rich Bermuda grass, which affords excellent pasturage for large flocks of sheep. This curious and beautiful valley, called Palawai, is elevated about 1,500 feet above the sea, and there is abundance of proof that in former years there was a large lake in the hollow of which the natives sailed their canoes.

This island was the property of my friend, the Right Honourable W. M. Gibson, whom I frequently visited in Honolulu, and who presented me with a copy of his private edition of "Sanitary Instructions for Hawaiians," in which is inscribed: "To Merton Russell-Cotes, with the compliments and kind regards of Walter M. Gibson, Honolulu, H.I., August 14th, 1885." This book is in the English and Hawaiian languages, and is really a most original and admirable treatise upon morals, health and sanitation and generally what it is right to eat, drink and avoid. In fact, after reading it, one is almost inclined to think that he must have studied very

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carefully the books of Moses in the Old Testament. This book is now very rare and invaluable.

Kauai is one of the group of islands called the "Seven Hawaiian Sisters." Geologically, it is probably the most ancient of all, as there is evidence to show that the chain rose in succession from the sea, built up by the outpouring of lava, which is still increasing the area and bulk of Hawaii 400 miles south of Kauai. The "Garden Isle" is nearly circular in shape, and has an area of 520 square miles, the altitude of its summit-plains being a little over 4,000 feet. The roads and bridges on Kauai are the best in the group, and it is quite easy to drive in a light vehicle round the island, from the east side of a great precipice on the north shore to the west side of the same lofty barrier. This drive, taking two or three days, is unrivalled for the views obtained of charming valleys, broad plains, picturesque cliffs, waterfalls and lofty mountains.

One of the greatest attractions of Kauai is the great Falls of Wailua, which are most romantically located in the midst of a luxuriant forest. One comes upon them without other warning than their roar, and gazes into a chasm 180 feet deep, into which the Wailua river pours in one unbroken sheet. Black and emerald rocks, beautiful ferns, fleecy foam and silvery gleamings among the varied foliage of the tropical trees, combine to form a lovely picture.

This island is an absolute paradise for botanists, many plants growing there that are not to be found elsewhere in the group. This locality is, too, the home of many rare varieties of the *Achitinella*, or beautiful "land-shells" peculiar to the Hawaiian islands. On this island is the beautiful river and bay of Hanalei, where it would seem as though Nature had endeavoured to see what she could do in furnishing a luxuriant soil abundantly watered, and in covering the country with a wealth of verdure. The river itself is the largest in the group, and winds in beauty through a lovely country.

U.S.A. depose the reigning Dynasty

At Princeville plantation, especially, is to be seen a bewildering variety of tropical flowers and fruit-bearing trees, shrubs and vines, while Waioli and other romantic valleys near at hand are filled with a wild tangle of forest trees and ferns. Six miles west of Hanalei are two caves, Waiamoo, and Waiakanaloa. They are divided into compartments, are partially filled with water, and must be explored with lanterns or torches, and a canoe. The natives have a legend to the effect that a gigantic moo (dragon) guards one of the chambers. The "Hawaiian Spectator" says of one:—"Its entrance is gothic, from 20 to 30 feet high, and as wide. The entrance to the second apartment, directly in the rear, is also gothic, and one-half as large as the outer opening."

Had it not been for the Government of the United States of America taking possession of the island and deposing the reigning dynasty, the daughter of the Princess Liké-Liké and the Right Hon. A. Cleghorn, and to whom our own Queen Victoria was godmother, would have become Queen. The little Princess was a most lovable, charming child.

The following extract from the "Milwaukee Sentinel" Monday, Dec. 15th, 1913, will be of interest in this connection:—

"Although the native Hawaiians are now loyal subjects of Uncle Sam, they take pride in the traditions of royalty, and the seventy-fifth anniversary of the birth of ex-Queen Liliuokalani, last of the ruling monarchs of Owhyee, will not be permitted to pass unnoticed to-day by her former subjects. The deposed Queen was born in Honolulu just three-quarters of a century ago to-day, and came to the throne in 1891. It was her attempt to overthrow the constitution and restore the absolute monarchy of former days that resulted in her downfall.

"When Captain Cook, who was later slain by the natives of the island, visited Hawaii in 1778, each island of the Sand-

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wich group had a chief of its own. A little later Kamehameha, chief of Owhyee, or Hawaii island, established himself as King of the entire archipelago and founded a royal family. He encouraged a warlike spirit among his subjects, introduced firearms, whisky and other modern inventions, and made himself supreme. During his reign the pagan faith was adhered to and cannibalism was practised as a religious rite. The heart and liver of human victims were devoured during the ceremonies in the temple, and the same parts of any great chief killed in battle were eaten in the belief that the partakers would inherit the bravery of the dead man. When King Kamehameha died some of the courtiers advocated that his body be eaten, but this suggestion was over-ruled. The first King died in 1819, and the first act of his son and successor, Kamehameha II, was to abolish cannibalism, tabu and idolatry in all of the islands. Christian missionaries were welcomed, and the rebels who rose in defence of the ancient faith were defeated in battle. Five years after his accession the King, with his spouse, visited England, and both died there of the measles. Under the second, third, fourth and fifth monarchs of the Kamehameha line the Hawaiians made great progress in the arts of civilisation. Monogamy became the rule rather than the exception, although many men continued to practise polygamy, and many women had several husbands. When the missionaries first visited the islands female virtue was a thing undreamed of, and there was no native word for it.

“ Both France and England made attempts to annex Hawaii, but in 1844 these two countries joined with the United States in guaranteeing the independence of the country. A constitution was granted in 1840. King Kamehameha III advocated annexation to the United States, but the movement ended with his death. The fourth of the royal line married Miss Emma Rooker. After the death of her husband, in 1863,

Queen Emma and King Kalakaua

Queen Emma visited England and was received by Queen Victoria. Kamehameha V never married, and with his death, in 1872, the old royal line came to an end. William C. Lunalilo was chosen as his successor, but he died a year after his coronation. Queen Emma sought to take up the reins of government, but she was doomed to disappointment, and David Kalakaua was elected to the throne. He visited the United States in 1876 and concluded a reciprocity treaty. In 1881 he made a tour of the world and was received with such pomp and circumstance that his royal head was quite turned. On his return he built a palace costing \$1,000,000 and ran his country into debt. Kalakaua died in San Francisco in 1891, and was succeeded by his sister, Liliuokalani, who sat upon the throne for two troubled years and was then deposed and a republic established. After her dethronement she came to America and spent many years begging Congress to award her an indemnity for vanished glory."

During our stay at the Hawaiian Hotel (the property of King Kalakaua) his Majesty sent word to the manager that he would attend in person the ball being given to celebrate his Majesty's birthday. Before the ball, his Majesty's band played outside the hotel. In one of the pieces the man who played a corneopean did so from the roof of the hotel, imitating an echo from the corneopean player below. It was enthusiastically encored, and the King gave orders for its repetition, but the messenger did not get up before the player had left the roof, and to the amusement of everyone no echo occurred. King Kalakaua enjoyed a hearty laugh at the contretemps.

The following extract from the "Daily Pacific Advertiser" of the 1st August, 1885, tells of another concert given by the band during our sojourn.

"CONCERT AT EMMA SQUARE.

"A musical programme was given by the Royal Hawaiian Military Band on Saturday afternoon, at 4.30, at Emma

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Square. The following was the programme :—

"March	..	Defilir	Rappey
Overture	..	Light Cavalry	Suppe
Cavatine	..	Belisario	Donizetti
Reminiscences of Bellini	Godfrey
Waltz	..	The Syrens	Waldteufel
Polka	..	A Good Kiss	Waldteufel."

From the Honolulu "Daily Pacific Advertiser," 3rd August, 1885 :—

"On Friday, at noon, Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes was received by his Majesty the King, and afterwards shown over the Palace by the Vice-Chamberlain, Colonel Purvis, an English officer. Later the Hon. A. S. Cleghorn drove Mr. Russell-Cotes to the Royal Mausoleum and conducted him over that building. This was the greatest honour the King could confer on anyone, the Mausoleum being "Tapu" (*i.e.*, sacred to the Royal Family). Mr. Russell-Cotes was charmed with the King's geniality, and found that he spoke English in a soft, soothing, impressive manner. The King also is a good musician, has composed several pieces of music, more particularly the words and music of the 'Hawaiian-Ponoi' or 'National Anthem.'"

With regard to the interview referred to above, having received a message from his Majesty, King Kalakaua, conveyed to me by the Right Hon. Archibald Cleghorn, to the effect that he would be very pleased to receive me, I attended, on Friday afternoon, at "Iolani," the Royal Palace, and had a long interview with his Majesty, during which he evinced much interest in my experiences in exploring the great crater of Kilauea, and also expressed his deep regret, that owing to the accident my wife had sustained on the floor of the crater, she was unable to accompany me. Among other matters, his Majesty said that he would very much like to construct a light railway between the volcano of Kilauea and Hilo, right

Received by the King

across the island, in order to enable it to be approached without the serious difficulties that now existed, which were almost insurmountable, and he was anxious to know whether I thought that such a scheme would be acceptable on the Stock Exchange, in London, as a limited liability company. His Majesty also suggested that he should send his band of native performers over to play in London and the provinces, which I cordially endorsed, and begged him to carry out such an admirable suggestion. The loan eventually was effected, but the latter never occurred, for the visit of the band to England was postponed from time to time, and owing to the King's death and the forcible annexation by the American Government of the Hawaiian islands (or the "Sandwich" islands as they are better known to us) put an end to the project. After we had been talking some considerable time, the King sent for his Vice-chancellor, Colonel Purvis, and requested him to take me over the Palace, also to request Mr. Cleghorn to drive me to the Royal Mausoleum. After going through the Palace, which was most interesting to me, I found Mr. Cleghorn* awaiting me with one of the King's private carriages. On Colonel Purvis communicating the King's command that

* Honolulu,

October 24th, 1890.

Dear Mrs. Russell-Cotes,

Your kind note of the 22nd July is at hand, and I must apologise for not answering it sooner, but I have been very busy, and at the same time I have not been well for some months.

The King will not visit England before 1892 (if then). His sister Mrs. Dominus talks of visiting next year, but that is doubtful. It is my intention (D.V.) to visit my daughter† next year. She is at school at Great Hawarden Hall, near Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, and so far has been very well. It was only intended she should remain one year, but her health has been good and she is happy, and I have decided to let her remain for two or three years longer, should she continue as well as she has been. She is strictly private, and will remain so till a short time before her return to her home.

I shall only be too pleased, if time permits, to come and visit you and Mr. Russell-Cotes. I remember your visit with great pleasure.—I am, dear Mrs. Russell-Cotes,

Yours very truly,

A. T. CLEGHORN.

† The Princess Victoria Kaiulani.

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he should take me to the Mausoleum, Mr. Cleghorn was profoundly astonished, as the Mausoleum was "Tapu" (sacred) and only accessible to the Royal Family. In point of fact, prior to my visit, only three other foreign gentlemen had been allowed inside.

The Mausoleum was half way between Honolulu and the Pali Nuuanu, and contained the various sarcophagi with the remains of the Royal Family from King Kamekameha I. The coffins were unusually large, with the most elaborate fittings and much ornamentation. There were a great number of kahilis (immense bunches of black feathers mounted at the top of a long pole) which are only used on the death of a member of the Royal Family. The invitation to visit the Royal Mausoleum was the greatest honour that King Kalakaua could confer on anyone, and I fully appreciated his Majesty's kindly feeling towards me personally.

H.M. King Kalakaua has since passed to the great majority, and I here quote an article from "The Buteman," written at the time of his death.

"King Kalakaua 1st of Hawaii, died at San Francisco on Tuesday, 20th January, 1891. In this connection, Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, of Bournemouth, who is well known in Rothesay, has some interesting reminiscences of the acquaintance which he formed with the deceased King when he and Mrs. Russell-Cotes were at Honolulu.

* * * * *

"Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes were invited by Mr. Spreckles, the sugar planter and refiner, of San Francisco, to accompany him and his wife on their fine steamer to San Francisco. On their departure for this port, his Majesty the King, accompanied by his sister, the Princess Liké-liké, who brought with her the Princess Victoria, and the Right Hon. W. Gibson, saw them off, and presented Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes with leis (wreaths of flowers). These are really necklaces composed

The King and the Prime Minister

of the most delicious flowers which can be obtained, and the perfume arising from them is overpowering. These are always given with the word 'Aloha nui,' which means 'a thousand good wishes and farewells.'

"Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes sat between the King and the Prime Minister till they embarked on the King's steam yacht, which had accompanied them on their journey as far as Diamond Head, the southernmost point of the Island of Oahu, whilst the Royal Band played on board. Finally they parted, amidst resounding cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, the flags being dipped repeatedly.

"The King expressed to Mrs. Russell-Cotes his great love and veneration for England and her grand constitutional institutions, which, by practical experience, he said he much preferred to those of the United States of America, although from the close proximity of the Hawaiian Islands the laws and customs of the latter were making great headway, so much so that the first impression upon landing at Honolulu was that it was a dependency of the United States of America. Had King Kalakaua lived he would have come over to England either this or next year, and would have visited Bournemouth, his Majesty having accepted an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes to do so."

Adieu for ever to these lovely islands "On the blue Pacific wave," where we have made so many excellent friends and spent perhaps the happiest time of our lives! To one and all we wish from our inmost hearts "Aloha nui."

The following was written by my dear old friend the late Charles Mathews, the famous actor, and appeared in the "Daily Pacific Advertiser":—

"We left Australia on the 31st January, 1871, and reached Honolulu, the capital of the Island of Oahu and the seat of Government of the Hawaiian group, on Saturday the 18th—

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twelve days—four thousand and thirteen miles and three-quarters (accuracy again, exact as an architect's estimate—£4,000 *rs.* 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.). Head winds, of course, all the way ; longest passage, of course, ever known, and certainly the weariest. Heavy rolling seas, not a sail, a bird, or a fish sighted ; the only excitement we had arising from the novelty of two 9ths of February, arm-in-arm. At Honolulu, one of the loveliest little spots upon earth, I acted one night by command, and in the presence of his Majesty Kamehameha V, King of the Sandwich Islands (not Hoky Poky Wanky Fum, as erroneously reported), and a memorable night it was. On my way to the quaint little Hawaiian theatre, situated in a rural lane, in the midst of a pretty garden glaring with gaudy tropical flowers and shaded by cocoa-palms, bananas, banyans and tamarinds, I met the playbill of the evening. A perambulating Kanaka (or black native gentleman), walking between two boards (called in London figuratively a sandwich-man, but here, of course, literally so), carried aloft a large illuminated white paper lantern, with the announcement in the Kanaka language, to catch the attention of the coloured inhabitants : ' Charles Mathews, keska keia po (theatre open this evening). Ka uno o ke komo ana (reserved seats, dress circle) 2 *dols.* 50 *c.* ; nohi uma (parquette), 1 *dol.* ; noho hop (kanaka, pit), 75 *c.* ! ' I found the theatre, to use the technical expression, crammed to suffocation, which merely means very full ; though, from the state of the thermometer on this occasion, suffocation was not so incorrect a description as usual. A really elegant-looking audience (tickets, 10*s.* each), evening dresses, uniforms of every cut and country, chiefesses and ladies of every tinge, in dresses of every colour, flowers and jewels in profusion, satin playbills, fans going, windows and doors all open ; an outside staircase leading straight into the dress circle, without either check-taker or money-taker. Kanaka women in the garden below selling bananas and pea-nuts by the glare of flaming torches

My old friend Chas. Mathews

on a sultry, tropical moonlight night. The whole thing was like nothing but a midsummer night's dream. And was it nothing to see a pit full of Kanakas, black, brown and whitey-brown (till lately cannibals), showing their white teeth, grinning and enjoying 'Patter v. Clatter' as much as a few years ago they would have enjoyed the roasting of a missionary or the baking of a baby? It was certainly a page in one's life never to be forgotten."

None of Charles Mathews' friends could have felt his loss more deeply than I did. He was a perfect type of an English gentleman to his finger tips. He possessed an old-world courtesy unknown in these days, except, perhaps, within the inner circle of the King and Queen's court. Anything of an abrupt manner nearly amounting to rudeness, was a thing unknown to dear old Charles Mathews. I cannot help dwelling on this idiosyncrasy in his bearing, because it always impressed me as being the real type of a polished man, with all those little actions and habits appertaining to what is understood to be the type of a "perfect English gentleman." Well, this was Charles Mathews as I knew him. It may not be generally known that he studied for the professional career of, and became eventually, an architect and surveyor, before he actually adopted the stage.

He—like Joseph Jefferson, the American comedian, Irving's great friend—was an artist of no mean attainment, but on the contrary distinguished himself in his admirable and clever water-colour drawings—one of which he exchanged for one of my own. His portfolios were full of sketches and drawings taken at various places in Europe which he had seen in his travels. We have one in our Gallery.

In his latter years he suffered considerably from chronic bronchitis, and one of his pet remedies was "Kay's Essence of Linseed," a bottle of which he always had with him. This

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is not a "puff" for this patent medicine, for I have never tried it myself!

The last time I entertained my dear old friend was in November, 1875, and the last play I saw him in was "Ici on parle Francais."

There is no one on whom his mantle has fallen, as is also the case with Irving, Toole, Sothern, Salvini, Ristori and Jefferson.

It may come as a surprise to many to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews were ever in Australia, but such is the case, and they had a very great reception in Victoria.

It was the morning after Christmas Day, 1871, that Charles Mathews and his wife returned from Australia on board the steamer "Raugatira." One of the passengers on board was the son of Samuel Smiles, the author of "Self Help." He spoke of them as being the only distinguished personages on board, and that a few nights before leaving, "Mr. Mathews took his leave in a characteristic speech, partly humorous and partly serious. The enthusiastic audience cheered him all the way through. He seemed to be one of the most perennially juvenile of men. When he came on board at Sandridge, he looked as frisky and larky as a boy, and skipped up and down the deck, and took an interest in everything."

As I have already said, we left Honolulu as the guests of Mr. Spreckels, in his splendid S.S. Mariposa. We arrived at the "Golden Gate" (San Francisco) in a dense fog (which cleared away gradually as the morning advanced), and after landing drove direct to the Palace Hotel. On presenting a letter of introduction to Count Smith, Managing Director, an Italian Count, and charming man, he at once expressed his pleasure at meeting us, and said, "I know you are a connoisseur of art; I therefore beg you to allow me to place at your disposal a suite of rooms that is occupied permanently by a very wealthy lady, who like yourself, is a great lover of art. She is away

“The Golden Gate”

at present, and will be only too delighted for you and Mrs. Russell-Cotes to occupy her rooms during your sojourn in 'Frisco."

I may state briefly that they were a princely suite containing art treasures that only a very wealthy person could possibly have accumulated. The Palace Hotel was frequently full at night with about a thousand sleepers. To us this seems incredible, but nevertheless it is a fact, and there was not even as much hurry and bustle in that hotel as we often find in ordinary hotels in London.

It was the first time that we had had any experience of one of the largest hotels in the world, carried on on two different plans, the "American" and the "European." The organisation and system was perfect in a way, but much more like an institution than an hotel, and seemed as though regulated by machinery, not like an English hotel with its home-like and comfortable cosiness, and courteous and attentive civility from waiters and staff generally. I may say that we did not care for either of the plans adopted by the Palace Hotel people. Among the innumerable incongruities, I may mention that if you put your boots outside your door to be cleaned, the probability is that you would never see them any more, as no boots are cleaned by the hotel people; you have to put on your dirty boots and go down before you have breakfast and have them polished by one of the numerous shoeblacks that act either for the hotel or independently of it, and for which you pay from a quarter to half a dollar.

Whilst sojourning here we met and made the acquaintance of Josh Billings, a very tall, gaunt, dark visaged man, whose works are well known, and much appreciated for their sparkling witticisms and satire in the United States. We found him a most intelligent and interesting humorist. He had never been abroad, but expressed a great desire to visit England, and was very anxious to know if we had heard of him, or read any

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of his books, and also whether we thought that a lecturing tour in England would be well received. We became very intimate friends, and before leaving he presented me with one of his books with his kindest greetings and "au revoir." He said he looked forward with pleasure to meeting us again in England, but, alas, a few months afterwards we read of his death.

Mark Twain, whom we also knew, was, I think, the most humorous of all the literary writers that America has produced. His "Innocents Abroad" is indeed, without doubt, a masterpiece of that peculiar type of composition. They are marvellously interesting books of descriptive word painting, and one never wearies of perusing them, and although written in a most humorous style they are nevertheless most truthful descriptions of the various countries they portray.

My facetious friend Artemus Ward was another of those clever American writers. He lectured in England and created quite a furore, nothing of the kind ever having been heard in this country. One of his peculiar witticisms was that "You could pay and not go in, but you could not go in without paying."

S. W. Robertson, the famous author of "Caste," "Ours," etc., as played by the Bancrofts, became one of Ward's most intimate friends, and just before his death was sitting at his bedside, when he poured out some medicine and offered it to the sick man, who said, "My dear Tom, I won't take any more of that horrible stuff." Robertson urged him to swallow the mixture, saying, "Do now, there's a dear fellow, for my sake; you know I would do anything for you." "Would you?" said Ward, feebly grasping his friend's hand for the last time. "I would indeed," said Robertson. "Then you take it!" retaining up to the last his sense of humour. These were about the last words the great American humorist uttered.

Karl Formes

We were delighted with the "Golden Gate," the bay in which San Francisco stands, and to find such a fine city of magnificent buildings, private mansions, etc., built of wood, so painted and coloured that it was hard to realise that they were of wood. This city was the first place at which we saw the underground cable system of electricity used for the trams.

One of the greatest attractions in San Francisco is the Seal Rock in the suburbs, about three miles out, where there are several small rocks and islands in a small bay, and these are practically covered with seals, which are continually disporting themselves, and basking in the sun.

On our first visit to this city, I happened to be taking a walk, when I gradually approached a man—a very finely set man, with his hair thrown back round his ears and hanging down his neck. The idea gradually dawned upon me that I knew that form, and suddenly it flashed upon me that it was no less a personage than the great basso profundo, Herr Karl Formes. I hurried on quickly, and stepped past him, went a short distance, and then, as though I had made a mistake, turned round, and there, sure enough, was the very man. I waited for him to come up, and said, "Karl Formes?" He said, "Yes." I asked him if he remembered me. He looked at me, and said, "Yes, but I do not quite remember where." I said, "Well, the last time I had the pleasure of seeing you was in Glasgow with Colonel Mapleson's company." He at once recognised me and seemed delighted, and said, "My house is only a few doors from here, so pray come in and take lunch with my wife and me." I told him I could not do that, as my wife was suffering from an accident which she had sustained on the crater of Kilauea, and was at the Palace Hotel, unable to move about. "However," I said, "the moment she is able, I am certain she will only be too delighted." The consequence was that I visited them several times, and now have the pleasure of corresponding

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with his widow, Mrs. Karl Formes, to this day. A few evenings before we left, it was arranged that he should have some of his pupils and give us a pleasant entertainment, which he did, and to my amazement, I found that his voice was very little altered from what it was some thirty years before.

I was introduced by some of my artistic and literary friends in San Francisco to the Bohemian Club; this afforded me unlimited pleasure from the very high class of men of great intellect I met there, and from whom I obtained very considerable information.

There was a magnificent hotel at Monterey, made entirely of wood, which was burnt down in the year 1892 and was rebuilt more magnificently than ever.

When staying there and whilst we were chatting round the breakfast table, one of the gentlemen—there were three of them with us—remarked that he had been disturbed during the night through one of them snoring. They occupied three small rooms, which were constructed of wood, so that the occupant of one room could hear what was going on in the next. Each denied being the culprit, until one, who was rather facetiously inclined, said to one of the others, who was a Scotsman, "It's no use you denying it, I know perfectly well it was you." "Hoo did ye ken?" queried our Scots friend. "Why, I distinctly detected the Scots accent in it!" he replied, at which we all had a hearty laugh.

Another comic incident occurred about the same time. We sat for about ten or fifteen minutes chatting, waiting for a waiter, till at last becoming impatient, I beckoned to a waiter who was at the other side of the room attending to a gentleman. The waiter came over, and I said, "Look here, my friend, how long are we to sit here waiting for our breakfast?" He, with a dignified air, drew himself up and with a delightfully musical Irish brogue replied, "Th' gintleman over yondher will take



Lyre Bird, from the Black Spur Mountains, Australia.
Collected by my wife during our sojourn there in 1885.



Platypus, or Ornithorynchus. Brought from Australia by my wife.
Now practically extinct.



Group of New Zealand birds collected by my wife while there.

Typhoon en route to Japan

yer ordhers." We all gave a laugh, and I remarked, " I am very glad to see you keep a staff of gentlemen on the premises."

Our tickets were from Auckland, right through via Samoa, Fiji, Sandwich Islands, San Francisco, and across the continent of America via New York, but in consequence of my wife's accident at Kilauea, the doctor who attended her in 'Frisco advised us to alter our plans, and to return home by steamer. The Chevalier Lanciarez begged us to fall in with this suggestion, and invited us to go to Japan. I, thereupon, went to our Consul-General, who very kindly arranged with the railway company to cancel our tickets across America, in order that we might book passages on the S.S. The City of Penang, which was about to sail for Yokohama.

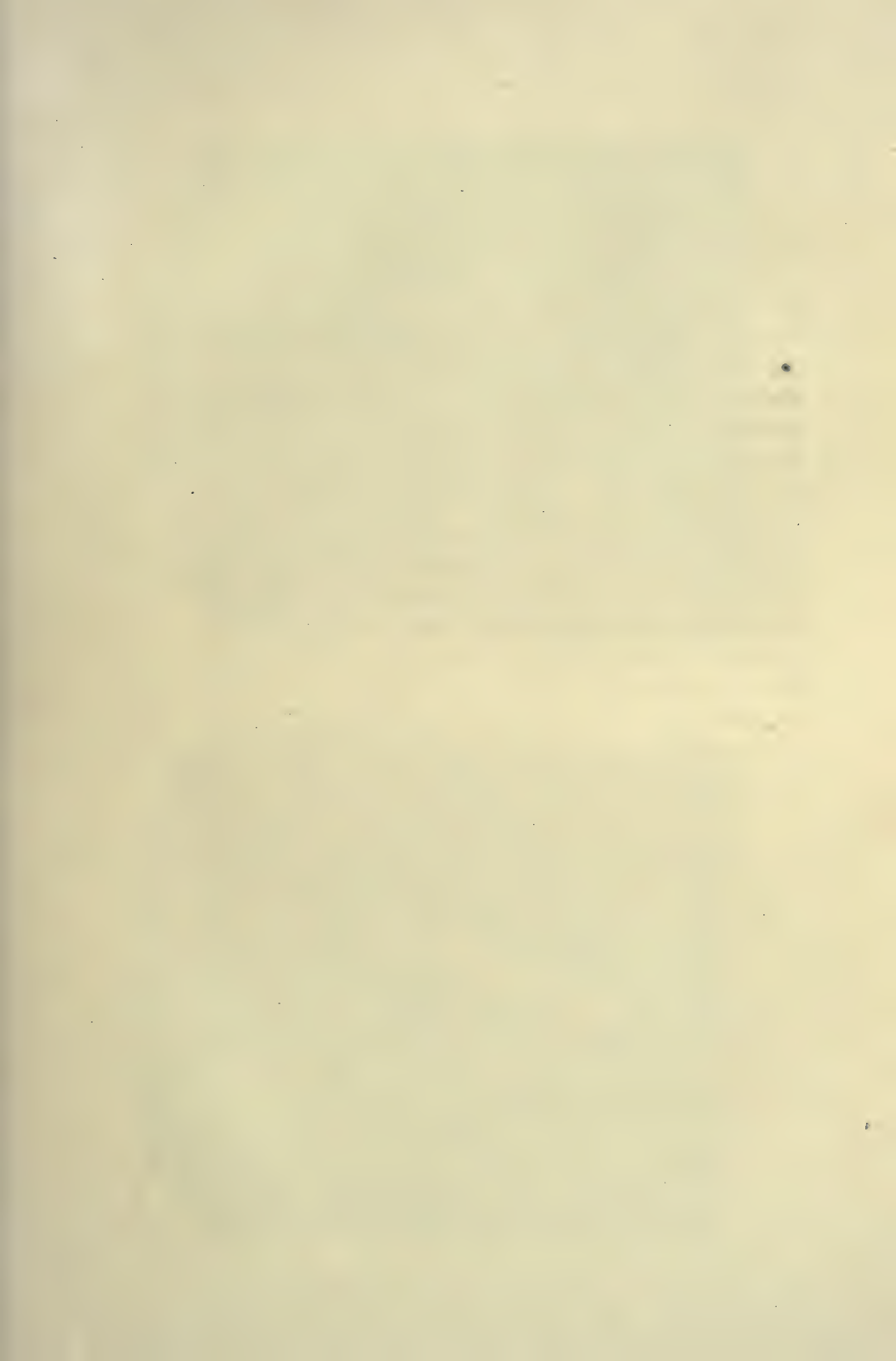
As there are very few persons that have experienced a typhoon, I think a description of one that we encountered three days before arriving at that port worth recording. We entered the outside of the storm early in the morning, and as we approached nearer to its centre it became more and more violent and terrible. The hatches were battened down and everything closed as far as possible, to prevent the water from rushing in through the smallest aperture. The immense waves washed off the deck piles of boxes of oranges, boats hanging from the davits were torn away and carried to sea, and everything movable was destroyed. It was impossible to know whether we were in or out of the water, as the elements seemed to have united in their force and become, as it were, one all powerful and overwhelming force.

It is an absolute impossibility to describe the movements of the S.S. City of Penang, as she was buffeted about like a cockle-shell, and it was only by holding on, that we could avoid being precipitated from one side of the saloon to the other. This lasted from about six o'clock in the morning till about one in the afternoon, when it began to subside, the captain having fortunately succeeded in steering the vessel to escape

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the centre of this circular storm which, had we encountered, nothing could have saved us !

I have been on board ship during several terrific storms, one on my return from the Mauritius after rounding the Cape of Good Hope, which lasted for three days, when the crew were worn out with the constant pumping, but, in its greatest intensity, it was not comparable in any way with the terrific typhoon which I have endeavoured to describe.



" Japan has for its ancient ruling house an affection and loyalty such as it is difficult to find in any other country. The Imperial House is coeval with the nation ; there never was a time when the Japanese people stood under the rule of any but a Sovereign of this one ancient line, and Japanese history, religion and sentiment are so closely interwoven with the loyalty due, and given, to the Imperial House, that it is almost impossible to think of the Japanese people apart from its rulers. The Imperial House of Japan occupies a place that is absolutely sui generis in the world. Quite apart, however, from the traditional feelings of reverence and love which the Japanese cherish for their Emperor, by virtue of the position which he holds as the direct descendant of a line of sovereigns that have sat on the throne in unbroken succession from time immemorial, His Gracious Majesty, the present Emperor, and his illustrious Consort have endeared themselves to all classes of their subjects by personal qualities such as form the characteristic virtues of good rulers."

From the introduction to " Imperial Songs," translated by A. Lloyd, M.A., a copy of which was presented to each of the original members of the " Japan Society."

* * *

*" The spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle."*



The Mikado of Japan.



The Mikadoess of Japan.

These portraits, the first taken of Their Majesties, were given by them to the Chevalier Langeron, who very kindly presented them to us. Prior to this, no portraits of the Imperial Family were permitted. Severe penalties were awarded to those breaking this rule.

CHAPTER XIV

Japan, China and Ceylon

The Irish American—Nippon—Japanese character—Feudal system—Religion—Nikko—The sacred bridge—The Avenue of Cryptomerias—Japanese theatre—Kyoto—Tokyo—Yokohama—A bank manager's kindness—Hong Kong—Macao—Shanghai—Legend of the Willow pattern plate—Singapore—Malacca—Kuala Lumpur—Penang—Ceylon—Colombo—Kandy—Tooth of Buddha—Nuwara Eliya.

Lo ! In my garden all things thrive and grow ;
E'en foreign trees and plants, with care bestowed
Upon their tender shoots, grow strong and green
Like those indigenous to soil and clime.*

—Sonnet by H.I.M. the Emperor of Japan, 1903.

* * * * *

*In all the streets, behold, one Emblem, only one ;
Our country's Flag, the New Year's
Light, the Rising Sun.*

—Lines by H.I.M. the Empress of Japan, 1879.

WHEN we left San Francisco for Yokohama, Japan, we had on board the steamer an Irish American from Chicago, who took a great delight in sneering at England and English things generally. He used to swagger about with his hands in his pockets turning his money over. He had never been out of America, and had seen little or nothing, but he thought he had. He and I became great friends, however, for all his pomposity, and I told him, " You have not yet any idea of England and its grandness. You wait until you get to London, and then you will be able to tell

* " My Garden " here stands for the Japanese Empire. The above are quoted from " Imperial Songs."

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me what you have seen *en route*." I met him afterwards in the Grand Oriental Hotel at Colombo. He came up to me and said, " My dear sir, all that you have told me I have seen, and I have realised the greatness of the ' Union Jack,' which I saw flying nearly everywhere we went, and with it the greatest order, organisation, system, peace and quietness prevail. I have nothing now further to say than that I admire immensely your British nation, and I shall never say anything but in the greatest praise of it."

One of Cook's " All the world round " parties who came on board at San Francisco, we met pretty often *en route*. We did not care for them, however, because they were always quarrelling. On one occasion early in the morning, one man, a German, had been endeavouring, as far as I could make out, to murder another one. I rushed into their cabin, and found him trying to pull this man out. However, other passengers and a conductor came and separated them. They were put in separate cabins after that, and well watched.

Japan, or Nippon (land of the rising sun) comprises over 4,200 islands and islets, but it principally consists of the four large islands of Honshu, Shikoku, Kynshu and Yezo, containing together over forty millions of inhabitants.

It is one of the most mountainous countries of the world, and is dotted with volcanoes, some dormant and some in active operation, so that earthquakes are frequent, and occasionally involve great destruction of property and loss of life. One of these volcanoes, the sacred mountain Fuji Yama, now extinct, rises to the height of 12,365 feet. The scenery is most picturesque. The plains and valleys with their foliage; the highly cultivated hill slopes and forest-clad heights; the peaks towering in weird grandeur above ravines noisy with waterfalls; the lines of foam-fringed headlands; these with many other charms, give it a claim to be considered one of the fairest portions of the earth. The

The greatness of the "Union Jack"

climate varies widely in the different portions of Japan, and, though somewhat relaxing to Europeans, is fairly salubrious, and highly so in the mountains. The late autumn is the driest and the most agreeable season.

With the exception of the wilds of Yezo, the northernmost island, where about 12,000 of the aboriginal inhabitants, called Ainos, are still to be found, the Japanese islands are peopled by a single race, of Israelitish origin, speaking various dialects of the same tongue. The race is physically an inferior one, and small in stature, the men having as a rule an ill-developed form and harsh features, whilst the women generally lose any pretension to good looks after the first bloom of youth is over. The girls, with their fascinating manners and exquisitely tasteful dress, are, however, particularly attractive, and the children are bright and comely, being allowed full liberty to enjoy themselves—indeed, Japan is the paradise of children.

The Japanese are a nation especially conspicuous for their own peculiar individuality and characteristics. Not only does this apply to their personal daily life, but to almost everything that they undertake to do, which is carried out either the reverse of the modes and methods in Europe, or in a manner absolutely peculiar to themselves. The pipe which they use has a very small metal bowl, into which they place a trifling amount of tobacco. They light it, and take half a dozen or a dozen whiffs and then knock out the remainder of the tobacco.

In carrying out most of their work they do so in a squatting position, or even sometimes lying down. They draw their saws up, instead of pushing them from them, and indeed, their modes and methods are nearly all actuated by some highly intellectual *modus vivendi*, and especially is this true of their school education, which is far in advance of that in our own country.

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The working classes seem to work much more earnestly and with greater intelligence than our own, and whatever they attempt to do, they carry out thoroughly, without any of the methods employed in this country by the so-called labouring classes who adopt the "Ca' canny" system, which has now actually become a characteristic of the British nation, and it is only when natives of our own country emigrate, that they really waken up and recognise the virile energy that they lack and that others possess.

The Japanese have many excellent qualities. They are kindly, courteous, law-abiding, extremely cleanly in their habits, frugal and possessed with a high sense of personal honour. Nowhere are good manners and artistic culture so widespread, reaching even to the lowest class. A lack of chivalry towards women is an unpleasing feature of the national life, for although the social position of women is more favourable in Japan than in most non-Christian countries, it still leaves much to be desired. The attitude, however, assumed by the present Empress and the Imperial Princesses is rapidly bringing about the social equality of the sexes.

Marriages are generally contracted at an early age, and the nuptial tie is not much respected by the lower classes, divorces being easily obtained by husbands, but women of the well-to-do class are modest and virtuous.

The commercial progress of Japan during the last few years has been extraordinary, the value of exports and imports having reached over £11,000,000 respectively in 1889, Great Britain and her colonies taking the first place in respect of volume of trade with that country. Railways are opening up the islands in every direction, there being over 3,500 miles now in operation.

As early as 1543, the Portuguese carried on a lucrative trade with Japan and continued to do so up till 1638, when they were finally expelled, the Japanese Government main-



My wife wore this cloak several times in Japan creating much interest among the native women who delighted in stroking it



The Commercial Progress of Japan

taining the most rigid policy of isolation from that time until 1853, when Commodore Perry steamed into the bay of Yedo with a squadron of United States warships, and compelled Japan to enter again the family of nations, by extorting a treaty, the privileges of which were soon after extended to other countries.

The ports of Yokohama, Hiogo, Nagasaki, Nagata, and Hakodate are now open to foreign commerce, and "settlements" or quarters, are set apart there, as well as at Tokyo and Osaka, for the residence of foreigners, under the jurisdiction of their own consuls. A telegraphic cable has been laid between Nagasaki and Shanghai, so that Japan is now in telegraphic communication with every part of the world.

Japan is said to possess a written history extending over 2,500 years, and its sovereign claims to have an unbroken descent from Jimmu Tenno, who ascended the throne in 660 B.C., the present Emperor being the 121st of his race, but the authentic history of the country dates only from the fifth century. It is a well authenticated fact that the Japanese are a part of the "Lost Tribes." *

Japan was formerly divided by a feudal system under numerous powerful chiefs, but this system was abolished in 1868 after a sharp civil war, and the Mikado, or Emperor, is now absolutely the sole sovereign of the country. Mutsu Hito, the present Emperor (1885), is proving himself a prudent and most enlightened ruler, and, under him, Japan is making rapid strides in civilisation, and in the adoption of western ideas and customs. A new nobility was created in 1884, chiefly drawn from the old feudal barons; a constitution was promulgated in February, 1889, and a national Parliament met for the first time in the autumn of 1890.

* *Vide* "The Epitome of the Ancient History of Japan," published at Kyoto by N. McLeod, also that author's remarks in his notes on the Shinto Faith in his illustrations, to the Epitome, published in 1878.

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The Emperor has established his court at Yedo, changing its name to Tokyo or "Eastern Capital," the ancient capital Kyoto being now called Saikyo, or "Western Capital." Tokyo contains nearly 1,500,000 inhabitants, while Saikyo has only 280,000.

Education is general and compulsory, there being a complete system of local elementary, middle and normal schools, and a central university, with several higher middle schools as feeders. There are two prevailing religions in Japan, viz., Shinto, the indigenous faith, and Buddhism, introduced from China in 552. The characteristics of Shintoism in its pure form are the absence of an ethical and doctrinal code, of idol-worship, of priestcraft, and of any teachings concerning a future state; and the deification of heroes, emperors, and great men, together with the worship of certain forces and objects in Nature. The principal divinity is the sun-goddess Amaterasu, from which the Mikado is held to be descended. Shinto temples are destitute of ecclesiastical paraphernalia. A metal mirror generally stands on the altar, and the spirit of the enshrined deity is supposed to be in a case under it. The worship consists merely of ablution of the face and hands, striking a bell, dropping a coin or two into the money-box, and praying silently for a few seconds.

Buddhism is still the dominant religion among the people. There are no fewer than thirty-five sects, the most popular, as well as the most wealthy and enlightened, being the Shinishu sect, which recognises one god in Amida Buddha, (only, however, an abstract principle personified) and inculcates, by preaching, chiefly the duty of self-reliance. Japanese Buddhist worship presents striking resemblance to that of the Roman Catholic Church. In the popular mind, especially among the lower classes, Shintoism and Buddhism are so blended that the temples of both are frequented without much

Japan, a Land of Temples

discrimination. The better educated classes are mostly agnostics. The priests retain their hold on the people largely as being custodians of the graveyards and performers of funeral rites, but their moral influence is not of much weight. Japan is a land of temples. Every grove has its shrine, the approach to which is indicated by a structure, in wood or stone, consisting of two upright pillars joined at the top by two tranverse beams or slabs called a "Torii."

Full toleration is now extended to all forms of religious belief in so far as they do not conflict with the peace and order of the community. The Jesuits, under Saint Francis Xavier, introduced Christianity in 1549, but owing to the subtle policy of that order, by meddling in politics with a view to undermining the allegiance of the people, their work was extinguished in blood. In 1624, foreigners were ordered away, and Christianity was interdicted. When, however, the country was reopened in 1854, it was found that 22,000 Papists had survived persecution in the neighbourhood of Nagasaki.

Of the Protestant missions, the Presbyterians and the American Congregationalists are the most successful. In 1889, the number of Protestant missionaries in Japan was 353, of whom 103 were ladies and 102 natives, and the membership of the 522 stations was over 20,000. There were 10,297 scholars at the mission schools, and 21,597 pupils at the Sunday schools. Osaka, a city of nearly half a million inhabitants, is the centre of the work of the Church Missionary Society, but Bishop Bickersteth, who presides over it, and the Society of the Propagation of the Gospel, resides in Tokyo. The Young Men's Christian Association of America has a resident secretary in Tokyo, and is represented by teachers in almost every province. It will be seen, therefore, that the general outlook is hopeful, and that it only requires time and perseverance to accomplish the conversion of an intelligent

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and progressive people, like the Japanese, to the truths of the Gospel.

Whilst sojourning in Japan, with our friends Colonel Fletcher and his wife, we made arrangements to visit Nikko, the famous burying place and shrines of the former Shoguns.

A Shogun, I may explain, was the military or war Emperor, whilst the Mikado was the spiritual Emperor and was looked upon as a sacred being or demigod. The Shogun's palace was at Tokyo, whilst the Mikado's palace was at Kyoto, although Osaka was the great citadel or stronghold of the Shogun, who as the military Emperor, ruled supreme, the Mikado being treated by him as a sort of sacred personage, on whom no one could look and live. This was of course a "trick" on the part of the Shogun in order to have undisputed and absolute sway, the Mikado being metaphorically kept in a glass case and in durance vile. In fact, so much power did the Shogun exercise over the Mikado, that he compelled him to travel from Kyoto to Nikko every year (a distance approaching about 150 miles) to pay respect to the memory of the Shoguns at Nikko.

The road is nearly a straight one, bounded on each side by cryptomeria trees, which have attained an enormous size, forming an avenue, overshadowing the road, so that the sun rarely penetrates. On each side of the road there are deep ditches, with spaces occasionally in order to enable anyone to go aside to allow others to pass.

On these occasions no one, from the Shogun to the Daimios (the feudal lords), could see him pass. The Samurais* who preceded and guarded the palanquin in which the Mikado was carried would instantly execute anyone found watching for the procession to pass.

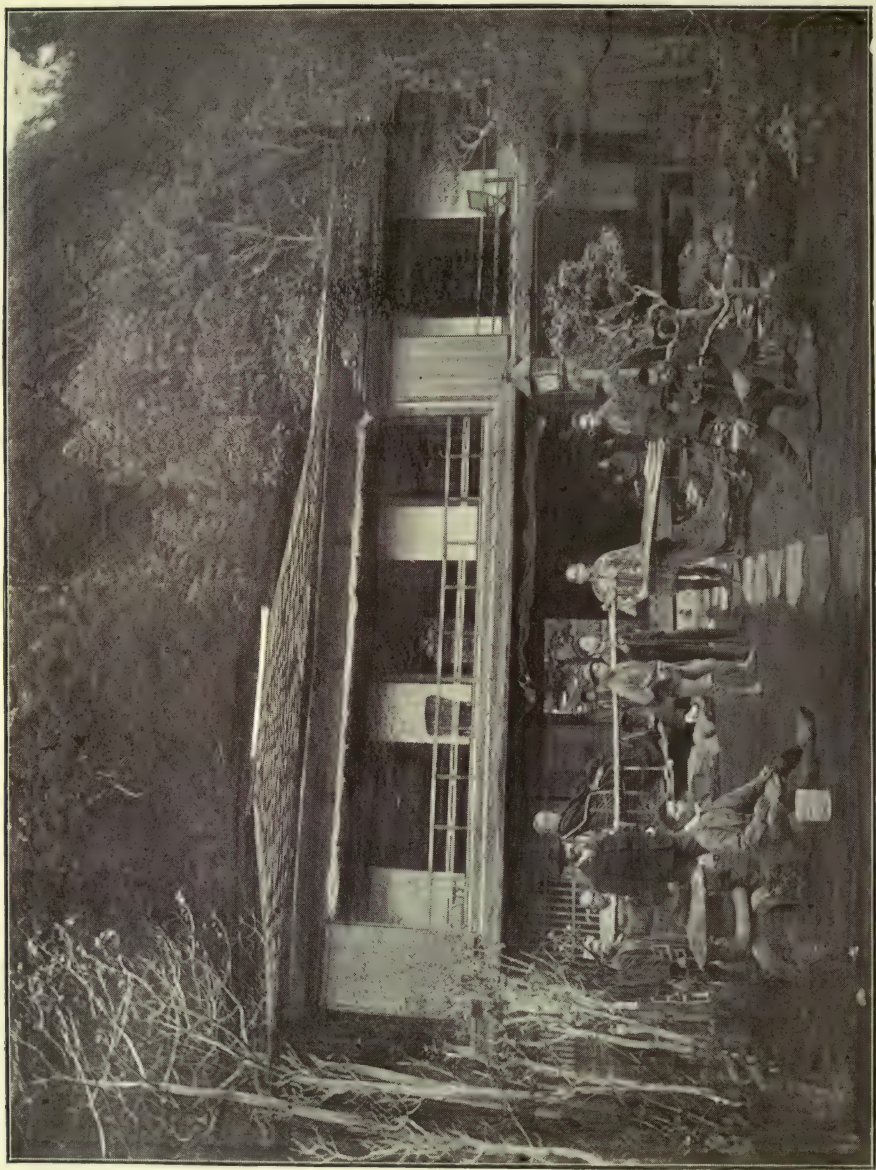
We arrived at Utsonomiya after dark, and found the only street in the village illuminated with the various gay

* These were two-sworded knights or retainers of the Daimios.



Entrance to the Temples and Shrines of the Shoguns at Nikko.

Col. and Mrs. Fletcher on the left, myself, my wife in 'ricksha, accompanied by our interpreter.



The house at Nikko which we occupied with Col. and Mrs. Fletcher.
We occupied the four upper rooms. Col. Fletcher and his wife are seen in the left of the picture.

Utsonomiya en route to Nikko

lamps of different colours, which, of course, is the usual mode of lighting the streets throughout Japan.

We remained that night at a teahouse. Before entering we had to remove our boots and put on slippers, with which we had provided ourselves. The Japanese walk on the beautifully polished floors in their stockinged or bare feet.

We were accommodated with what was supposed to be different rooms, but in point of fact the only barrier between them was paper partitions, so that practically there was no privacy whatever in the sleeping apartments.

We partook of supper there, and breakfast the following morning. The supper consisted principally of fish and delicious soup, in which were various kinds of vegetables and more fish, which was very pleasant to the taste. We also had sweetmeats and saké (an inferior whisky made from rice). All this had to be partaken of squatting on the floor, the best way we could manage. It was served by two Japanese maids, who were most courteous, making salaams and going on their knees when they brought in or took away the dishes.

Early the following morning we started for Nikko. We had a retinue of rickshaws, one each for ourselves and two loaded with provisions of all kinds for our journey, and two relays of rickshaw men.

On reaching Nikko, we passed over a roughly constructed bridge, which ran parallel with the sacred bridge, which was lacquered vermilion and ornamented with gilt, bronze and gold. This was the bridge over which the Mikado had to walk when he paid his annual visit to the Shoguns' shrines at Nikko.

No person, no matter what his rank, was permitted to walk over this bridge. It crossed a rapid torrent in a chasm of a deep gorge.*

* I understand that this sacred bridge was washed away a few years after we had been there, and has never yet been rebuilt.

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Altogether the journey from Tokyo is about 90 miles, and about 2,000 feet above sea level.

Before describing the Shoguns' tombs, I should like to say that the only industry here consists of the construction and lacquering of all kinds of peculiar roots of the cryptomerias, which they form into every description of ornamental and useful articles, such as trays, boxes, etc., worked into various fantastic shapes.*

There is only one long street through the centre of Nikko, and approaching this sacred bridge there is an avenue of cryptomeria trees, which is straight and sombre, and three or four miles long. The first Shogun who was buried here was Ieyasu, who founded the dynasty in 1603, and who constituted himself the war ruler of Japan. This family, which is known by the name of Tokugawa, produced the hereditary rulers from that period until the revolution in 1867, when the British and Americans insisted "upon the declaration of peace being signed by the Mikado," to which the Shogun objected, but eventually had to submit. This caused the Shogun to be deposed, and the Mikado to reign supreme and alone, as the one and only ruler of the whole of the Japanese islands. The last Shogun (after his deposition) told my wife and me that he never knew what it was to be a happy man till he was relieved of the terrible responsibilities and anxieties of the Shogunate.

* This reminds me of a man who lived at Stratford-on-Avon, many years ago, and adopted a similar novel mode of constructing these things. A friend of ours with whom we were visiting, took us to see some examples of his work, and being an illiterate man otherwise, in describing them he invariably pointed out that "this particular one was one part natur' and two parts hart." He would then pick up another and point out that "this was two parts natur' and one part hart," and so on, so that he was quite a character in the town; and when at Nikko, my wife and I remarked to each other that this took us back to Stratford-on-Avon and the gentleman who made these things with so much "natur'" and so much "hart." When Lord and Lady Salisbury visited our Japanese Room, accompanied by their daughter, Lady Gwendoline Cecil, they were much struck with these quaint Nikko wares, several of which I presented to them.

The Tombs of the Shoguns

Yoritomo's mausoleum is high up on the top of the hill, and the road is long and steep, with innumerable steps leading up to it. The other Shoguns' tombs are adjacent. The entrance to this marvellous spot is indicated by the photograph opposite this page, which shows Colonel Fletcher, his wife (in a kanga), my wife (in a jin-rickshaw), myself and our interpreter.

Between this and the Shoguns' tombs on the apex, is one immense forest of cryptomeria, and the finest temples in Japan have been built here on the slope of the mountain at various intervals. To describe the magnificence and beauty of these buildings would be only possible to a Japanese artist ; no European could accomplish the task. Suffice it to say that they are examples of the finest Japanese temples, lacquer work, gold and silver.

From this gate one has to mount to the first terrace, which is covered with coloured carvings of fabulous beasts, of lions, tigers, etc., etc., and further on temples, with huge black beams, with medallions and clasps of gold, and a canopy of winged dragons, granite cisterns, and lacquered and gold gaudy buildings, for the Shintoists' relics. Steps still take one higher and higher, bringing one past the torii of bronzes, rusty bells, candelabra, and old lanterns of iron, all of which have been there for centuries, and yet appear as fresh as the day they were placed there.

Higher up still is another terrace, the gate to which is called the Yomeinon, which is undoubtedly the grandest of all. It is of exquisite construction and carved with strange gold beasts ; the columns and capitals are composed of beasts placed on the top of the white and gold. Japanese dragons are seen crawling in all the eaves, and scaly dragons with the usual red mouths are much in evidence.

The upper or main shrine is the highest of all, and is nearest to the tombs. This is surrounded with a forest of

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cryptomeria. It is indescribably beautiful, composed of masses of gold, into which are introduced the most delicate tones of different colours in lacquer work. The whole is ornamented with an arabesque in gold relief, with natural tints of flowers, peonies, birds, etc.

And now, as an art lover to the depth of my soul, I still feel I cannot attempt to describe the gorgeous decorations of the interior of this shrine. Gold is lavish and plentiful, being relieved with flowers, birds, lions, etc., in panels, these being framed.

Leaving this indescribably beautiful building, one passes at once into a different region, through a small gate, which leads one to steps cut out of the solid rock. This consists, I believe, of 200 steps. However, I did not count them. All these other fairy-like buildings have vanished, and mounting to the top one finds oneself opposite a small pagoda of bronze. This is the tomb of Yoritomo, the founder of the Shogunate.

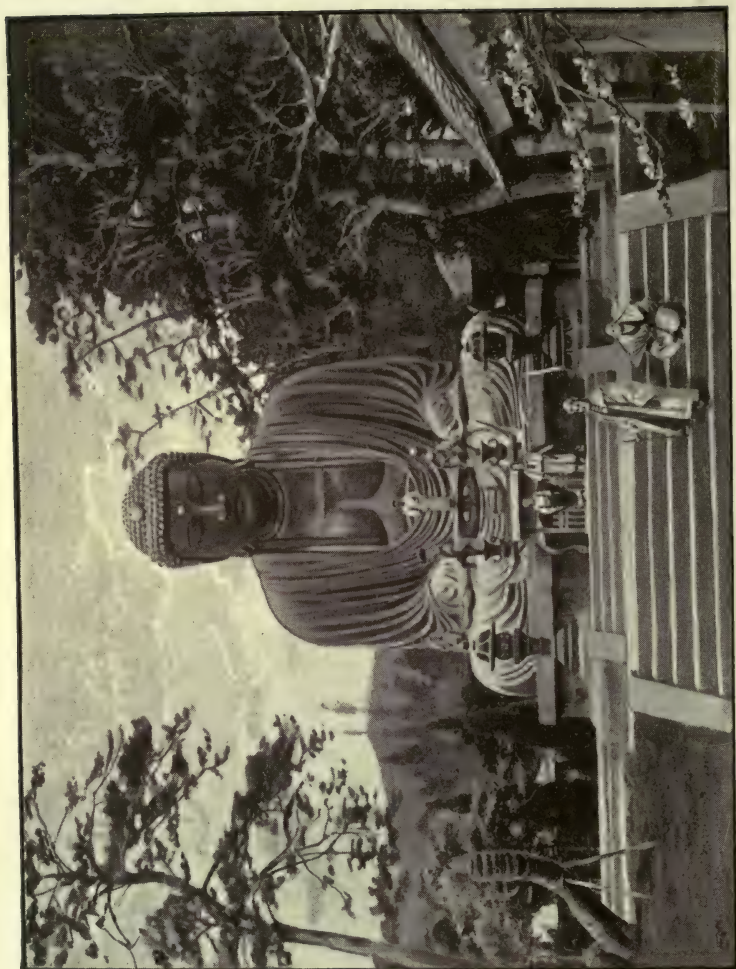
I have omitted to mention the immense clusters of rhododendrons, which reminded me of "Beautiful Bournemouth." Here, I may say, when we speak of the enormous cryptomeria which surround and close in this marvellous spot, we at home can only cultivate it to the height of a few feet, whereas in Japan they become enormous trees, 50 and 60 feet and upwards in height, and proportionably large in circumference. As I have said before, they make one of the greatest avenues in the world, forming the grand Mikado's road between Kyoto and Nikko.

The theatres and the acting in Japan are quite of a novel and unusual description. There are no separate boxes, or anything of that kind, but everyone either sits upon the floor in the Japanese style, or takes his own campstool and sits upon that. The plays are nearly all of an historical nature, describing the tyranny or amiability of various Daimios or high officials. The audience take with them their food and



Blind "Ama," Japan.

The use of massage is the monopoly of blind men in Japan. They perambulate the streets nightly, using a whistle with a weird note to attract the attention of their patients. They are anatomically extremely skillful, and the profession of masseur has been exercised by blind men for generations past.



Daibutsu Buddha, Japan.
The largest bronze figure in the world.

The Theatre and Acting in Japan

drink, and go in and out almost night and day with a few intervals of several days at a time, until the whole history of that certain Daimio or illustrious personage has been enacted. When we went, it was to one of these historical plays, and during the two hours that we stood there, certainly a more extraordinary performance could not possibly be imagined. As far as we could make it out, there were two Daimios, one of an arbitrary, despotic and tyrannical nature, the other an exceedingly kindly, amiable man. They were trying a man who evidently had been adjudicated a traitor or had committed some very bad crime. One Daimio wished to convict him, and the other evidently wished to modify the sentence, but the former prevailed. They wanted this man to disclose the names of his accomplices, but he persisted in denying that he had any accomplices, and that he had not committed the crime. They then put him on a rack on the stage, and a more terrible and heartrending scene could not possibly be imagined. The torturer occasionally had the rack stopped to ask the man if he would acknowledge his guilt or disclose the names of his accomplices. The man persisted in denying the first, and stated his inability to answer the latter question. And so the thing went on, till the man's arms were pulled, apparently from his body, and he expired. How this was done I do not know. They afterwards sent for the man's wife and children, and endeavoured to get to know from the woman, but she declared that she knew nothing about it, and was absolutely innocent of the whole thing, whereon the brutal Daimio declared that if she did not speak, her children should be sacrificed. She still protested innocence, and the consequence was that one of the men ran one of the children right through the body, and to all appearance the blood gushed forth all over the child's clothing. The woman was again commanded to disclose what she knew, and the same thing occurred with the second child, it being cruelly murdered in the same way.

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After this, the excitement and terror of the woman was so great that she also fell dead upon the stage. The whole thing was so realistic and cruel that we could not stand it any longer, and we went out feeling that we had seen an actual tragedy perpetrated in reality. Shakespeare's greatest tragedy is in no way comparable with the realistic actuality of the Japanese plays.

Japan is a wonderful country—the "Britain of the East" and the home of art and chivalry. From undoubted evidence the Japanese are a section of the lost tribes of Israel. I have in my possession a rare book written by a Scotsman who settled there some centuries ago clearly proving their identity.

An interesting and amusing incident occurred during our sojourn at Yokohama. Having run short of cash, I called at the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank and explained to the manager that we had no letter of credit to his bank, as we had intended returning home overland via New York from San Francisco, but in consequence of my wife's accident on the crater of Kilauea, the doctors insisted upon our returning by water via Japan, instead of overland across America, therefore I was rather in a difficulty to know what to do.

He looked at me in a quizzical sort of way and said, "How much do you want?" "Well," I replied, "I really don't know." "Oh," he said, "like all Englishmen that come here, you will be buying no end of curios. However, the point is, what do you want?" I said I did not know, but I thought perhaps £100. "Oh," he said, "£100 would be no use to you." "Well," I said, "I think it will do." "Oh, no," he said, "I think not." "Well," I said, "would you give me £200?" "Yes, I think we might do that," he said. He thereon struck a bell, a Chinese comprador* came in, and the manager handed him a note, and said to me, "That's all right." So I sat, waiting for him to interrogate me. He, however, repeated,

* See page 474

The Bank Manager's Kindness

"That's all right." I said, "Well,—but don't you require me to give you any references." "Oh, no," he said, "that's all right. If you go out the comprador will give you the money. I know you will come back again, in a few days."

Well, I went out, very much amazed, and returned to the hotel where we were staying, and told my wife, who was equally surprised at the easy manner in which I had obtained the money. In the course of about a fortnight or three weeks, I had, as he said, spent nearly all my £200. Fortunately for me, at that time the yen, which ought to be worth 2/-, was only really worth about half. I therefore, for my purchases, paid actually one hundred per cent. less than I should have done if the Japanese yen had been at par.

When we were dining one evening with our friends, Col. and Mrs. Fletcher, in their beautiful villa on "The Bluff," I told them of this incident, and Col. Fletcher said, "Oh, he knows something about you, depend upon it." I said, "How could he?" "Oh, he is a wonderfully clever man; I have heard many Americans and Englishmen say how clever he is in discriminating his clients!"

I went again to the bank, and the manager said, "Oh, you've come again—I knew you would. What do you want this time?" I said I thought probably about the same amount would meet the case. "Well," he said, "yes, perhaps it will—but I should not be at all surprised to see you back again." The same procedure was carried out, the comprador was called, and I walked off with the money (£200) converted into Japanese money, so that I really had £400 instead of £200.

Some time passed, and gradually my exchequer became exhausted, so I again applied to this gentleman, who cordially greeted me on seeing me, and said, "So you have come again. I thought you would! How much do you want this time?" I said, "Well, candidly, if I were to buy all the things I want

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to buy, I should want considerably more." "Yes," he said, "I have no doubt you would. Well, I suppose you want about £300." I said, "Yes, I would like £300 or £400." "Well," he said, "we will make it £300."

A few weeks passed, and again I found my exchequer nearly exhausted, and we were then arranging for our voyage back home by the "P. & O." via Kobe, the Inland Sea, Nagasaki, China, India, etc. I again called upon the manager of the bank, and told him this would be my last visit, and that I only on this occasion wanted £200 to pay for our tickets. He said, "Very well, I am quite prepared to let you have that. I hope you and your wife have had a thoroughly good time during your visit to Japan." I said we had had a marvellously delightful time, thanks to him, and I felt that we ought to be deeply grateful to him. I then said, "Might I venture to ask why you have advanced to me all these different amounts, considering that as far as I know I am an absolute stranger to you." His reply was, "My dear sir, I never make a mistake, and I felt convinced from the moment I saw you that you were one of the few men I meet whose statements were reliable, and from what I have heard at the club since and from Sir Julian Pauncefoot, my judgment was fully justified; and I am really very much pleased that I have been able to gratify your great love of art in obtaining, no doubt, some priceless Japanese art treasures. Now, with regard to the question that you put to me: About a year ago a gentleman called here who had a fine steam yacht in the bay, and he wanted me to advance him £1,000. I told him I could not do it unless I received advices from our head office in London, because I did not know who he was. He indignantly declared that he was —. I said, 'Yes, but I have no evidence of that.' He jumped up and drew out some of his underclothing to show me his name upon it, and also some letters which he showed me. Nevertheless, I still was obdurate and declined to advance

Difficulty in removing Art Treasures

the money. In about six months afterwards, I read a telegram at the club that this same gentleman, who was a well-known nobleman, had been adjudicated a bankrupt."

Over a hundred cases were filled with the curios purchased by my wife and myself. Amongst the curios were some very rare and antique specimens of Japanese art, the most important being a silver and gold elephant, inlaid with various other metals and precious stones ; a plaque of malleable iron inlaid with gold, bronze, copper and other metals ; and the Buddhist shrine and the Mikado's kakemona.

The only difficulty we experienced in removing these cases was with those containing the Daimio's shrine, and the marvellously beautiful kakemona of the "Incarnations of Buddha," the property of a former Mikado. The Government would not allow them to leave the country, but thanks to Sir Julian Pauncefote, H.B.M. Ambassador, and Mr. Russell Robertson, our Consul, the matter was arranged, and they were got through afterwards for us and now are among the most attractive exhibits in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum.

In March, 1915, the Japanese Ambassador, H.E. Mr. (now the Marquis) Katsunosuke Inouye and his wife, after visiting the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum, took tea with us, when his Excellency informed us that the silver and gold elephant, and the iron and gold plaque were the handiwork of "Komai," one of the greatest artists in metals that Japan had ever produced, certainly the greatest of all artificers in precious metals within the last century or two, and congratulated us upon possessing two such exceptionally beautiful specimens of Japanese work in gold and silver. He also congratulated us upon the Daimio's Buddhist shrine, and expressed his surprise at our having it in our possession, knowing that the Japanese Government did not allow such pieces of religious works of art to leave the country ; but this his Excellency remarked more

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especially applied to the kakemono "The Incarnation of Buddha," and after reading some portions of the legend he discovered that this had been created for, and belonged to, one of the Mikados of Japan, and expressed surprise as to how we had obtained it. I explained to him that it was purchased for us whilst we were in Kyoto by our interpreter and dragoman, but I knew nothing of how they got it. The same remark, he said, applied to some exceedingly unique and beautiful specimens of ancient Imperial embroidery which I understood were made for use in the rites of the Buddhist religion. His Excellency said that he did not expect to find such unique and rare specimens of Japanese art in Europe, and again congratulated us on obtaining them, and the town that we had presented them to our fellow burgesses.

I also showed him an album of Japanese pictures which was presented to my wife by the Chevalier Lanciarez, the Italian Ambassador in Tokio, a duplicate done by the same artist of one that had been presented to the Chevalier by the Empress of Japan. This album contains twenty leaves 12in. by 14in., depicting characters and costumes of the Japanese executed in water colours on silk deftly mounted on rice paper, the first picture showing a Samurai (two-sworded man) with his wife and children beside the great bronze figure of Daibutsu at Kamakura, the largest bronze figure in the world, which, by the way, we visited in the pouring rain. This album is probably the only one of its kind in Europe.

In the September following his Excellency's visit to us, his uncle, the great Japanese statesman, the Marquis Inouye died, when the Mikado conferred the title on him.

The following letter is from the Marchioness Inouye:—

10, Grosvenor Square,
London, W.

Dear Lady Russell-Cotes,

April 2nd, 1915.

Just a line to thank you most warmly for the lovely flowers you

Japanese Ambassador's Visit

so kindly sent me on the morning of our departure. They still look fresh on my desk while I am penning these lines.

We enjoyed our stay in Bournemouth immensely, and the change has done us a deal of good, so much so that I am already persuading my husband to go there again in May when the rhodod. are in bloom, but one never knows what may happen in this terrible war.

It was good of Sir Merton to show us round your beautiful treasures, which we admired so much. We saw your name in the catalogue of the Red Cross sale.

My husband desires to be kindly remembered to you and to Sir Merton, in which I join.

Yours sincerely,

SUYE INOUE.

The following letter from the Chevalier Lanciarez was written by him on receipt of our acceptance of his invitation to visit him at the Legation :—

Italian Legation, Tokio.

October 23rd, 1885.

To Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes,
Dear Sir,

I have just received your letter (8 o'clock this morning). I am delighted with the good news that you give to me in answer to your plans.

I hope to have the pleasure to see you to-day at 7 o'clock in the evening or to-morrow.

My kind regards, please, to Mrs. Russell-Cotes and yourself, and believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

E. M. LANCIAREZ.*

Before leaving the subject of Japan, I feel I must introduce the following article from the pen of that well-known writer, Mr. Howard Paul, which appeared in the "Westminster Gazette" :—

"Mr. Russell-Cotes has travelled a great deal in the East, and the result of his explorations is manifested in what he calls the 'Mikado Room.' Here are miniature temples, gold lacquered vases with dainty flowers inlaid with mother-of-pearl of the loveliest tints, delicious cabinets of rarest finish, images

* The two portraits of the late Mikado and his wife, the father and mother of the present Mikado, were presented to us by the Chevalier Lanciarez.

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of Buddha surrounded with gilded halos, bronze incense burners, quaint gongs, droll, long-legged storks, elaborate and ancient armour, temple cloths of marvellous richness of material and texture, candlesticks composed of sword hilts, Satsuma ware, lanterns of brilliant hues, all exhibiting the artistic skill and extraordinary patience of the workers who wrought all these wondrous and beautiful objects. I know of no such private collection of Japanese curios out of the interesting country of which Sir Edwin Arnold writes with pardonable enthusiasm.

“ If Mr. Russell-Cotes is in a conversational mood, and can spare the time to devote to an intelligent and appreciative guest, he can discourse eloquently on the cha-na-yu, the kneeling banquets of Tokyo, with their pretty musumes (attendants) in flowing embroidered robes and bright satin obi ; of the bowls of snowy boiled rice, the saké cup, and the use of the chop-sticks. He will also enlighten you about the thin slices of raw fish, the daikin and the vermicelli with almonds, and how, after many a cup of saké has warmed the ‘ honourable insides ’ of the convivés, sounds are heard of the samisen and the koto, and a screen being pushed aside, musicians and dancers are revealed. These, called geishas, wear gay apparel, and are well trained in their graceful movements. Mr. Russell-Cotes can tell you that there is a strict social rule in Japan that, after the twenty-fifth year of her age, a girl must no longer don bright colours, but must then assume grey and sober tint, so that practically only quite young females wear rich and snowy costumes. When the geishas have finished their strange fandangoes and have been applauded, one of them returns to the tiny trays now encircling each guest as boats surround a ship in harbour, and plays a game with the chop-sticks among the entremets, the cakes, the candied fruit, and perfumed ‘ kickshaws ’ which complete the service. It is quite delightful to hear of these elegant ceremonies from

Hong Kong

the lips of one who has drunk from the saké cup and murmured, 'Ippai kudosai,' in the land of the Mikado.

"Mr. Russell-Cotes admires the delicate sobriety of the Japanese, their high-toned tastes, their love of art which elevates, and the refined sense of grace which dignifies their ordinary life. One feels on the way to conversion to Buddhism, and sighs to spend a season among the kindly and affable tea-drinkers who reverence Hidénotyoshi, who inspired them in the enjoyment and infusion of the fragrant leaf."

Our sojourn in China was of a much shorter duration than we had desired. I therefore, shall not attempt to describe it from an historical or descriptive point of view, but simply relate a few passing incidents which may be of some slight interest.

Our possession of Hong Kong is one of the "gates" which were promised to the Israelites of old. It is a cosmopolitan seaport, and people from all parts of the globe are to be met there. The working classes consist wholly of Chinese. The policemen are Sikhs, tall, fine, handsome men, who do their work admirably, and keep the turbulent Chinese in perfect subjection. There are no docks in the usual sense of the word, but only a wharf. It is entirely under British control, and the laws are admirably administered, as is the case wherever the British flag flies. Justice, equity, liberty and goodwill are synonymous with the "Union Jack"!

The most interesting place, perhaps, is that which is called the "Happy Valley," occupying as it does a most lovely position in a hollow, most beautifully laid out, and full of the most charming tropical and sub-tropical plants and trees. It is really the British cemetery. Here are found butterflies innumerable of nearly all kinds.*

Although the island is named Hong Kong, the name of the town is really "Victoria." Immediately behind it rises the majestic Peak, from which beautiful views can be obtained.

* Many of which my wife caught for her collection.

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Victoria is not only a polygot town. There, can be seen the shipping of nearly every nation on earth. Battleships, stately liners, the matting-sailed junk, the tiny sampan, all tend to make up a sight which is worth a voyage to see—in short, it is a sight to wonder at.

Opposite to Hong Kong is the harbour of Kowloon, also under British rule. The atmosphere is always clear and bright, and at night myriads of flitting fireflies compete with the brilliant moon and stars overhead, which seem to be suspended from some invisible roof—such a moon and stars that are never to be seen under an English sky.

This calm clearness is not, however, always the case in China, for the dreaded typhoon comes and causes the most terrible destruction, sweeping everything before it, and tearing off roofs of houses, trees, and everything in its ruthless wake.

There are a few fine buildings in Victoria—the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, the Hong Kong Club, the new Law Courts, and the Post Office. The Government House occupies a delightful and most interesting position higher up on the side of the hill overlooking the town.

The Chinese are always used as compradores (cashiers) in the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, having sole control of the money, and paying it out to the different customers. The way that they calculate by the Chinese calculating machine* is a marvel of rapidity, and they rarely, if ever, make a mistake. The same calculation would in all probability take, in the European method of calculation, five or six times as long. This fact is in itself a certificate of great value.

I may mention in passing, an incident that occurred when we left Hong Kong in the P. and O. steamer. As is usual there are always Chinese coolies on board who are being sent to some of the British settlements under contract for three or

* The abacus or Chinese swanpan.

Macao and Canton

more years. On this occasion there were about thirty, who were engaged to go to the Straits Settlements. After having proceeded for some five or six miles, our attention was drawn by the captain to five or six objects in the water. These, it transpired, were some of the Chinese who evidently were homesick and had jumped overboard with the intention of going back. The Chinese are splendid swimmers, so that we did not feel any sympathy for them.

One of the peculiarities of Hong Kong and its locality are the wonderful effects of what are mostly known as "mackerel" skies, which, although I have seen prevailing elsewhere, are never of the same extent as they are here—and the sunsets are something never to be forgotten.

At a comparatively short distance is Macao, which the Portuguese first founded as their settlement in 1557, and which clearly was the first European settlement in China. Unlike Victoria, it is far more Chinese, and would be altogether an unpleasant place to live in, possessing none of the British order, cleanliness or sanitation, although the poet Bowring spoke of it as the

"Gem of the Orient, earth and open sea—
Macao : that in thy lap and on thy breast
Hast gathered beauties all the loveliest
O'er which the sun smiles in his majesty."

There is a regular system of passenger steamers between Hong Kong and Canton several times weekly. They are built in rather a peculiar fashion, and great care is used by the skipper in case of trouble with the turbulent coolies on board. They generally leave at night, arriving early in the morning at Canton. On the river at Canton is an enormous collection of junks, sampans and boats of every kind, on which the Chinese live. This is a sight that cannot be seen in any other port in the world. It is simply marvellous—the swarms of people,

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men, women and children ; boats, big junks, tiny little sampans, all of which form the homes in which they live and die. Nearly all these native boats have eyes painted on them, the Chinese argument being :

“ S’pose no got eye, no can see,

S’pose no can see, no can walkee.”

Canton is perhaps the most Chinese of any Chinese seaport, and having seen it, one may almost say that it is the “ Alpha and Omega ” of Chinese city life. Oh ! the filth and dirt and squalor, and the garbage of all kinds, and the measly looking cur dogs, similar to those we saw in Constantinople and other parts of Turkey. Everything, in point of fact, in China is utterly dissimilar from all that I have seen in any other part of the globe, and indescribable.

Shanghai, of course, is a considerable improvement upon Canton, from the fact that there you have the European settlements. There is not a doubt that Shanghai will become one of the greatest seaports in the vast Chinese Empire, this in a great measure being due to European settlers, and the consequent trading carried on by them. I have heard a rather curious, but I am afraid, hypothetical, story, which perhaps is worth relating.

There is to be found near the racecourse a bubbling well, and the story is as follows :—

“ A certain young woman of low but wealthy parentage having ‘ married well ’ from the social standpoint, and attained apparently to a somewhat high standard of affection for her elderly husband, found herself threatened with divorce, owing to her childless condition. Her lord having given her but one more calendar year to fulfil the obligation of presenting him with the necessary son, she wandered forth alone to bewail her fate ; for the equivalent of perpetual ‘ old maidhood ’ lay before her, and she was but twenty-three years old, though married eight years. She sat by the well and wept to all her

The Willow Pattern Plate

gods, her tears falling into the little streamlet. Presently the silent waters began to bubble furiously ; whereupon she rose up, and adjourning to the nearest shrine, told a priest the story, and vowed that a proper joss-house should be built as near the spot as possible, if a son was born within a twelve-month. It fell out as she desired, and the joss-house was built. The proof remains in the fact that the well still bubbles ! ”

We all know the willow pattern plate from childhood but its history is rather obscure. The legend may perhaps be rather interesting, and is as follows :—“ Koong-Shee was the daughter of a wealthy mandarin, and loved Chang, her father’s secretary. The mandarin, who wished his daughter to marry a wealthy suitor, forbade the marriage, and shut his daughter in an apartment on the terrace of the house which is seen in the pattern to the left of the temple. From her prison Koong-Shee watched the willow-tree blossom, and wrote poems in which she expressed her ardent longings to be free ere the peach bloomed. Chang managed to communicate with her by means of a writing enclosed in a small cocoa-nut shell, which was attached to a tiny sail, and Koong-Shee replied in these words, ‘ Do not wise husbandmen gather the fruits they fear will be stolen ? ’ and sent them in a boat to her lover. Chang, by means of a disguise, entered the mandarin’s garden, and succeeded in carrying off Koong-Shee. The three figures on the bridge represent Koong-Shee with a distaff, Chang carrying a box of jewels, and the mandarin following with a whip. The lovers escaped, and ‘ lived happily ever after ’ in Chang’s house on a distant island, until, after many years, the outraged wealthy suitor found them out, and burnt their house, when, from the ashes of the bamboo grove, their two spirits rose, phoenix-like, in the form of two doves.”

After visiting Hong Kong we stayed at Shanghai, of which I have heard travellers say that there is nothing to see in

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the native city. All I can say is that such people must be entirely lacking in their perception of things quaint and beautiful. The few streets and buildings themselves in the city are worth a long journey ; they are so peculiarly characteristic and intensely interesting. One piece of advice which I would urge upon all travellers who contemplate a visit to China (*and there are other places*) is to provide themselves with a good stock of insect powder !

One of the most repulsive and painful things to be seen in the native streets of China is the horribly cruel treatment of the criminals, but fortunately for the latter, the Chinese brain seems to be differently constituted from the European's, for they undergo every description of the most horrible persecution in the most stoical manner, even to diabolical tortures in their execution, which is eked out as long as it is possible to keep the poor victim alive.

Perhaps, after all, Pekin may be considered the most interesting city in China, from the fact that it has been from time immemorial the Imperial city. The Winter Palace, which has always been the Imperial residence, is situate within the city, the entrance to which is through a gate on the western side of the southern wall, which is outside the wall of the Forbidden City for some distance. The inmost wall of all is red, and of considerable height and thickness, with battlements, and at intervals, doors. These have the appearance of pavilions, with beautiful roofs of yellow tiles, which are also used on the tops of the walls. Passing through the gate, with sentries in each open space, one is still outside the Forbidden City. To the north is an eminence with various yellow-tiled pavilions or temples. This hill, however, no one is allowed to visit. Those who have permission granted through the British Ambassador can obtain access only to the Winter Palace.

The officials who receive one are in full dress ; their appearance is highly picturesque, as they are robed in many

The Imperial City of Peking

colours, with beautiful embroidery on their breasts and backs, high satin boots, and plumed hats with the peacock feathers sticking up behind, denoting their rank.

The palace itself decidedly is the worse for wear. The visitor passes through a great courtyard into an oblong entrance hall, and from that into a still larger courtyard, in which audiences are at times held. The yellow-tiled roofs glitter as if of gold from the gorgeous and sunlit colouring, with their ridges decorated with symbolic monsters. Away beyond this is the great entrance hall, which only great personages are ever allowed to enter. In these courtyards are wonderful works in bronze, dragons, and long-legged cranes, white marble lanterns, gilded basins with gold-fish, and other beautiful decorative ornaments. These are lavishly distributed about, and this adds greatly to the beauty of the place. It is then necessary to row across the Lotus Lake, in which are some tracts of clear water for the boats. The rest seems to be one solid mass of plants. Here is the island on which was the prison house of the Emperor—a pretty prison, its pavilions and summer houses in quaint little gardens—but as far as he was concerned, a prison none the less, as he was kept there by his tyrannical and intolerant aunt the Empress, in order that she might continue ruling the Empire. Over this lake is the wonderful marble bridge. Near by is a gorgeous palace and behind this is the wonderful dragon screen, which is of considerable size, and marvellously decorated with dragons in high relief. Its glorious colouring, words fail to describe.

In the distance is a temple high up into the sky. This is a Mohammedan temple, built by a former emperor for his wife, who was a Mohammedan. What strikes one as being the most beautiful and peaceful place, perhaps, is the Emperor's palace and garden. It is a matchless and incomparably fair scene, shaded by trees, spotted by sunlight, and with sculptured marble and bronze squandered about in endless profusion.

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Altogether it is a most unique and wonderful spot, and reminds one somewhat of the perfect reposeful quiet of the Taj at Agra, but in architectural beauty they are as different in style as the poles asunder. Both, however, are most marvellous productions of human ingenuity and skill.

We called at Singapore *en route* from China to Ceylon. It is the most important portion of the Crown Colony of the Straits Settlements, and the town, which is the administrative centre of the colony, is the principal emporium of the trade of Southern Asia. Singapore is one of the most valuable of the minor possessions of Great Britain. It is very strongly fortified by guns and works of a modern type, upon which large sums have been expended by the Imperial Government, aided by a heavy military contribution from the colony. Its geographical position gives it strategic value as a naval base, whence the routes to and from the Far East can be commanded. It possesses a good harbour, docks, extensive coaling wharves, an Admiralty dockyard, and considerable facilities for shipping. As a commercial centre it is unrivalled in that part of the world.

Singapore also has establishments for tinning pineapples and a large biscuit factory. The city possesses few fine buildings, but the Government House, the new law courts, the gaol, the lunatic asylum and the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank are exceptions, as also is the cathedral of St. Andrew's. There is a good racecourse and polo ground, fine cricket and football fields, two golf links and innumerable lawn-tennis courts.

Singapore is governed by its own municipality, under the supervision of the Colonial Government. In 1901 the population numbered 228,555, composed of Europeans, Eurasians, Chinese, Malays, Indians, Africans and other nationalities.

Leaving here, we stopped at Malacca, which is the chief town of Malay, a well arranged and remarkably clean town, and

Kwala Lumpur and Penang

is considered to be a healthy place. The ruins of the Jesuit cathedral, where St. Francis Xavier laboured and died, are very interesting. It is strongly built of lava blocks, the interior being of Italian design. There are some finely carved tombstones in the church, dating from the 16th century.

Hence we went to Kwala Lumpur, which is the capital of the native state of Selangor. The European and native hospitals, which are constructed according to the latest and most improved designs, are models of cleanliness and order and exceedingly well managed. Owing to the dense jungles and swamps, malarial fever is very prevalent all over the country, and especially so at Klang, the port of Selangor connected with Kwala Lumpur, 23 miles distant.

Our next stop was at Penang, which was founded on the 17th July, 1786, having been ceded to the East India Company by the Sultan of Kedah in 1785, by virtue of an agreement entered into by him with Captain Light, in consideration of payment of a sum of 10,000 dollars for a period of eight years. In 1791 the subsidy was changed to 6,000 dollars, to be paid annually in perpetuity, but some years later this was raised to 10,000 dollars, which amount is still paid annually to the Sultan of Kedah. This final addition was made when the strip of mainland now called Province Wellesley was purchased by the East India Company for 2,000 dollars in 1798. At the time of the cession Penang was almost uninhabited. In 1796 it was made into a penal settlement and 700 convicts were transferred thither from the Andaman Islands. In 1805 Penang was made a separate presidency, ranking with Bombay and Madras; and when in 1826 Singapore and Malacca were incorporated with it, Penang continued to be the seat of Government. In 1829 Penang was reduced from the rank of a presidency and eight years later the town of Singapore was made the capital of the settlements. In 1867 the Straits Settlements were created a Crown Colony, in which Penang was included. Since

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then it has been under the administrative control of a resident councillor, who is responsible to the Governor of the Straits. He is aided in his duties by officers of the Straits Civil Service.

Penang is largely occupied by Tamils and Chinese, though the Malays are also well represented. Behind the town Penang Hill rises to a height of some 2,700 feet, and upon it are built several Government and private bungalows, which are much used both as health and pleasure resorts. The town possesses a fine European club, a racecourse and good golf links. Cocoa-nuts grow in considerable quantity along the shore, and rice is cultivated at Balek Pulau and in parts of the interior of the island, but for the rest the jungle still spreads over wide areas. Penang forms, after Singapore, the most important settlement of the Crown colony of the Straits. It has an excellent harbour, and is much used by shipping ; but in this respect it has suffered from its proximity to the more important port of Singapore.

The estimated population in 1898, exclusive of Province Wellesley, amounted to 154,850, of which the greater number are Chinese ; also Europeans, Eurasians, Malays, Indians and other nationalities. The island is about $15\frac{1}{2}$ miles long by $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide at its broadest point. Its area is something over 107 square miles.

Exactly one week after leaving Singapore we reached the island of Ceylon, which was once in the possession of the Dutch. For magnificent scenery from every point of view, perhaps this island excels any other in the world. Some writers have located it as the actual Garden of Eden. It is certainly the gem of the Pacific, and the most beautiful jewel in the British crown.

The harbour at Colombo where we landed is one of the most commodious in the world, being protected by an immense break-water (built by Sir John Coode in 1875), nearly a mile in length, which encircles the bay. Colombo is called the " Clapham Junc-

Sir Daniel Morris

tion of the East,' from the fact that all steamers call there *en route* both to the East and West, making Colombo a very lively place. It was here that Arabi Pasha, on his submission to the British authorities, after his complete overthrow and defeat in Egypt, was sent as a prisoner of war. He was allowed to reside in a beautiful villa in the Cinnamon Gardens, and it became a daily occurrence for visitors to pay a visit of courtesy to him, and invariably take tea. He was allowed to have his wives with him, and one of his chief relaxations was to drive with them almost daily, when the "Black Watch" regimental band played on the esplanade.

The soil of Ceylon is rich and most prolific, and produces almost anything in abundance. The unfortunate blight to the coffee plants which was the staple industry, nearly ruined the whole of the coffee planters about half a century ago. No one perhaps knows more about that serious calamity than my friend, Sir Daniel Morris,* who has written on this subject, and at whose suggestion, I believe, tea planting was substituted.

* My dear friend, Sir Daniel Morris, came among us some years ago, and brought with him his vast store of botanical and scientific knowledge and great experience gleaned from his professional and Government positions in Ceylon, Jamaica and elsewhere. It was to his clever researches that the planters of Ceylon owe their immunity from the ravages of disease in their coffee plantations, and the substitution of tea planting, which has been a signal and complete success, obtaining for Ceylon a world-wide renown for its tea. Sir Daniel's professional services in the West Indies were of great value, and earned for him a distinguished reward from the King. In addition to this, his service to the nation has also been recognised and appreciated by various distinguished learned societies. He has now made Bournemouth his home, and has given his influence and scientific knowledge to our local institutions and scientific societies. Sir Daniel and Lady Morris are always ready to co-operate in every way in the advancement of every good and useful effort for the benefit of the borough. Sir Daniel is now our acknowledged local leader in botanical and scientific researches. The following letter may prove of interest :—

14, Crabton Close, Boscombe, Hants.

November 16th, 1914.

My dear Sir Merton,—I am much obliged for your letter of the 12th inst. I would have answered it before, but I had to deliver my presidential address before the Bournemouth Science Society on Saturday afternoon, and I was pressed for time owing

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This has become a gigantic success, and is yielding far more wealth to the island than coffee ever did.

During our stay we met the Colonial Secretary, Sir Clementi Smith, who was extremely kind to us, which ended in the formation of a firm friendship and led up to our also making the acquaintance of his brother, the Rev. P. Clementi Smith, of Doctors' Commons, London.†

to so many calls in other directions. Mr. Wilks‡ was most enthusiastic about his visit, and Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself may feel that you gave him great pleasure, and he is a man who is himself quite a collector of objects of art. You have been kind enough to enclose three tickets of admission to the Art Gallery on Saturday afternoon. I wonder whether I could give these to a very charming man and his two daughters who have some nice Japanese and Chinese works of art, and whose house, Easter Court, in St. John's Road, Boscombe, is full of treasures. Mr. Brindley is an artist and keen archæologist and altogether an exceptional man to meet. I shall do nothing further in the matter until I hear from you. You have been good enough to invite me to become one of the trustees of the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum. I feel honoured by the request, and if the duties are such as I am competent to discharge I would be glad to accept. With very kind wishes to Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself.—Believe me, very sincerely yours, D. MORRIS.

† Mr. Wilks is the grower of the famous Shirley poppy and Hon Sec. of the R.H.S.

‡ The Garden House,
Wheathampstead.

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes, 26th February, 1906.

My brother has told me of your kind recollection of us, and I write to say that it is warmly reciprocated. I was much interested in seeing the list of very valuable articles that you had secured in the Irving sale. You must now have acquired a splendid collection of pictures and of "Objets d'Art."

With our kindest remembrances from us both to you and Mrs. Russell-Cotes.

Believe me, yours sincerely,
CECIL CLEMENTI SMITH.

St. Andrew's Rectory,
Doctors' Commons,
London, E.C.

Dear Sir Merton,

4th February, 1916.

I greatly appreciate your kind letter of sympathy, and your affectionate remembrance of my dear brother.

My wife and I are very sad, which, in addition to our over-work, makes life very trying.

Our sincerest thanks and warmest greetings to you both.

Yours sorrowfully,
P. CLEMENTI SMITH

The "Rogue" Elephant

Of course, as everybody knows, the objection to Ceylon is its superabundance of wild animals, reptiles and insects, which abound everywhere. I do not think that there is any other place to be compared with Ceylon in these respects, for everything of that description teems there—serpents—snakes of every description—centipedes—lizards—fireflies—glow-worms—mosquitoes. In the old cities they are even more abundant. Anuradhapura, one of the old ruined cities, now one mass of exotic jungle, simply abounds with them and scorpions.

The "rogue" elephant is a source of considerable trouble, for on the school of elephants driving him out of the herd, he makes a point of waylaying everyone, horsemen and others, in order to vent his spleen upon them. Whilst we were in the Nuwara Eliya country one of the postmen, who carried the mails throughout the island in a state of semi-nudity, running along at a jog-trot pace, all the while shaking a bell which is fastened to a stick (to frighten away the various animals he might meet *en route*), encountered one of these "rogue" elephants. He managed to throw the mail-bag at it, which the animal seized, so enabling the Tamil to escape. The following day it was discovered that the elephant had completely destroyed the bag, and ripped up the whole of the letters as carefully as though it had been done to conceal their contents from any spy.

Cheetahs (small leopards) abound. They are harmless to human beings, but a cause of great destruction in poultry yards, devouring as they do any fowls, ducks, etc., that they can get at.

The wild boars are perhaps, if not the most ferocious, the most dangerous of any of these beasts to encounter, as instead of trying to get away—as most other wild animals do—they charge with an impetuosity that is irresistible.

As I have already said, one of the great drawbacks to residence in Ceylon is the immense variety of reptiles and

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insect pests. The first night that we slept at Mr. Mantell's villa, after being in bed a short time, I heard a rustling, which I could not at all understand, and then all was quiet for a little time, when another sudden rustling went on, and so it kept on for some considerable time, which rather disconcerted me. The following morning I mentioned it, and the reply was that it was nothing ; *it was only proceeding from the snakes in the ceiling after the rats and mice !* The ceiling, I may add, was canvas, although to all appearance it was like ordinary plaster. The birds used to come in through the open doors and windows whilst we were having breakfast, and helped themselves to whatever they liked, neither our host nor hostess taking the slightest notice. Every evening an enormous toad would come in and take up its quarters under a whatnot in the drawing room, and would croak there for some time.

In the grounds were cocoanut trees, and it was very interesting to watch the coolies obtain the nuts by swarming up the trees, with a rope between their ankles, which encircled the tree, and so drew themselves up. They seem practically to walk up the trees.

The cocoa-nut palms abound in dense forests, especially along the northern side of the Island. Altogether Ceylon may be said to be perhaps one of the most prolific lands for growing all tropical and semi-tropical plants and has the advantage of possessing varied climates, according to the altitude.

The principal mountains in the island are Pidurutalagala, 8,300 feet ; Kirigallapotta, 7,900 ; Totapella, 8,000 ; and Adam's Peak, 7,700. These mountains do not rise abruptly from a level base, but they are merely the loftiest of a thousand peaks towering from the highlands of Ceylon. The greater portion of the highland district may therefore be compared to one vast mountain ; hill piled upon hill, peak rising upon peak, ravines of immense depth forming innumerable waterways for the mountain torrents.

Nuwara Eliya

The mean temperature at Colombo is 90 degrees, and that of Kandy 85 degrees, and the climate of Nuwara Eliya, 60.

Some authorities consider that precious metals do not exist in Ceylon, but Baker was emphatically of the opposite opinion, and this seems to be based upon very solid grounds, for a few sailors upon one occasion, who had had some experience in gold digging in other parts of the world, thought from the appearance of the rocks, and from other reasons, that gold existed there. The river happened to be very like those in California, in which they had been accustomed to find gold. They accordingly set to work with a tin pan to wash the sand, and to the astonishment of everyone in Ceylon, they actually discovered gold!

Among other precious stones and metals, quicksilver was found at a place called Cotta, six miles from Colombo, in 1797.

Minerals which have been proved to exist up till now are gold, quicksilver, plumbago, and iron. The two latter are of the very finest quality, and in great abundance.

In Nuwara Eliya we stayed at the Governor's house. We were very comfortable, and enjoyed the delightful climate. At certain seasons of the year, viz., from June till December, the climate is rather inclined to be damp, but from January to May a more perfect climate it would be difficult to find.

We started at daybreak one morning on horseback, taking with us the necessary refreshment, for the ascent of Pidurutalagala. In many places we found the recent traces of wild boars, which are very dangerous and savage in these parts, also cheetahs and elephants, which are also very dangerous. We arrived at the summit of the mountain about one o'clock. There cannot be a more beautiful sight than the view from the top of Pidurutalagala. The highest mountain in Ceylon, it rises to the height of 8,300 feet, and looks down upon Nuwara Eliya some 2,000 feet below. Away in the

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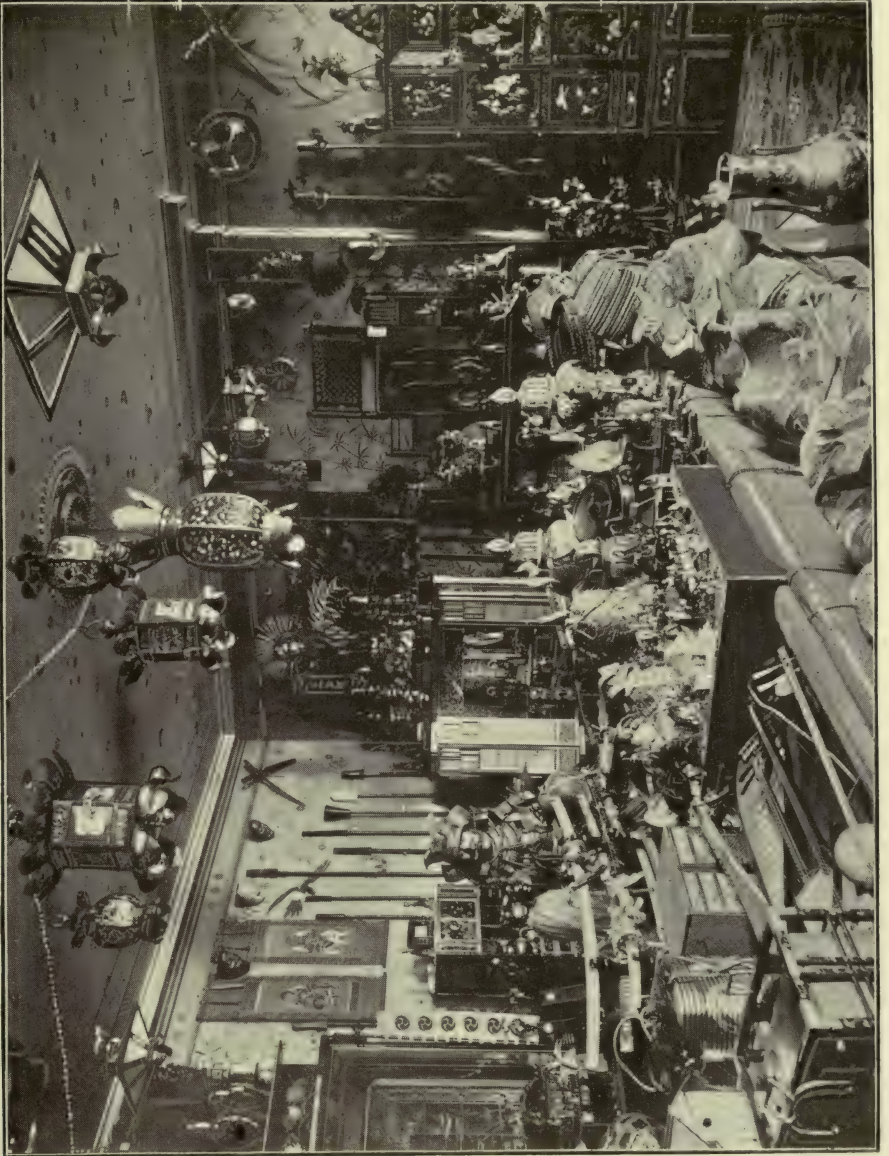
distance, as far as the eye could reach, can be seen the shimmering of the sun upon the sea, beyond Colombo. Away to the west is Adam's Peak, which is 7,700 feet above the level of the sea. We could trace the river in its silver winding course through the plain below, and for many miles the alternate plains and forests joining in succession.

Comparatively but a few years ago Nuwara Eliya was undiscovered—a secluded plain among the mountains, tenanted by the elk and boar. The wind swept over it, and the mists hung around the mountains, and the bright summer with its spotless sky succeeded, but still it was unknown and unseen, except for the native bee-hunter, in his rambles for wild honey. How changed! A road encircles the plain, and carts are busy removing the produce of the land. Here, where wild forest stood, are gardens teeming with English flowers; rosy-faced children and ruddy countrymen are about the cottage doors; equestrians of both sexes are galloping round the plain, and the cry of the hounds is ringing on the mountain side. The church bell sounds where the elephant trumpeted of yore. The sunbeam has penetrated into the forest through its dreary shade, and a ray of light has shone through the moral darkness of the spot.

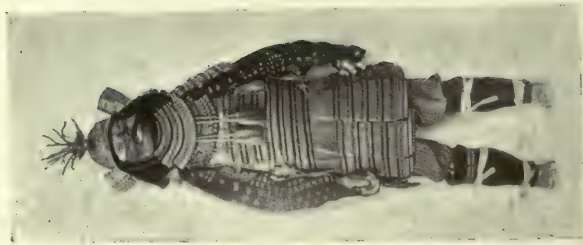
Although unknown to Europeans until a few years ago, the name itself shows that its existence was perfectly well known in former years to the Cingalese, for Nuwara Eliya signifies “Royal Plains.”

Sir Samuel Baker* pitched his camp on the verge of the highland, at the eastern extremity of the Nuwara Eliya plain, where the road commences a sudden descent towards Badulla, 33 miles distant. This spot, forming a shallow gap, was the ancient native entrance to Nuwara Eliya from that side, and the Cingalese designation for the locality is interpreted “Path of a Thousand Princes.” This name assists in the proof that

* His mansion and grounds are now the Botanical Museum and Gardens.



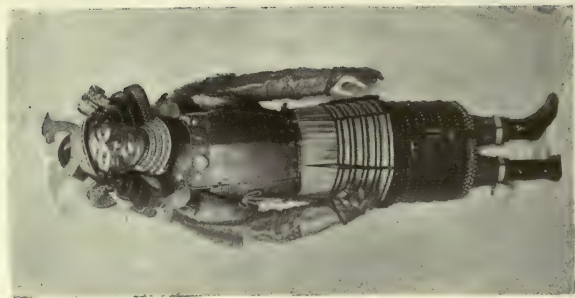
Collection of Japanese curios and art treasures.



Japanese Daimio.



Japanese Jinricksha man.



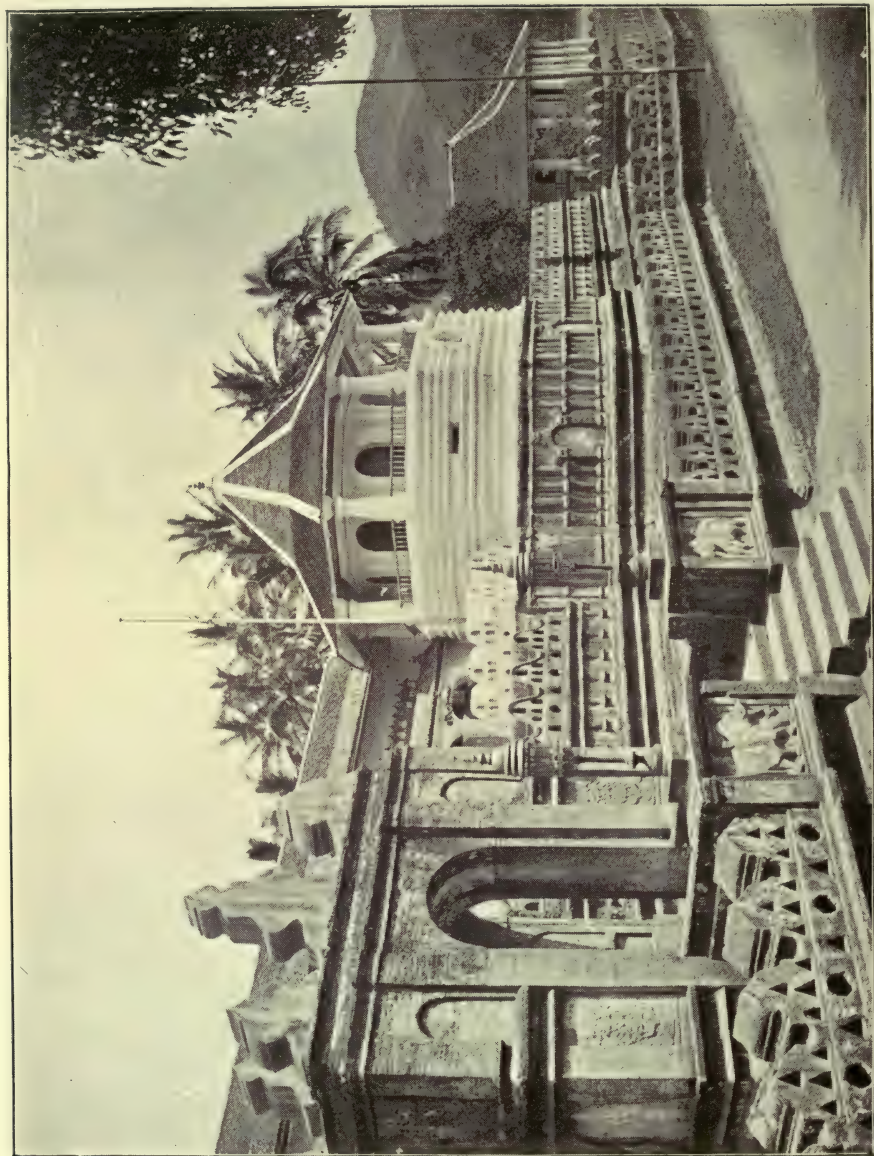
Japanese Warrior.



The Governor's House, Newara Eliya, where my wife and I visited for several weeks.



The grounds of the Governor's House, Newara Eliya, Ceylon.



Temple containing Buddha's Tooth, Kandy, Ceylon, 1886.

My wife and I visited this whilst sojourning with our old friend, the Hon. David Mantell, the Government Controller of Railways.

The Precious Stones of Ceylon

Nuwara Eliya was formerly of some great importance, no doubt one of the palaces of the King of Kandy having once been there. Near this spot is what the natives call "The Valley of Rubies." Whatever there might have been in the ancient times, there certainly are no rubies or other gems now.

It was only a short time before we were in Ceylon that the railway was completed to within a few miles of Nuwara Eliya, constructed under the supervision of our friend, the Honble. David Mantell, whom we visited at Kandy and whose hospitality we much appreciated. There was a most extraordinary portion of the railway called the "Corkscrew," it being built upon the tops of two or three hillocks, from which its name arises.

It is supposed that the general water supply of various parts of the island emanates from the flow of Nuwara Eliya.

We may take it for granted, therefore, that when the King of Kandy came to visit Nuwara Eliya, he came to view the water-courses, and also to superintend the digging for precious stones.

There is every indication that diggings have gone on to a very great extent in this locality, although hunting for gems has now ceased. In various parts of the stratum of gravel are to be found numerous—but for the most part, worthless—specimens of sapphires, rubies, emeralds, jacinths, tourmalines, chrysoberyl, zircon, cat's-eyes, moon-stone and star-stone.

The most picturesque spot, I consider, is Kandy, where the lake is surrounded by beautiful villas. Here is the famous Buddhist temple—the Maligawa—containing the supposed tooth of Buddha.

Our old friend the Honble. David Mantell, the Government Surveyor of Railways, escorted us to this temple. The tooth is about six inches long, and large in proportion, and evidently belonged to some wild beast or probably was made from a piece of ivory. Outside this temple on the walls,

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are pictures of the different types of punishment in Hell to which those are doomed who commit certain kinds of sins. They depict most horrible tortures, the most cruel that any human mind could conceive, such as boiling, roasting, hacking to pieces of the victims, some having stakes driven right through their bodies, and so on, even more terrible, if possible, than the tortures of the Inquisition.

The beauty and luxuriousness of the foliage at Kandy surpasses perhaps anything in the world, with its beautiful expansive oval lake surrounded with hills clothed from base to summit with the most lovely vegetation, filled with birds of every description, gorgeous in their tropical plumage.

The Peradiniya Gardens are magnificent, and are one of the principal sights. For tropical specimens, I think these gardens are the finest in the world. There are banyan trees, rubber trees, and scores of others of immense dimensions.

The roads round the lake, both on the water level and winding up and around the hills, higher and higher like a corkscrew staircase, form the most beautiful and charming drives in the world. It is here also, on the north side of the lake, that Buddha's Tooth—which I have already described—is preserved and worshipped. The Buddhist priests (for *backsheesh*) allowed us to see it through the glass, but would not listen to our desire to handle it. There is not the shadow of a doubt that a more completely fraudulent imposture could not be conceived, for had this been the tooth of any human being, the human being to whom it belonged would have been a man at least from 40 or 50 feet high! It is this sort of thing, in all religions, that reduces them to an absurdity and disgusts the mind of any independent thinker; it has, however, obsessed the mind of humanity from time immemorial, and is still handed down to us in the shape of Popish and Jesuitical priestcraftism. All this is very deplorable, especially realising as

“Hydrophis Nigrocinctus”

we do, that some of our most brilliant and intelligent men allow themselves to be so duped.

Many years ago, before we obtained possession of Kandy, the native king used to kill his victims by having them laid out in front of him, and the elephants, trained for the purpose, were brought out, to trample them to death.

Our efforts to conquer the King of Kandy extended over quite a number of years. There was an absolute barrier, consisting of a rocky mountain that could not be scaled, and the Cingalese legend ran that the King of Kandy could never be overthrown as long as that barrier remained intact. Eventually our sappers and miners managed to burrow a hole through it, which is now an actual roadway along which the permanent railway is laid and from which is seen a grand panorama of the “paddy” (Rice) fields on the plains below.

It may not be generally known that in Ceylon, New Caledonia and various parts of the Pacific Ocean and elsewhere, “sea snakes” swarm. The late Sir Emerson Tennant said on one occasion that “Sea snakes are found on all the coasts of Ceylon. I have sailed through large shoals of them in the Gulf of Manaar, close to the pearl banks of Aripo. The fishermen of Colpentyn, on the west, live in perpetual fear of them.”

The late Colonel Tickell, an excellent field naturalist, thus referred to them:—“One day when becalmed about the centre of the Bay of Bengal, the sea all round the ship, as far as we could see, appeared swarming with snakes. They were swimming about like eels. They were about 2ft. to 2ft. 6in. in length, of a pale green colour, with broad bands of black their whole length, and the tail was compressed laterally, so as to form a mere vertical blade, which propelled the body like a sculling oar applied at a boat’s stern. The name of this snake is *Hydrophis nigrocinctus*. There are many kinds in the Indian Ocean, and all are virulently poisonous. An

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officer of H.M. frigate 'Magician,' in the Madras roads, was bitten by one of these snakes and died in a few hours.'

Pelagic snakes pass most of their time in the open sea. Most of them are viviparous, producing their young without eggs. One of the most common kinds, which grows to a length of about three feet, is met with from the Bay of Bengal to Oceania. These snakes can crawl with ease on land and specimens have been met with from time to time at a considerable distance inland. Some species grow to as much as ten and twelve feet long.

Sea snakes differ from land snakes in the shortness of their tongue. They have comparatively small nostrils placed on the top of the snout, and furnished with a valve which opens to admit air and closes to exclude water when the reptile is beneath the surface.

Sir James Hector, at a meeting of the Philosophical Society of Wellington, New Zealand, stated that there were no fewer than seventy known species of pelagic snakes, all without exception fanged and provided with glands secreting a virulent poison. A writer signing himself "Australis" gave a few years since some instances of the deadly effects of the poison of these terrible serpents. He said, "In mooring a ship in Singavi Harbour, Fortuna, South Pacific, I was sent to take a stern mooring line to a rock in the middle of the little port. With my boat's crew came several merry Fortuna boys for amusement. One of them, about ten years of age, sprang out of the boat and fell on his hands and knees on the rock, arousing a large black and yellow and white banded snake, which had been sunning itself. The reptile bit him on the thumb near the wrist, causing the blood to flow from two tiny punctures. Twenty minutes later he was seized with agonizing convulsions and died a few hours afterwards. Another case was a young native seaman belonging to a pearling

The Venomous Water Snakes

ligger. He was diving for clam shells in Torres Straits, when a snake suddenly shot up from below within a few inches of his face. He struck at it, and in an instant the reptile coiled round his forearm, and bit him on his forefinger. Convulsions quickly followed and although the finger was amputated an hour later, death ensued within 48 hours."

Knowledge of the world is incomplete without it is attained by travel. Travel opens the eye and understanding as one would open and study a book ; it is futile to express an opinion on the contents of a book which remains unread ; it is impossible to comprehend the world we live in unless we seek and find its beauties and interests for ourselves.

M.R.C.

CHAPTER XV

India

Madras—The Cathedral—Indian Jugglers—Calcutta—The Maidan—The Eden Gardens—The Black Hole of Calcutta—The Famous Banyan Tree—Rangoon—"Juno"—Benares—The Ghats—Bathing in the Ganges—Palace of the Maharajah of Vizianagram—The Golden Temple—The Birthplace of Buddha—Lucknow—The Residency—The Bo Tree—Story of the Siege—Cawnpore—The Memorial Well—Agra—The Taj—The Ceremony and Procession in Honour of Krishna—The Casting Down of Knuse—Delhi—Tugluckabad—Jaipur—Amber—I Kill a Black Snake—Bombay—Parsees and Hindus—The Island of Elephanta—The Towers of Silence.

"*Heaven's Light our Guide.*"—Motto of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India.

WE sailed from Colombo for Madras on Thursday, 25th February, 1886, by the P. & O. S.S. "Ballarat."

We had on board General and Lady Macpherson, with their suite, the General being on his way to Burmah as Commander-in-Chief. A pleasant and uneventful voyage to Madras, which we reached at 6 a.m. on Sunday morning. After breakfast we took a boat, with two gentlemen, and went ashore. We engaged a gharry for the day, and went first to the Cathedral. Service hours are 8 a.m. and 6 p.m. It is a splendid structure, all white. Punkahs were everywhere inside the building, including the reading desk and pulpit. There are fine monuments by Chantrey, Weekes and others, to brave soldiers, to Bishop Heber, and many others. The pulpit steps are of marble, as is also the floor, the latter being covered with rattan matting. The benches are of cane and wood, with seats divided off like chairs, altogether most elegant. Madras has a population of 400,000.

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We next visited the native city. Saw the people's park, with its hyænas, monkeys and leopards—one black leopard, which is a great rarity—a lion, some foxes, and an enormous hippopotamus enjoying his bath. The attendant gave him some sugar cane, and he came and ate it right in front of us. We had a grand view of his mouth—a most inelegant aperture—and of his most irregular teeth. It was curious to watch him with his peculiar, pointed upper lip, turn, twist and double up the cane before chewing it. There are lions, elephants and bears in this part of India.

The Post Office is the best arranged of any we remembered to have seen since leaving home. It consists of an immense and lofty hall, ventilated by a pale green painted Louvre roof, with coloured glass windows. There is a small dais, about a foot high, for enquirers to stand upon.

The Fort is very extensive, and has a church inside. A new fort has been built lately—1884—called Napier Battery. The School of Engineering is a large, fine building.

The Presidency reminds one of pictures of Turkish buildings; its several domes giving it an imposing appearance. There are schools for natives, where they learn English. The people here are not prepossessing in appearance. One woman had about a dozen pearls stuck all about her nose; another was coloured yellow—face, neck, hands and arms—and wore a dress to match! Some of the houses of the better class are painted outside with figures, yellow being the prevailing colour, with stone couches and lounges on each side of the door, covered from the sun by an extra roof, reminding one very much of the old chimney corners in some parts of the country in England. Some are parallel with the door, some are right and left as you approach them. A few of these doors were open, and we could see right through to the square or compound, where the inmates were sitting in the open air behind the house, enjoying themselves.



The ancient city of Kandy, Ceylon.



Annual Procession of the (so-called) Tooth of Buddha, Kandy, Ceylon.

An ignorant and gross fraud of priestcraftism, the tooth being about nine or ten inches long, and evidently cut out of a piece of ivory.

Hindu Jugglery

We saw two Juggernaut cars—immense, ponderous affairs—painted red and black, with solid wooden wheels, bound with iron. When in the procession they are drawn by hundreds of coolies; at present they reposed peacefully, and dustily, under sheds constructed of stakes covered with interwoven and plaited palm leaves, the same as the bullock cart covers. It was painful to think, as we stood there, how many hundreds of lives had been sacrificed under those very wheels, until British Raj put a stop to the heathenish practice. Everything is covered with thick red dust from the roads. The trees are so thickly coated, that on some of them you cannot see a bit of green leaf. This cannot be a desirable place to live in, or near.

We took tiffin at Lippiert's Hotel. After lunch some jugglers came and performed some wonderful feats. One of the most wonderful was the basket trick, which we had seen on several occasions, but nothing to be compared with this one, as this basket was a flat one, and did not seem at all large enough to even hold a child, whereas a girl of about fifteen years was put into it. The juggler then ran his sword into various parts of the basket, clearly demonstrating that it would be utterly impossible for anyone to be inside without being stabbed through and through. However, he took the lid off and the girl was gone, but appeared again, coming in at the door. As this was a stone floor, I will leave my reader friends to guess how it was accomplished. Perhaps Mr. Maskelyne might solve the problem, but although I have the pleasure of knowing him intimately, it has never occurred to me to ask him. After that the juggler did other tricks nearly as wonderful, one being that of making a tree grow from a piece of paper, which he planted in a flower-pot. Another was the smoke and fire trick. He begins to blow, and smoke begins to come from his mouth, then fire, until he blows out a number of immense sparks, after which he pulls out of his mouth tape which makes a big heap on

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the floor. The whole of the jugglery this man performed was certainly most amazing.

Lord Dufferin, the Viceroy, was expected, and great preparations were made for his reception with arches, evergreens and flags. The pier and some of the large buildings were quite gay. He seemed to be very popular.

Men came bringing oysters and various other things to the ship. Their little rafts are very curious, one log of wood forming the centre main portion. Two more logs were fastened on either side. These side logs were thick at one end and tapering at the other, quite untouched, just as they were cut from the trees. How they were all held together we could not see. Other boats we saw seemed to lie flat on the water, and were gracefully pointed at bow and stern. Birds like hawks were floating about us in port, but none followed us. We saw plenty of flying fish nearly all the way on the voyage.

We sailed the same evening, and arrived at Calcutta at 6 p.m. on Wednesday, March the 3rd, at a wharf three and a half miles down the Hooghly. Here, too, we found the hawk-like birds, and others like Solan geese. Some large and beautiful butterflies flew about us all the way up the river from about 11 a.m. Calcutta surprised and pleased us greatly. The extensive park, or maidan (pronounced my-dan), with cattle grazing and numbers of men watering the grass and the roads from goat-skins slung over their shoulders and hanging over their left arm like Irish bag-pipes, which they filled from a narrow stone aqueduct which runs a great way round the park was all a great novelty to us. We stayed at the Great Eastern Hotel, where I again met Mr. George Augustus Sala. He was at Auckland when we were there, and was then writing vivid and wonderful articles upon travel. He had, like ourselves, first visited Melbourne and Sydney, and then crossed over to New Zealand. He unfortunately lost his wife at Melbourne on the second occasion of his going there. During

George Augustus Sala

his sojourn at Auckland, he wrote most graphic descriptions of the Hot Lakes and the Pink and White Terraces, and other scenery throughout New Zealand, although he had never visited them! I chaffed him on this, and he said "that that was the true art of writing descriptive matter." "Anybody," he said, "can write about what they have seen, but a real expert in literature could write graphic accounts of what he had never seen. Some of the greatest authors on record had done so." He suggested Shakespeare as one of the greatest examples.

I was grieved to find that the loss of his wife seemed to have told upon him very severely. He was delighted to meet me again, but seemed to be in an exceedingly nervous condition. Placing his hands upon my shoulders, he gesticulated, with sobs, "My boy, since I saw you last, I have made a fortune and lost my wife." The latter was undoubtedly a fact—a regrettable fact—but with regard to the former I am afraid it was somewhat apocryphal.*

* I quote the following:—"In the fifties and sixties a jealousy sprang up between the old 'rank and file' journalists and newcomers from the Universities, who were supposed to give themselves airs. At that time George Augustus Sala (or 'G.A.S.' as he was called) and James Hannay were two of the leading men in Bohemia, but Hannay becoming acquainted with two or three Oxford men, gradually withdrew himself from his old associates. These resented Hannay's defection and they called him a turncoat, a hypocrite, and Sala told him he was only 'veneered.' The two parties set up rival journals wherewith to combat each other. The Tory periodical, owned and edited by Edward Wilberforce, was called the 'Idler.' Its rival was edited by 'G.A.S.' and Robert Brough. They were supposed to ask questions. In one of their dialogues they asked: 'What is the Idler?' 'Oh, University and water,' was the answer. In the following number of 'The Idler' appeared the following:—

Easy to see why S. and B.
Should hate the University;
Easy to see why B. and S.
Should hate cold water little less;
While by their works they show their creed
That men who write should never read,
Their faces show they think it bosh
That men who write should ever wash.

This so infuriated Sala that he threatened a fearful fate for 'the hound' who had written this if he could only find him."

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One of our rooms was an enormous bedroom, I should think about fifty feet long by thirty or thirty-five feet wide, with several windows. The hotel was opposite the Governor's House, and our rooms overlooked the grounds. During our stay there, one morning we went out very early at daybreak to the Zoological Gardens, which are remarkably fine, and contain a magnificent collection of wild beasts. There is also a monkey house, which is an enormous building, containing monkeys innumerable of every kind and size. In the centre is a huge cage, and in this there are countless numbers of monkeys, and all round the walls are cages, also full. It was in the centre cage that all the fun took place. There was no one there but ourselves and the Burmese Hairy family from Mandalay, and their conductors. All of a sudden we heard a shout and a terrific screeching, and we saw the whole of the other monkeys running after one that had evidently got a bunch of something in its paw. However, this turned out to be the chignon off the back of one of the ladies' heads, the monkey having put its paw through and in an instant pulled chignon and bonnet off her head. A terrific fight took place for the possession of this coveted prize. What between one and the other, the chignon gradually became a thing of shreds and patches, much to the amusement of us all; even the lady who was the victim enjoying it immensely. After fraternising with these people, they invited us to go the same afternoon to see them at the reception that they were giving, and we went and had an interview with them through their interpreter. They were a most intelligent family, and they had always been kept in the Palace quarters and watched vigilantly in case they might escape or go away, as there was a legend that if this Hairy family once were allowed to leave, the monarchy would cease to exist. As a matter of fact that is exactly what did occur!

Immediately the sun sets the rank and wealth of Calcutta

Burmese Hairy Family

come out in their carriages to enjoy the cool evening air. They ride and drive out morning and evening, but from about 10 a.m. until 4 p.m. the heat is so great that residents keep indoors and rest, and make their houses as dark and cool as possible.

There was a grand thunderstorm one evening ; not so much thunder as lightning. About a half dozen " forks " would come out of one cloud at once, darting like silver threads in every direction. The lightning flashes were so intense and vivid that, had I persisted in standing to watch it, I felt it would have blinded me. It was incessant for about an hour. Some drops of rain fell, but more after the lightning had ceased.

Gharry fares are about three rupees per day (about 4s. 6d.), or, if by the hour, twelve annas for the first hour (about 1s. 3d.) and six after. A rupee looks exactly like our florin, but at present it is only value for about 1s. 6d. There are sixteen annas to the rupee, and four pies to the anna. You give the man who pulls your punkah three annas a day, and if you engage a man as a body servant, he gets one rupee a day and four annas for his rice (not quite two shillings). If you take him across the continent to Bombay you simply pay his return fare in addition.

The men servants in this hotel mostly wear round, flat hats, a very slight dome in the centre for the crown of the head, with a broad ribbon crossing slantwise over and under the brim. Those attending privately wear no ribbon. Some wear most extravagant turbans of white, yellow or pink, as suits the taste of their master. One of them wears his master's crest on his white turban, on a silk ground ; a silver star looks like a dagger over it. Another little man, very dark, with a profusion of whiskers and long beard, wears a very large white turban which covers him down to the neck and across the cheeks, fold upon fold, with a long end hanging down to his waist behind.

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Nearly every gentleman has his private servant, and as about a hundred people dine here, the scene is a very lively and brilliant one.

The least exertion in this climate is most trying, so the European residents do little or nothing for themselves, being waited upon literally "hand and foot"; this all tends to encourage laziness and arrogance.

The fruits served here after tiffin and dinner are melons and papaias (or papaw); the latter is excellent as a digestive, papain being made from it. It has the same properties as pepsin. We first saw this tree in Honolulu, and afterwards in all the tropical countries we have been to. The fruit is of a bright orange colour, firm like cheese, and at the widest part about three-quarters of an inch thick. There is a large oval cavity containing scores of seeds exactly like peppercorns.

On account of the great heat many of the merchants are carried about in palanquins (like couches) with a pillow for the head. These are ventilated all round, and have sliding doors on either side. They are made of cane or bamboo, and are carried shoulder high by four coolies, causing a jogging motion as they trot along.

From our verandah we had a fine view of the Viceroy, with his family and suite, arriving at Government House. You could hear the thirty-one guns fire as he landed from the steamer. He had a fine reception; the volunteers joined in and accompanied the bodyguard to the house. He had just returned from Upper Burmah, our newest Indian acquisition.

The Eden Gardens are a beautiful sight, especially when lighted up in the evening by electric light, with fountains playing, and the band discoursing choice music. Those who do not care to leave their carriages drive round the outer low wall, where they can see and hear the band. It makes a pretty frame to a very pretty picture. The seats in the garden are numerous and well patronised, and there are numbers of

The "Black Hole" of Calcutta

people promenading. We saw some splendid native costumes, with gorgeous colours in silk.

One is so thankful when the sun is clouded ; there is such a great difference in the heat. The crows were in great numbers on the street opposite our windows and simply hopped or stepped aside when the carriages were in the way. They do not seem at all afraid, or attempt to fly. They remind one of the pigeons at the Guildhall.

During another thunderstorm one evening, the wind and rain were really appalling, reminding us of the typhoon in the North Pacific in October last year. We went to the top of the Auchterlony Monument, from which we had a grand bird's-eye view of this large and splendid city. This monument was built in gratitude by the natives to the memory of the officer whose name it bears, as he had defended their interests at a very critical time.

This is the great tea growing part of India. Here and Ceylon are in point of fact our own two great Imperial tea growing countries. Neither of these productions are so free of tannin as the finest China tea, but this difference is gradually becoming modified in consequence of our people becoming more expert. I should like to say in passing, that Japan produces the most elegant and costly tea, all of which goes to the United States. The output, however, is very limited compared with China, Ceylon or Assam.

The Post Office is built over the famous—or rather infamous—"Black Hole." Since reaching India the sunsets have been more of a dusky orange hue, shading off into a pale yellow ; no clouds, no glorious reflections.

In Madras the native soldiers are all dressed in grey. Here it is a sort of buff brown.

The Cathedral is a fine structure, with beautiful east and west windows. The small side ones are blue, making the place look so cool. We did not think the botanic gardens so good

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as the Peradiniya Gardens at Kandy. The wonderful sight is the famous banyan tree. The circumference round the outer branches is immense. It has sent down numberless roots, which in their turn have grown into large trees. You have to explore all its ramifications before you can realise its great size. There is one conservatory devoted to splendid orchids ; and others devoted to ferns, etc., are constructed with iron frames and covered over with rice straw, which is duly watered with the plants. The sun glints through them as through the foliage of trees, so cool and delightful.

On the opposite side of the river we had a grand view of the King of Oudh's Palace. With its harem, its grounds and zoological gardens, it occupies a long stretch of a bank of the river. Government grants him one lakh of rupees per month (in English money £10,000). We could see distinctly his immense flock of pigeons, rising every now and then. These birds are quite a hobby with the King.

It is a curious sight to see the people bathing in the Hooghly. There are immense crowds flocking to the shelters, which are high, open buildings supported by pillars all round the broad flight of steps leading to the water. Three of these places were crowded as we passed at 7.30 a.m., and three hours afterwards it was just the same. Some were washing their clouds and combs, both men and women. I have seen several men sewing, both here and in Ceylon, but only one woman. The Hooghly is full of sand, which it washes from the banks on its way down, giving it a very dirty appearance.

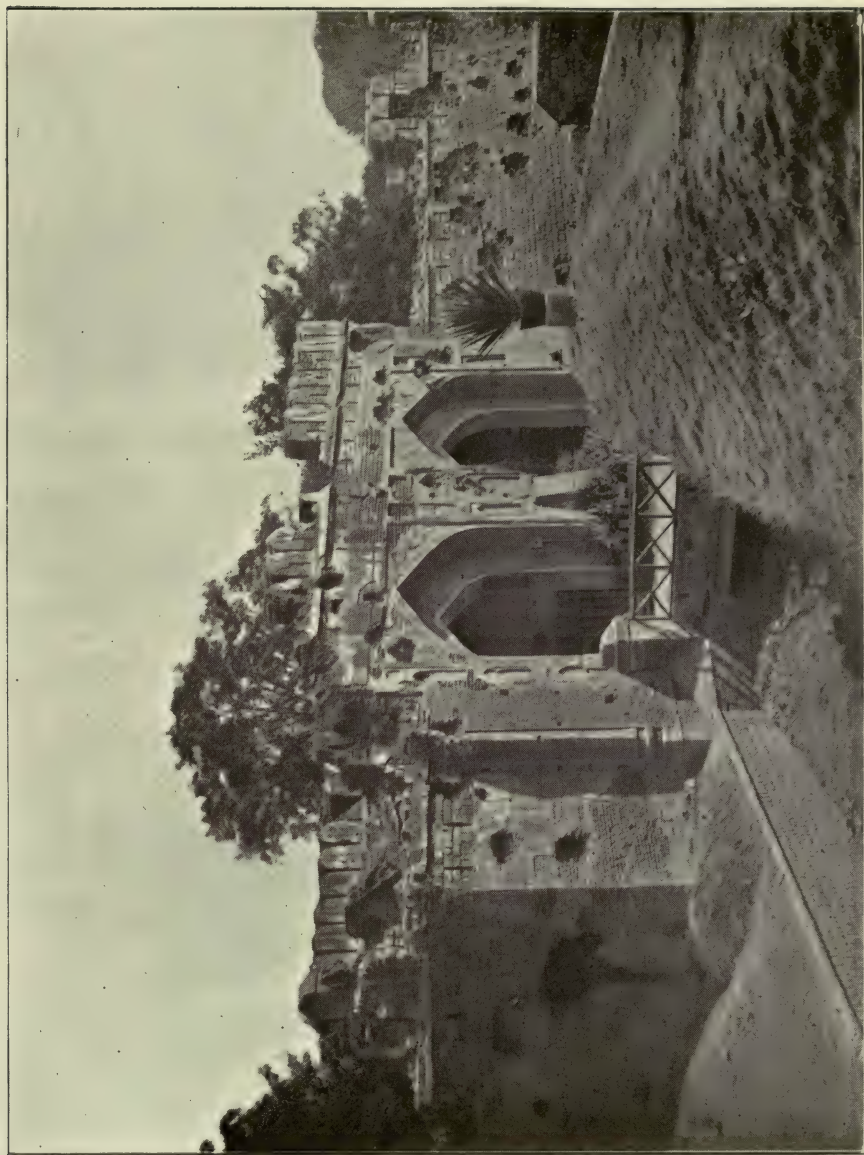
People here wear more elaborate jewellery than anywhere else we have been. The bangles, graduated almost to the elbows, anklets equally numerous (all silver) and beautiful ear-rings with bells or fringes ; toe-rings (two on each foot) all of these solid silver, with ornaments stuck all over the nose and hanging from it. One woman wore a hoop of gold which



Devil Dancers, Colombo, Ceylon.



Tamil Girl, Ceylon.



The Kashmir Gate, Delhi, where the last stand was made against Nana Sahib.



The Taj Mahal, Agra, is built of pure white marble, and is one of the finest architectural monuments in the world. The architect is unknown.

“The Irish of the East”

covered the cheek, and came down under the chin. She was simply a native woman, walking about the huts and bazaars like the rest ; no doubt she counted herself “ somebody.”

You sometimes come across Mohammedan men prostrating themselves and praying, with their foreheads on the ground ; sometimes standing up and sometimes kneeling, but often altering their position, always in prayer and with their faces towards their beloved Mecca.

During our sojourn in Calcutta, we decided to take a trip to Mandalay. We, however, got no further than Rangoon, which we found so unutterably wretched not only in regard to climate, but also as to its surroundings and people, that we were very glad to get back to Calcutta. It may be of interest, however, for me to give a few details of this wonderful country, which under proper government, and peopled by an enterprising race, would become one of the richest in the world ; its ruby mine alone would be the source of much wealth.

At one time the Chinese seemed to have monopolised the bulk of the business, and it appeared to me that they would eventually overrun the whole of Burmah to the exclusion of the original nation, who, though a fine people, are a very happy-go-lucky race, and are felicitously named “ the Irish of the East,” a very apt appellation indeed, except that they are quite happy and contented !

Although Mandalay is supposed to be the capital and the Royal city, Rangoon is really the commercial capital from every point of view. It is the seat of government, and is the centre of the mercantile and shipping enterprise ; nevertheless, it is a miserable place, dirty and wretched.

Europeans frequently suffer from a disease called “ dhobi’s (washerwoman) itch,” which is contracted from their body linen, etc., being washed in still water with the dirty clothes of the natives.

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In the early morning the town is usually enveloped in a dense white fog or mist, which penetrates into the houses and saturates everything. This is the cause of severe chills being contracted, and indeed there seems to be thousands of people afflicted with the most violent coughs, the sound of which constantly greets the ear all over the town night and day. Funeral processions are one of the commonest sights in the streets, and the public gharries or cabs are commonly used for the conveyance of smallpox, cholera, and other patients, whilst the street corners are about equally divided between Chinese grog-shops and medical halls, these being the largest and most thriving places of business in the town.

Insect life puts itself strongly in evidence, and wherever there is a light to attract them, the floor, or more often the dinner-table, is soon covered with the carcasses of thousands of different varieties of moths and flies, which fall down on the top of one very much in the form of a shower bath. Some of these insects are of great size, one, a green moth, measuring twelve inches across the wings. These, along with mosquitoes, mammoth spiders, cockroaches, as large as rats, centipedes, lizards and snakes, with which most houses are infested, combine to make home life in Burmah rather more lively than agreeable !

The steps of the great Shway Dagohn Pagoda, the Mecca of the Indo-Chinese Buddhist, one of the most wonderful temples in the world, are closely lined from top to bottom with lepers.

Mandalay is about 380 miles from Rangoon, and is altogether a cleaner and healthier town than the latter. Very much like the dogs in Constantinople, they, together with pigs, are allowed to run about the streets, and form most efficient scavengers.

The ex-King Theebaw's Palace, which is situated in a walled enclosure, one and a half miles square, consists of some

The Ex-King Theebaw's Palace

very fine examples of Burmese architecture and wood-carving lavishly covered with gold leaf, as are also most of the pagodas in Mandalay, which compare favourably with the finest temples in Japan. Unfortunately many of these places have been destroyed by a fire that occurred there.

The great Arakan pagoda at Mandalay, in which is enshrined the famous brass Gautama, is one of the sights of the world, and if visited during a high festival, when pilgrims are assembled from all parts of the world, it is a sight never to be forgotten, and unequalled as a gorgeous spectacle of Eastern display. Here, as at Rangoon, the lepers are present in hundreds, and they so crowd the entrances that you have to carefully pick your way through them on entering and leaving the pagoda. The "incomparable" pagoda is quite comparable to the Taj at Agra, only, of course, a very different style of architecture and material. It is a remarkable building of vast size and of peculiar construction; but it would take volumes to describe even the principal temples in Burmah, which is dotted from one end to the other with them, many being of great beauty.

There are said to be over 30,000 Buddhist monks in Mandalay, who, as Buddhism, which numbers over 400,000,000 adherents, is merely a very pronounced form of Atheism, and acknowledges no Supreme Deity, act as teachers and moral examples to the people, which are the sole functions of a Buddhist priest.

Pagan, an ancient capital of Burmah, situated on the Irrawaddy between Mandalay and Rangoon, is said to contain over 10,000 temples of various sizes and styles of architecture, covering sixteen square miles, and as seen from the river, it is one of the grandest and most impressive sights that it is possible to behold.

We left Calcutta on Wednesday, 20th March, accompanied by our Mohammedan dragoman, whom we called "Juno,"

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which was the nearest approach to his name that we could get, as it was very difficult to pronounce. He held the other natives who were Hindus in the most unutterable contempt ; nevertheless, we found him a most excellent fellow in every way, and although he handled money and paid all our accounts and arranged everything for us, we never had the slightest complaint to make against him. We travelled by the East Indian Railway. On our way we saw parroquets and lovely kingfishers with their reddish brown breasts and lovely blue and green wings ; crows, wild pigeons and sparrows sitting on the telegraph lines, bulbuls ; myra birds, too, were plentiful.

India is very flat south of the great Himalaya Range,* its natural boundary. We arrived in Benares, the sacred city of the Hindus, about 3 p.m. on Thursday. We drove across a bridge of boats to get to the European quarter, where Clarke's Hotel is situated. This bridge is a tumbledown affair, littered with grass and roots, causing the gharry, which was only three feet wide, to lean over, first on one side, then on the other, almost to capsizing. In the hotel roses and sweet peas were plentiful in the vases on the dining-room table, together with coloured wooden toys, prettily cut brass and copper plates, and gold and silver brocade, which are the peculiar industries of the place.

We took a gharry very early one morning, and drove down to the Ganges to see the wonderful sights. We hired a boat which we had previously engaged, and sat in very comfortable chairs on the upper deck, enjoying the strange scenes as we were slowly rowed up and down the river. What a wonderful sight it is to see these ghats, or landing stages ! Such crowds of people bathing, praying and washing in this

* We had thought of going up to Darjeeling, but were advised to, first of all, find out the state of the weather there. I accordingly wired my friend Captain Bicknell, who replied, " Journey very trying. Dense mist for two days." We thereupon decided to give up the trip. I mention this merely as a warning to other travellers.

The Burning Ghats, Benares

sacred, but very dirty river. The women were most elaborately dressed, with ear-rings and immense nose rings, bangles on arms, and anklets covering six or eight inches.

It is not allowed for everyone to write their prayers on the water ; this is reserved for certain priests only. We saw many take a mouthful of the water, rinse the mouth with it, and then put it out. This they implicitly believe cleanses them from their past sins. The burning ghat is interesting to see, as they bring the bodies here for cremation—which simply means that you see a large pile of wood burning. In the middle of the pile, clearly discernible, is the body, others nearly consumed, and others lying awaiting cremation. The poor body is wrapped in white muslin—head and all—and is plentifully besprinkled with some magenta colouring, wreaths of yellow blossoms being disposed about the body and head. It lies on a kind of wicker work, and is afterwards carried and placed on the ghat with the feet in the sacred river. The nearest relation is expected to set fire to the faggots.

The Maharajahs all have palaces, which line this bank of the river. They are nearly always unoccupied, only being used when these great men make a pilgrimage to the Ganges.

Some of the streets are extremely narrow. The houses are built of stone, and are six or seven storeys high, and are close to each other. Some of them are fantastically painted, with groups of mythological figures from the Hindu Pantheon, and have terraces on the summits with very small windows, to prevent the glare, and from being overlooked. The opposite sides of the streets in some parts approach so near each other as to be united by galleries.

Benares has an observatory, built by a former Maharajah ; a monkey temple with about a score of monkeys in it ; a cow temple (cows being worshipped by the Hindus), the stench of which was really intolerable ; and the “ Well of Knowledge,” where it is believed the god Siva’s soul lives. His statue, or

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image, was broken and thrown down here, so if they drink of this well, they believe that their sins will be forgiven. It is so dirty and filled up with decayed offerings of flowers that you cannot see the water.

We visited the Palace of the Maharajah of Vizianagram. It is completely furnished with English furniture. The principal room is very large and must look magnificent when lighted up. The palace itself is a most pleasing structure, but its inner adornments of prints of our Royal Family do not improve it much ; they are very common. There are also some hideous German prints. But it does credit to the loyalty of the owner, and he is the only Maharajah who invites the public, or allows them to see the inside of his palace.

We visited the Golden Temple, the dome of which is covered with pure gold. During our sojourn in Benares, our two friends, the Colonels, who accompanied us, and I, went, in the early morning, to the birthplace of Buddha, where there is erected a huge pyramid. At the bottom of it, and on the supposed site of the palace where he lived, and in the centre of it, is a tunnel just sufficiently big to allow one person to creep through on hands and knees. Our dragoman, who seemed to know all about it, went first at the request of the two Colonels. There was a lot of debris and it was pitch dark, and in some places it was very awkward and uncomfortable to squeeze oneself through. At last we arrived at its centre, which was in the form of a kind of kiln, with a huge chimney in the middle. There was a little daylight in the place, and a great noise of flapping of wings overhead. This emanated, I afterwards understood, from the many bats that inhabited the place. One of the Colonels suddenly said to the dragoman, "Juno, do you think there are any cobras about?" I said, "They are not likely to be in here, are they?" "Oh, yes," he said, "but they quickly get out of the way." However, I quickly returned through the same way I had come and

Our two "Colonel" Friends

rejoiced to get into the open air again. The others, however, pursued their way, as they were very anxious to explore the whole place, and when they came back (I waited for some considerable time) they said they had had no particular adventures. These gentlemen, who were Colonels in the Indian Army, had been put upon the retired list and were returning home. They spoke Hindustani perfectly and so we had an "open sesame" wherever we went. The fact of our travelling with them enabled us to see many things which otherwise we should not have done.

On our way to the station, on the day we left Benares, we saw in front of us some officers in a drag. Farther ahead was a heavy lumbering cart being driven by some Hindus. We heard the officers shouting to these men to make room to let us pass, which request was utterly disregarded. Our gharry had nearly overtaken the officers, when we heard an altercation between them and the Hindu who was driving the cart. The latter barely allowed room for us to pass. We reached the station and the cart a short time afterwards also arrived, when one of the officers went up to the Hindu who had been driving it, seized him by the neck, and thrashed him soundly with his cane. My wife, who has a great aversion to any apparent cruelty, at once endeavoured to intervene. I also felt rather indignant that this man should be treated, as it appeared on the surface, so cruelly, when the officer turned round and said to me, "Perhaps your wife and you are not aware that this man said to me things that I cannot even repeat to you as between man and man, but I may tell you over and above that, he cursed my mother, my grandmother, and everyone related to me, and insinuated most horrible suggestions, thinking no doubt that we did not understand them."

I told my wife, and we both apologised to him for having interfered, and heartily endorsed what he had done. Apropos of this, I may mention that when a Hindu wishes to grossly

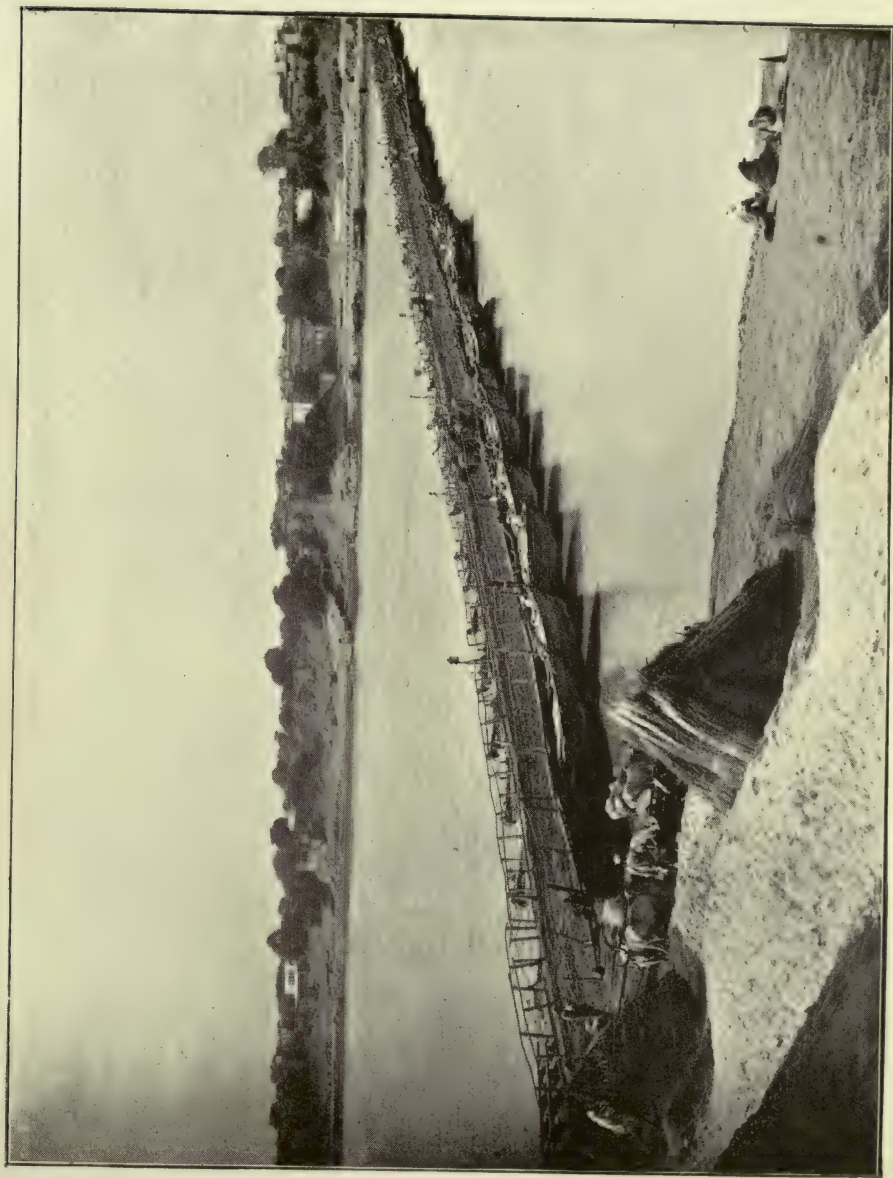
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insult anyone, he always reflects upon the virtue of one's ancestors.

We started at 5.25 p.m. on the 27th of March, for Lucknow, and arrived there about three o'clock the next morning. The two nights thus, so far, spent in the train, were nice and cool. This place produces silver jewellery of all kinds, tea-sets, etc., shawls, curtains and embroideries.

The Residency, which stood the siege from April to November, 1857, had a most melancholy and deep interest for us. About 1,270 of our men, with loyal natives, gallantly held out against 50,000 rebel Sepoys. There are holes all over the building made by the cannon-balls. Dr. Fayrer's house and others are completely peppered all over with shot marks. We saw where General Sir Henry Lawrence was shot and two ladies killed. The General died in Dr. Fayrer's house, hard by, two days afterwards, *i.e.*, on the 24th July, 1857.

A young Hindu proffered his services as guide to take us round the Residency, and show us the different places of interest. Strange to relate, he had a perfect Irish accent. My wife and Mr. Pelly (our friend who was travelling with us) wanted to know how he had acquired it, and he said he did not know, but he was brought up as a child in the encampment with the British soldiers. His father had been an orderly to one of the officers. It was certainly a very novel feature to find a young Hindu speaking with a delightfully mellifluous Irish brogue. He expressed endless admiration for the British Raj, and seemed to revel in the fact of being a Christian under the British flag. On coming to a remarkably fine Bo tree, with much enthusiasm he told us that this was the Hindu sacred tree, and bowed down to it, evidently having forgotten that he had already declared himself a Christian! I am afraid that this is only one of thousands of examples in various parts of the world where people profess one thing and act another; such duplicity is not at all confined to this poor Hindu lad.



The Bridge of Boats, Benares, India.

We found the crossing in our gharri to be a really serious undertaking, as we were constantly in danger of being turned over.



A Shrine of Buddha, Rangoon, Burma.



Entrance to a Buddhist Temple, Rangoon.



Buddhist idols in Temple, Rangoon.



Tamil Men, Ceylon



Tamil Children, Kandy, Ceylon

The Residency, Lucknow

The Residency originally consisted of twenty-four different buildings or habitations, the Residency itself being, of course, the most important. It was a very imposing pile and was in immediate telegraphic communication with Muchee Bhawan and Alum Bagh. The enclosure was originally laid out with great care and extreme taste, and was covered with a profusion of flowering shrubs and trees. "In a short time," we are told, "one could scarcely recognise it, the trees were cut down, the flower beds everywhere trodden on, and piles of shot and guns had taken their place." Treasure to the amount of twenty-three lakhs of rupees was buried in front of the Residency. The ground floor was occupied by soldiers of his Majesty's 32nd Regiment, under the command of Captain Lowe, of the same corps, and the rest of the building was completely filled by officers' ladies and children.

Under the south side of the Residency were excellent tykanahs, or underground rooms, in which the women of the 32nd were placed. In the upper room, over the tykanahs, on the 1st of July, Miss Palmer, daughter of Colonel Palmer, 48th N.I., was wounded in the leg by a round shot, which caused her death, and beneath, on the second storey, in the north east angle, is where Sir Henry Lawrence was mortally wounded.

No sooner had the siege commenced, than the exposed position of the Residency began to be severely felt, and the ladies and children abandoned the upper storeys. The mess of the 32nd kept possession of a centre room on the first floor, until several casualties occurred, when they too were obliged to abandon it.

On the 20th July, the enemy advanced to the attack, in force, led by a man carrying a green standard, who was shot and fell into the ditch, upon which the remainder fled.

About the 8th August, a twenty-four pounder shot entered the centre room of the building, and wounded Ensign Studdy, of the 32nd, in the arm, from the effects of which he died.

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On the 10th August the enemy sprang a mine against Sago's House, which fortunately only brought down a few outhouses, and, according to Mr. Rees, author of the "Siege of Lucknow": "Two European soldiers who had stood sentinel at one of the outhouse picquets, were blown into the air, but both escaped with their lives. One, who fell within our compound, was slightly bruised, and the other was thrown into the middle of the road, which separated us from the enemy. He no sooner found himself unhurt, than he got upon his legs, jumped over our wall, and made his escape in perfect safety, notwithstanding the shower of bullets that whistled past his ears." Sago's House was one of the principal points of attack on the second grand attack, on the 10th of August. Mining was then continued on both sides for three days, till the enemy was blown up and defeated.

The rebels then commenced a furious fusilade from the buildings round about, and made several attempts to get into the Cawnpore Battery, but a steady musketry fire soon made them fall back. They managed, however, to get into the tykanah beneath, and made it very uncomfortable in the courtyard by firing from the grating, and as it was dangerous to step forward and fire down the grating, it seemed as if one of the posts was really gone. An officer of the 32nd Regiment, however, came to the rescue, with a dozen hand-grenades, which were dropped into the tykanah. The rebels found things so uncomfortable that they vanished, still, however, sticking to the ditch of the Cawnpore Battery, until turned out of that, too, by the fire from the summit of the King's Hospital. This building also had a tykanah, and the front of it was lined by a range of small bazaar shops. The roofs of these shops prevented the effective use of hand-grenades from the principal floor, and it consequently at first appeared, on the 10th August (after the enemy had sprung their mine ineffectually) that some of the sepoy who had rushed into the shops, had made a

Sir Colin Campbell's Army

secure lodgment. But they were driven away by hand-grenades discharged through the loopholes of the tykanah. The garrison then made a breach at one end, and so got into the end shop, beginning with which they barricaded the whole of the front of the other shops. From one of these the garrison began the mine, which, passing under Johannes' house, blew it up on the 21st August, relieving the besieged garrison of the most deadly musketry fire from which it had suffered.

On the 24th August, the entire length of the verandah along two storeys on the west side fell, and buried seven of the 32nd men. Mr. Ramsay, assistant in charge of the telegraph, was shot at the telegraph, and died instantly. The death rate for many days averaged twenty. By the end of July 170 casualties had occurred in the 32nd.

On the 25th September, Sir James Outram entered through the embrasure of Aitken's gun.

On the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell's army, on the 26th November, orders were received to prepare for leaving. The women, children and the sick were ordered to the Dilkusha encampment, but the men were obliged to stay behind for several days to guard the various garrisons. Only a certain amount of baggage was allowed to each person, and many valuable things were left behind. "Such a scene as the Residency then presented was really sad to behold. Women's apparel, children's clothes, rich dresses, men's clothes, and all kinds of cooking utensils and plated ware, bedding, etc., were left behind. The guns were removed from most of the batteries, and other guns, formerly the property of the King of Oudh, were burst. The ordnance stores and treasure, and State prisoners, were removed at the same time. Many delicate ladies had to walk six miles, over very rough ground, exposed at one place to the fire of the enemy." By a General Order, dated 23rd November, the Commander-in-Chief describes this

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movement of retreat, by which the final rescue of the garrison was effected, as a model of discipline and exactness.

The enemy was completely deceived, the force retiring by a narrow tortuous lane without molestation. In such a way was the evacuation of the Residency effected, after enduring a close siege, during which the enemy was always within pistol shot. The scenes of suffering which occurred in this building and the heroism of many delicately nurtured ladies who attended to the wounded and dying, were heartrending, and are beyond description.

We next visited the Chutter Munzil, or Umbrella Palace, once a seraglio, now a club ; and the Mote Mahal, or Pearl Palace. It was at the latter that all the wild beast fights used to take place ; it was at this gate that one of General Havelock's twenty-four pounders stuck, and two of our gallant soldiers risked their lives in fixing hauling ropes to it, for the bullocks had been shot. One of these men was shot and killed. The other escaped with a wound, and was afterwards awarded the Victoria Cross. This was on September the 25th, and it was captured by us in November. Sir Colin Campbell then made it his advanced position.

Shah Nujuf, the tomb of the first King of Oudh, was taken after three hours' hard fighting. Near by is the Sucunder Bagh, where the rebels had also entrenched themselves, but after an hour and a half's pounding away at the walls with two eighteen-pounders a breach was made, and in rushed the 93rd Foot and Fourth Punjab Rifles (the latter were natives, and, like the Sikhs, true as steel), and made short work of the enemy. An eye witness told me we lost a great number of men—about four or five hundred. Some of the rebels escaped, but two thousand dead bodies were carried out of the bagh (garden), which is walled all round. The breach was only two or three yards wide, and as our men poured in the rebels found themselves fairly entrapped, as there was no means of escape. It

Cawnpore-Memorial Well

was a well-merited retaliation for the seizure of the Residency. It took place on November the 16th.

The Dilkoosha, or Heart's Palace, in which Sir Henry Havelock expired of dysentery, is also in ruins. It has a garden, nicely laid out and men attending to it. We went to see his tomb, erected by his widow and children, at Alum Bagh, a fortified garden. It was captured by him on September the 23rd. There is a large marble tablet on the front of the monument.

This was the last place we visited before leaving for Cawnpore. The gateway where General Neill fell, and which is now called Neill's Gate, we passed on the way to the Residency, after passing the Chutter Munzil.

Whilst driving out early on Wednesday morning, and when returning from the Residency, which we visited for the third and last time, we saw in a compound near the road, a number of Government draft elephants which were being washed by their wallahs (attendants). Some were being washed down with a hosepipe, which they revelled in ; others were sucking water out of buckets and spraying it all over their bodies ; whilst others were playing with each other, throwing branches of trees about, waving them above their heads, and throwing them over their backs, whilst the attendants, hundreds of them, were playing on them with the hosepipe constantly. Some of the elephants were chained by their feet ; these were quietly chewing sugar cane.

We left Lucknow at 1 p.m., reaching Cawnpore at 4 p.m., and drove to the Memorial Well, down which many women and children were thrown, dead and dying, on July the 15th, 1857, after a murderous assault being made upon them by order of Nana Sahib. The soldiers having positively refused to do his bidding, he had to get the butchers and the lowest of the people to do the horrible deed.

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The massacre was committed in the Assembly Room close by, and a cross now marks the spot. An eye witness, who had been one of Sir Colin's relief at Lucknow, told us he saw the walls bespattered with the blood of the poor victims, and a track made from the building to the well by the dragging of the bodies. He told us that the Assembly Room remained in that state for some time, but when he next came to Cawnpore it had been demolished by the people, they were so ashamed of it.

In the enclosure are buried many bodies that were recovered. Some have tombstones or tablets recording how they came by their death. One records the fact that the father and mother, with two children, were killed and lie together in that spot.

The well is entirely closed up, and has a fine marble statue of an angel standing with folded wings, looking down in sorrow on the spot. It is on a raised platform, on a mound, with steps all round; an inscription cut on a stone running round it, details the event thus: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the Rebel Nana Dhondont of Bithoor, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below—the 15th day of the seventh month, '57. 'These are they that come out of great tribulation.' " A carved stone wall encloses all, and is kept locked till visitors arrive. Natives are not allowed as far as even the entrance gate, except those obliged to be on duty in the grounds, and your carriage has to proceed at a slow walking pace, both in going up and coming down the avenue. It is truly a sacred spot.

We next visited the Sutter Chowra Ghat, on the steps of which we collected a young aloe plant which we still have in our conservatory. It has become a very large plant and has borne many young ones. We traced the ravine by which,

The Taj, Agra

under promise of protection from Nana, Wheeler with his men, or what remained of them, with women and children (all well nigh starved and wearied out with the long siege) came down to the river to embark in boats, and so get safely away. No sooner were they in the boats than, by preconcerted signal, a fire opened upon them from the opposite bank, sinking the boats, and only a few persons escaped, for a continuous fire was kept up. Those who still lived had their throats cut—a terrible amusement for Nana Sahib! The wretched Nana is believed to have perished in the pestilential jungle, having taken with him some very precious rubies.

We left Cawnpore by midnight train, arriving at 7.30 the following morning at Agra, Akbar's city. It stands on the Jumna, also a muddy river. The bridge of boats is in a little better condition than the one at Benares, and cost twelve annas to cross. The other cost eight annas.

The tomb of Etwad-oo-dowla, whose daughter married Akbar's son, afterwards Emperor, is a fine structure. The marble screen we thought very exquisite; also the other parts inlaid with precious stones. We drove afterwards to the Taj, which is the very finest structure of its kind in the whole world. The entrance gate or building being a considerable distance in a straight line from the Taj, and the whole length of the centre being one long sheet of water, full of lilies, has a most imposing effect. We saw it in the full sunlight, inspected its marvellous inlaid beauties, ascended one of the minarets, and saw the sun set like a ball of fire in the west, while the moon was shining high up in the heavens, and nearly full.

One night we had the beautiful building illuminated with limelight. The effect was grand upon the pure white marble. When we left the moon was in a grand effulgence, looking like a thing "not of earth."

We visited Akbar's tomb at Secundra, five miles from here, quite different in construction from anything we have

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yet seen, with sleeping apartments on the second tier ; simply bare walls, but open for any wearied traveller who may choose to take refuge there for the night. When you get to the top tier you find the usual duplicate sarcophagus, and beside it stands a pedestal which formerly held the famous Koh-i-noor diamond, and which later came into the possession of the "Kaiser-i-Hind," the late Queen Victoria. This diamond was placed to face the sun, and to reflect its rays on the tomb, which is of pure white marble, beautifully carved. They have carved the ninety names of God around this building. A marble screen, finely cut, runs all round, and this is the finest part of the beautiful structure.

Green paroquets are all about—indeed, every large building seems to attract them—as ours do the swallows.

The Fort is an immense place covering four square English miles. It contains Akbar's Palace, public and private audience halls, women's apartments, and the women's bath. The latter has its walls covered with tiny mirrors, which have a very beautiful effect when lighted up. We considered the gem of all was the room kept for the Rajas who visited Akbar.

Beneath the garden, accessible by a dark stone staircase, are the beam and the well or stream where the unfaithful of the Zenana were despatched. All the fine buildings have at one time or another been despoiled of many precious stones from the inlaid marble ; the Government has repaired, and still continues wisely to repair them.

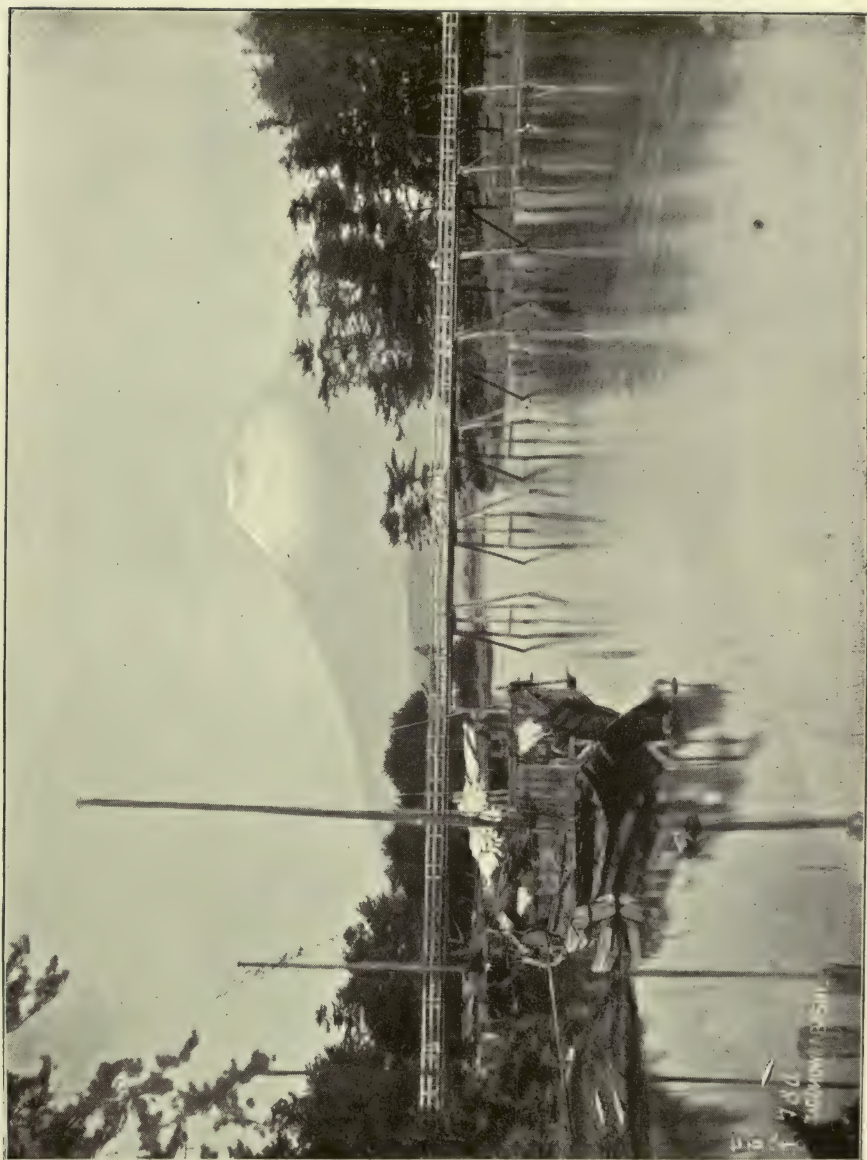
The Hindu's New Year's Day is dedicated to their deity Krishna, in memory of which a great ceremony is performed. The people wear white clothes, all besprinkled with various bright colours. It appears to be part of the ceremony that they should so bespatter each other. I asked a number of different people if they could give me any explanation for this ceremony, but no one seemed to be able to enlighten me. I can only conjecture that it is a



The "Kutab Minar" (the highest tower in the world), near Delhi, India.
From the top of this marvellous tower my wife and I saw the Himalayan Mountains covered with snow.



Interior of the "Kutab Minar"





Daimio's Buddhist Shrine, which we purchased in Kyoto.

It is considered the finest example in the Kingdom. We had great difficulty in getting this out of Japan, and only succeeded through the intervention of our friend Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador.

Day dedicated to Krishna

survival of the sprinkling of the door posts by the Israelites in Egypt. Some of the people wore Turkish fezes. The dresses of the elder people as well as little boys, were unusually tinselled ; some of the women's garments having a band of silver fringe round the skirts.

The crowds attending the ceremony were immense, but everyone behaved in a most orderly manner. No laughing, joking, or frivolity—but all were most serious, sedate and grave ; indeed almost gloomy ; for the evil spirit Knusé had not yet been cast down.

We joined in the procession which was going along with banner-bearers on ponies, and one little pony which we noticed in particular was finely dressed with silver ornaments and bells. Then followed another equally fine ; then came a big drum, trumpets, and another kind of drum used on sacred occasions ; then brass and wind instruments of all sorts, sounding like penny whistles, which for discordant sound, could have challenged any German band.

Lastly came two little children about nine or ten years of age ; these were dressed in crimson, and on their heads they wore caps with high ornaments, stretched on an elaborate wooden affair, covered with gaudy and tinselled calicoes. These little ones were borne on eight men's shoulders. How we pitied those men in the heat and the choking dust ! The little ones looked as sedate as judges. At their feet were sitting four smaller children, whilst a young man behind was waving a chowri (a fan) from side to side to keep the flies off them.

Suddenly the bearers halted on a bridge overlooking a ravine. Away up on the side of this valley was placed a giant image of the Rajah called " Knusé," representing an evil spirit similar to our devil. Now the Hindus with one accord gave a great shout and one of the little ones stood up, and after waving her sceptre for some minutes, called out in

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Hindustani, when the enormous image of evil went crashing to the bottom of the valley. This represented the fall of the evil spirit and the triumph of Krishna.

The story concerning this ceremony is that Knusé the evil spirit, being jealous of the power of the coming Krishna, had all infants up to a certain age massacred. An angel, however, visited the father of Krishna, and told him to at once take the child and go straight forward until he came to the Ganges, the waters of which would open and he would be able to cross with the child on his back. The father obeyed, but on arriving on the edge of the river he paused with fear, but the child suddenly spoke and told him to go on. He obeyed and the waters opened as he trod forward, and he passed over on dry land (clearly relating to Israel crossing the Red Sea). He reached the other side safely and so escaped. This would seem to be a jumble of our own Bible stories.

There are other legends, however, concerning Krishna, one of which shows him to have been of a facetious disposition. It would seem that he would go to see women bathe in the river Ganges, climb a tree, sit there, and wait until they were all in the river, when he would slide down, go to the edge of the water, and take all their clothes and climb up the tree with them! History does not record the remainder of the story.

There are many other anecdotes told about this Krishna, but it appears to me that just as we have inferior copies of original pictures, so this Krishna of the Hindus is nothing more than a very low and crude counterfeit of our Saviour. Many of the incidents said to have occurred during the life of this Hindu deity, correspond very nearly with what actually occurred during the life of Christ.

After this we got into conversation with an intelligent young Hindu who said how thankful he and his fellow worshippers were that the Government of India granted them such perfect religious freedom to worship, each man in his own

“England the Paramount Power”

way. I then asked him, “Are you aware that Russia desires to possess India?” As quick as thought he answered me: “That can never be. England is the paramount power in India, and always will be!”

We visited the Taj again, this time by moonlight. It looked like an ethereal palace—something you might fancy in your dreams, but never expect to see in sublime reality. An officer staying in the hotel accompanied us and took a violin with him. He played some soft notes one after the other, and the notes blending gradually formed the chord of the diminished seventh, which echoed and re-echoed—slowly rising higher and higher in the great dome—and so this beautiful chord was long prolonged, and gradually, very gradually, died away, so slowly and exquisitely that it seemed it would never cease. Indeed, it was like the soft voices of a cathedral choir.

The Government Dak bungalows in India are wonderfully comfortable; each bedroom has a bathroom attached, sometimes two. If you have a servant with you, you have every attention, but I think if you have not, you would fare badly. There are no bells anywhere we have been so far; if you wish to attract attention you just clap your hands.

We visited the Taj for the fourth time on Sunday afternoon. The whole avenue and every available space was crowded with people, both Hindus and Mohammedans. All wore white robes and coloured or white caps or turbans. The various colours mingling as the people moved about made a very lively scene. To attempt to describe the marvellous splendour of the Taj would be impossible. I think I may, however, sum up its architectural beauty in these words—“indescribably and marvellously wonderful.”

Monkeys are very plentiful among the trees and on the roadsides, as they were at Benares and Delhi. On the way to Delhi, by the East Indian Railway, we saw many weaver

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birds' nests, green paroquets, with a very long feather hanging from their tails, and some very large birds, down at the pools.

There are numberless wells all over India. We seldom saw a palm tree now, but noticed the general appearance of the fields was much greener as we neared Delhi, and trees dotted the flat landscape, making the outlook much pleasanter. A ride of about eight hours brought us to Delhi.

Delhi, or Shah Jehanabad, was founded by Shah Jehanabad about the middle of the seventeenth century; the same potentate who built the Taj at Agra, to the memory of his favourite wife. This is only one of about four or five Delhis, all now in ruins. It is computed that these ruins cover an area of about forty-five square miles. Its ruler, *pro tem.*, chose the spot he liked best. The chief nobles followed, and of course the tradespeople came after; so each city was founded.

The principal street is called the Chaudi Chawk, about a mile in length and about 120 feet wide, with trees down the centre, which has a very pleasant effect. The people in the shops seem far cleaner than at Agra. In this street is the Delhi Museum and Institute. The Queen's garden is nicely laid out. It has a museum and a stone elephant, the latter just a little stiff about the legs. There is also the Katwal, in front of which many notorious rebels were executed after the capture of the city on the 20th September, 1857. The siege lasted from the 14th to the 20th.

Number Two Battery was placed in front of Ludlow Castle, which we also saw, and to them was entrusted the breaching of the walls, under General Nicholson, whose grave we visited in the cemetery. The Kashmere Gate shows unmistakable signs of its blowing up. The Pearl Mosque, inside the fort, is indeed a gem. So also are the audience hall and the King's baths, and the rooms that were devoted to the use of the women of the Zenana. They are all of pure marble, inlaid with precious stones, and chastely gilded and painted.

The Kutab Minar—Tugluckabad

The Jumna Musjid is a fine mosque. We saw many people praying in rows, before the door, in the immense quadrangle. The impress of Mohammed's foot, and a few hairs of his red beard, were shown to us. Each worshipper has a slab he kneels upon marked out on the floor of the mosque itself and defined by a band of black marble. He also carries his prayer carpet with him.

This is the most famous mosque in the East. It is built on a rocky eminence overlooking the surrounding town and country. A memorial pillar has been erected on the summit of "The Ridge," so famous as one of our standpoints in attacking the rebels inside the city. They caused us to breach and destroy in several places the city walls that we had just then been repairing for the then Emperor or King of Delhi, Bahadur Shah, and who treacherously took the part of the rebels. He was banished for life.

The Kutab Minar Pillar,* 240 feet high (about 380 steps) is eleven miles from here, and is said to be the highest pillar in the world.

Being desirous of visiting Tugluckabad, one of the oldest ruined cities (one of the old Delhis), we made all arrangements the night before, with the manager of the Dak Bungalow where we were staying, for horses to be sent on before, very early in the morning, to change, as it was a very long way. We started early in the morning, taking with us the necessary food for the day. We stopped *en route* at several very interesting places, till we arrived at the great tower of Kutab Minar. We ascended this tower; from the top of it we had a magnificent view of the Himalaya mountains on the extreme distant

*The Kutab Minar is one of the highest towers in the world. Its architecture is marvellously beautiful, and its design and workmanship are beyond description. Although the antithesis of the Taj Mahal, it is equally a marvellous specimen of design and architecture, and one of the wonders of the world.

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horizon, with their snow-capped peaks. On this occasion there happened to be some fete going on, so that we came in for seeing how the Indians dressed, with all sorts of gay colours, with their head ornaments, nose ornaments, bracelets, armlets, anklets and all. We then proceeded on our way to Tugluckabad and having reached our last changing place, we ate our luncheon, after which they put fresh horses into the carriage, and off we started again. All went well for a while, when one of the horses became very restive, and gave the driver a great deal of trouble, kicking and rearing, and generally making us very nervous for our safety. However, with great difficulty we reached the ruins of the city and then found that one of the horses was utterly useless. We therefore sent it back to the Kutab Minar, with the driver to bring back a fresh horse, while we explored the ruins.

Tugluckabad is now an enormous area of ruins (tremendous stones one on top of another) and is, so I was told, a favourite haunt of snakes and wild beasts of various kinds, in which India abounds. Such a scene of desolation we never witnessed before ; piles upon piles of ruins, gateways and walls crumbling, with nothing attractive about them, no beautiful old ivy to clothe the desolation and make it picturesque ; neither was there anything the least interesting about it, nor any live thing visible. We spent about three hours there in the middle of the day resting, the heat being so intense. We waited and waited for the return of the driver with the fresh horse, but we waited in vain, until we arrived at the conclusion that as it was now well on into the afternoon, and there were no signs of him along the road, we should probably be left there all night, which was not at all a pleasant outlook. So we made up our minds to start with the one horse we had, harnessed to one side of the pole. Not knowing how the animal might behave himself, we got a Hindu, who was standing by, to start the horse by running a little way with him, which

Our "Ride from Khiva!"

was at last done, with some difficulty. The native driver not having returned, and we all three being afraid of some serious accident, Mr. Pelly resolved to take the reins, and scrambling over the front seat, mounted the box. We started, but as the road was narrow, and there were deep ditches on each side, both my wife and I felt exceedingly uncomfortable. She sat inside the old chariot, in state, with both doors open, in order that she might jump out at any moment should an accident occur, and I sat at the back on the luggage board, with my legs dangling in the air. Mr. Pelly, high up on the box, was an object of great amusement, as he had to bend forward very considerably, the reins being far too short, so that altogether we formed a very ludicrous party, and the natives who were returning from the fair stood and gaped at us in blank amazement to see such an extraordinary spectacle. It really looked as if my wife were a lunatic and Mr. Pelly and I were forcibly carrying her off—this we always call our "ride from Khiva." However, Mr. Pelly proved himself a marvellous whip, and landed us safely at Kutab Minar, where the lazy Hindu had been spending his time enjoying himself, instead of returning to us with the fresh horse. This is an admirable example of the average native—lazy and irresponsible. We rated him soundly, got two fresh horses, and drove back to Delhi, arriving soon after six o'clock.

After a most delightful time in Delhi, we started for Jaipur, where we arrived after a twelve hours' ride by train. Jaipur is ruled by the Maharajah of that name; he is one of the most enlightened and progressive rulers in India. *En route* we saw weaver and tailor birds' nests in great numbers. As you approach the city, the first thing which attracts your attention is the word "Welcome," in immense white letters on the face of a great perpendicular mountain, the letters being cut into the solid rock and whitewashed.

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The country between Delhi and here is not so flat as in other parts of India we have passed through, being more hilly and greener, and pleasanter to the sight. We found it very hot in the afternoons.

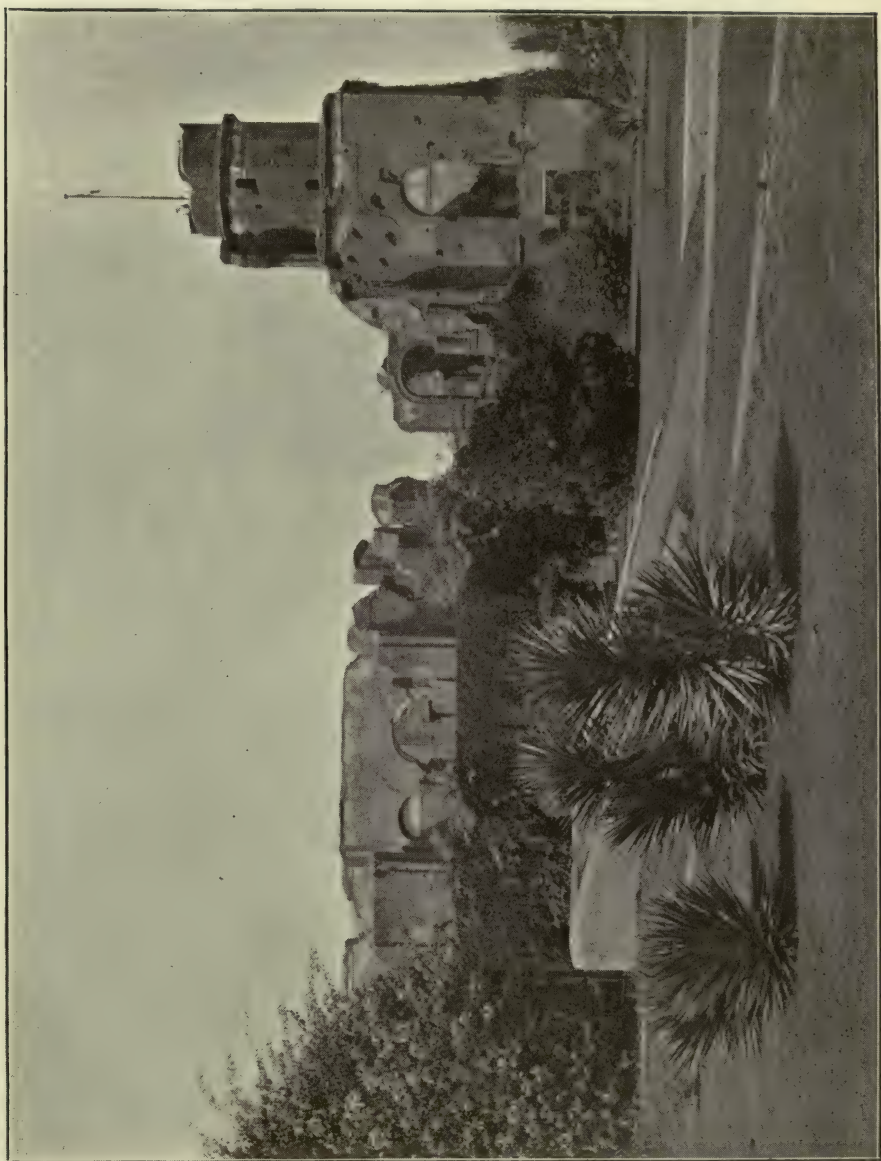
At the end of a street, and exposed to public view, in barred cages, are lions, tigers and other wild beasts, springing and making a great noise, quite terrifying.

We went in the afternoon to the Palace. The Public Hall of Audience is very large. The raised dais is of silver, with some parts gilt. The inside of the canopy is beautifully embroidered with gold. It has crystal gasaliers and side lights, and very gaudy, commonplace paintings, and stuffed chairs covered with chintz of old pattern. On the dais the Maharajah sits on state occasions on one side and the Viceroy on the other. The Prince of Wales also sat here when visiting the Maharajah.

The gardens are extensive and nicely laid out. At the end of them are two billiard tables. The marker was practising. He was taught by my old friend Roberts, our champion billiard player. The late Rajah, who died in 1881, was fond of the game, but the present one does not care much for it. These two rooms, and the two adjoining are, I presume, devoted to smoking; they are finished quite in modern style, and look comfortable. The dining-hall is very large but bare looking.

The Maharajah has many horses, all very fat, and whilst they are in the stables they are tied by the forefeet to the stalls, while the hind feet are stretched out to the utmost extent by ropes drawn tightly down to a peg six or eight yards behind them. It seems cruel, for the creatures are powerless to move, all their legs being stretched out as far as they can be pulled. They are exercised every morning in this enclosure before the Maharajah.

Monkeys, peacocks, mynas, crows, jays, sparrows and bulbuls are here in profusion. It is amusing to watch the





Entrance to Secunder Bagh, Lucknow.



The Well, Cawnpore, wherein were thrown the dead and the dying by Nana Sahib during the Indian Mutiny.



Suttee Chowra Ghat, where Nana Sahib placed his victims in boats and then shot at them as the boats floated down the river.

We brought an aloe from these steps and now have several off-shoots from it.

Fight with a deadly Snake

monkey mothers nursing their babies just like human beings. We had first to get permission from the Resident before visiting the Palace and stables.

An incident that perhaps is worth relating occurred whilst we were sojourning in the Dak Bungalow. We used to have "chowtah hazri," which was brought in by a Hindu boy at daybreak, in order that we might take drives between then and "tiffin," the heat of the day being too great to do anything but lounge about and enjoy a siesta. On one occasion I went in to the bathroom, which was on the ground floor, and my wife was just going to take her bath as usual, when to my horror, I noticed a snake in the water in the bath. I pulled up the plug to empty the water out as much as I could. I then got a stick and flip-flapped the snake out of the bath on to the floor. It reared up several times, but still I kept whacking away at it till I got it outside. Then I had a battle royal with it. After fighting it for a long time, by knocking it on the head, and otherwise, I thought I had killed it. Then two or three Hindus came along, seeming to be in great fear. However, I persuaded one of them to go into the Dak Bungalow and fill a jar half full of whisky, which he brought out to me. I then got hold of the snake and dipped it head foremost into the bottle. The moment I did that, it gave one leap out. The Hindus ran away in fright, and left me to it. However, I knocked it on the head again three or four times, and eventually killed it. I have it still in that original bottle. It was a black snake, between three and four feet long, and the manager of the Dak Bungalow told me afterwards that this sort of snake was exceedingly rare, but the most deadly, and was feared by the natives more than any other snake, much more so than the cobra, as its bite was certain death, for which there was no possible antidote. This fact of course accounted for the natives' terror, and they returned shouting, "Sahib clever, Sahib clever," because I had killed the snake.

Home and Abroad

Whilst we were at Jaipur the Maharajah sent word to say that if we would like to go to Amber, the ancient city of Jaipur, he would be very pleased to send one or two State elephants for our use, and on our accepting his kind offer caused them to be sent early the following morning, and away we went on our twelve-mile excursion, which reminded me of Scotland, especially the wilder portion. The old castle of Amber is perched on top of a very high hill. The road up to it is very steep and narrow. The interior is most interesting, on account of its history, which is of very great antiquity. The ride on the elephant was quite a new sensation ; very "joggly," but not nearly so uncomfortable as people would make one believe.

On another occasion we went to where the Maharajah keeps his crocodiles and alligators, in a lagoon, I should think many miles in extent. Whilst we were there the keeper brought some large pieces of meat. On our arrival, there was nothing to be seen, but the keeper began to "Holloa," when we saw what appeared to be logs of wood moving about on the top of the water, gradually becoming more and more demonstrative, till at last many of them approached to where we were standing, at the edge of the lagoon. The keeper threw in these pieces of meat, tied to the end of ropes, which were promptly grabbed. The keeper then set to work trying to pull them out. Mr. Pelly, who was with us, was rather alarmed, and in stepping back he went head over heels into the gutter, at which we had a good laugh. The peculiarity of these horrible reptiles is that one would imagine that they were the most docile creatures imaginable, but when it is least expected, they open their enormous jaws and display two or three rows of teeth that look very much like tremendous saws. I have seen sharks on several occasions, but their teeth are not by any means as awful in appearance as these crocodiles' and alligators' teeth. The Maharajah of Jaipur takes a great delight in

Jaipur to Ahmedabad

breeding these creatures, which I suppose he does purely from a commercial point of view, from the fact that the leather of their hides has become very valuable.

Jaipur is the most English of any town or city throughout the whole of India. The Maharajah is one of the most enlightened of Anglicised rulers, and is pro-English in every respect,* as also was his father before him.

The city is a magnificent one, with wide streets and modern buildings. At the corner of many of the streets, as I have already mentioned, are cages containing lions, tigers and other wild animals which have been caught by the Maharajah. There are also some huge stables in which are upwards of a hundred horses, of the finest possible breeds that can be obtained. These we saw, and certainly they were the most beautiful animals that we had ever seen. Behind the palace was a magnificent garden, part of which was a big orchard. The trees were full of monkeys, which were very amusing, for they displayed every imaginable similitude to the human race. There were the mothers and fathers and children jumping about and chattering away. The mothers were nursing the babies, and altogether it was one of the most amusing sights imaginable.

Having engaged a special train we left Jaipur by the Rajputana State Railway in the evening and arrived at Ahmedabad next day, at 6 p.m. Changed to the Bombay, Baroda and Central Indian Railway, and arrived next morning, at 7, at Bombay, after a continuous journey of thirty-seven hours. We passed many dry river beds so broad that they must be a grand sight in the rainy season, which is from the middle of June till the end of August.

August and September are the two most unhealthy months, on account of the evaporation after the heavy rains. During our autumn and up till the end of March are the best months, the coolest and healthiest ; but in April the people who can

Home and Abroad

afford it hurry up to the hill stations or home to England to escape the heat, which is intense from then till July or August.

On our railway journeys the heat from about 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. was intense, although the roof and sides of our saloon were covered with loofahs and water continually running down. Everything we touched was hot, even to our watch chains, and this with the windows and venetian blinds shut to keep the heat out. The seats were almost too hot to sit comfortably upon, and did not cool down till hours after sunset. What must it be in the height of the warm season ?

Bombay can boast of fine municipal buildings, a fine sailors' home and school, and many firms have handsome business premises.

One morning the proprietor of the Great Western Hotel (a Parsee) drove us to the " Towers of Silence." This is where the Parsees bring their dead ; children at 8 a.m., adults at 10. Strangers are not allowed within the inner gate when a corpse has passed in, there being stated hours for visitors. There are five large round towers placed in different parts of the grounds, and around the top of them sit the vultures awaiting their horrible feast. Each tower is an immense circle with divisions radiating from the centre, like spokes of a wheel. The smaller or central divisions are for the children, the next are for the women, and the outer for the men. Vultures consume the bodies. A model of this was in the Colonial Exhibition. All are brought here, high or low, rich or poor ; all share the same fate. There are no grave stones, nor relics of the dead. The grounds are nicely laid out with trees and flowers.

The Parsees are an intelligent, trustworthy race ; they speak excellent English, and are the wealthiest people in the city, driving about in fine carriages, most gorgeously and richly attired. They came originally from Persia and are of Jewish origin.

Bombay—Isle of Elephanta

The Mohammedans and Hindus are low in the scale, especially the latter, who are untruthful, deceitful and most ungrateful, and low in type.

Bombay has a good harbour, and many ships were lying here.

The streets are not so good as those at Calcutta, nor are they kept so well watered. Still, most people prefer Bombay to Calcutta. The latter strikes the stranger more at first, but we were told this city is more homelike. There are more English and English speaking people here. The Hindus are peculiarly jealous of our interference in their religion. They stipulate that in this they must have perfect freedom, and certainly they have their desire. Two Eurasians told us, so pleased were they at our religious toleration, that they willingly paid the taxes imposed by Government as the price.

Upon exploring Bombay, we liked it very much, but not so well as Calcutta, whose climate we much preferred. It lies round a bay—Malabar Bay—where all the *élite* live. The city is high, and commands good views of the bay. There are plenty of palms and banana trees. The country is more like Ceylon than any other part of India that we have seen, and many of the birds are the same.

Whilst at Bombay we visited the caves on the Island of Elephanta, supposed to be the oldest temple caves in India. There are several enormous Hindu deities carved out of the living rock, wonderfully executed, and as early works of art, unique.

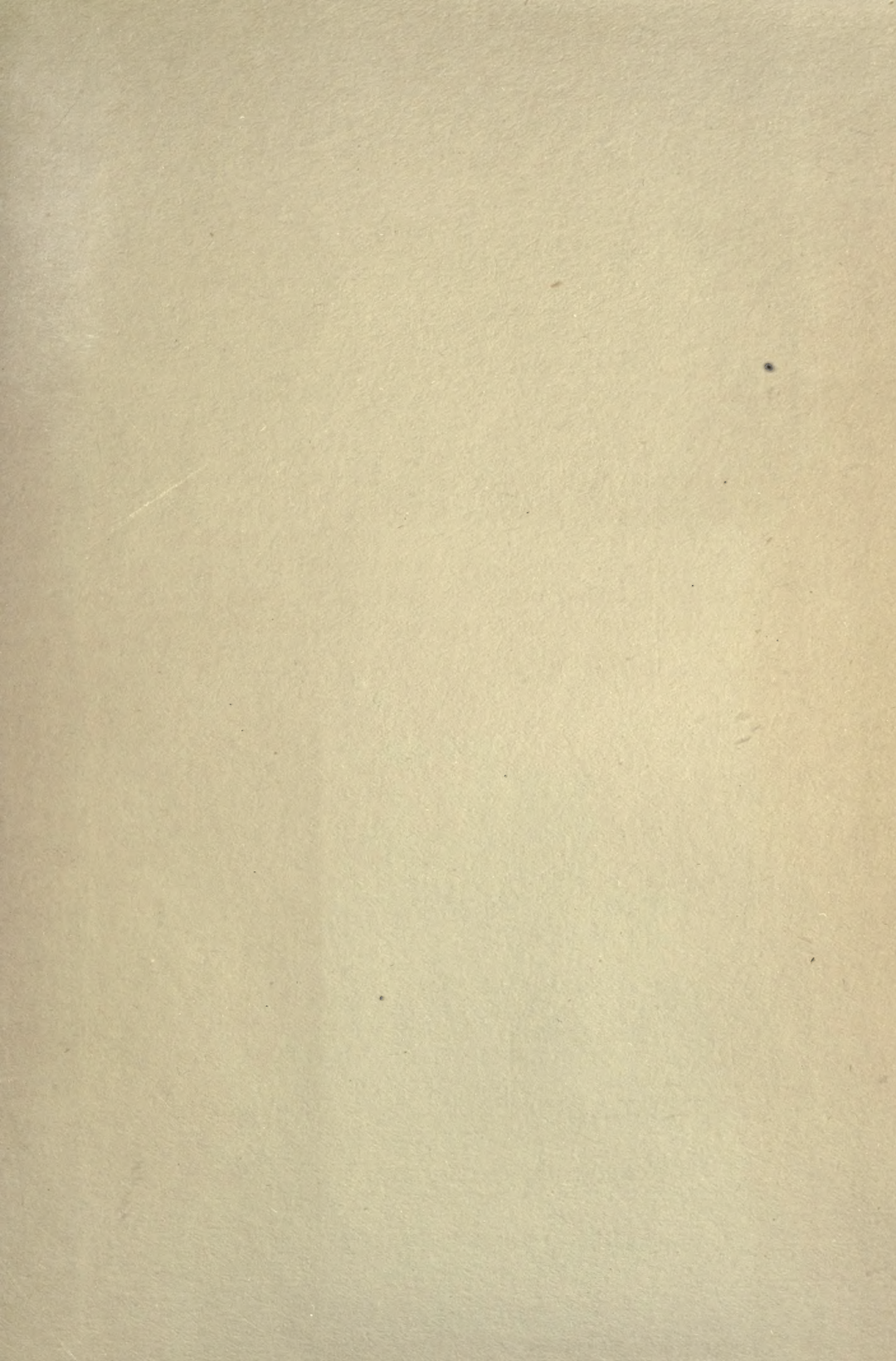
I should like to say that travelling in India is tolerably comfortable, but the trains are very slow, and the heat is very great. When we left Jaipur, we had to have a special train ordered several days before we required it, as there happened to be no passengers travelling in our direction at the time. The heat was so intense that, as I have already stated, water was arranged in such a way on the roofs of the carriages, that

Home and Abroad

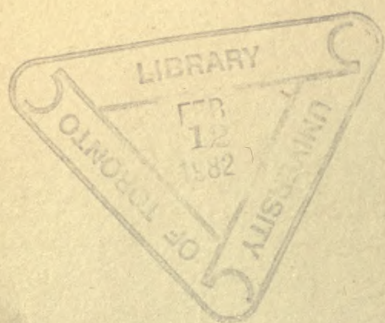
it should trickle down the loofah sides in order to keep the carriages cooler, but in spite of all that, it was almost unbearable, and it made one's head feel swollen. We had recourse to soaking our pocket handkerchiefs in eau de Cologne and keeping them on our heads.

En route home from India we called at Aden one day and drove to the waterworks, which are very interesting, being built in tiers, one above the other, in order to receive every possible drop of rain when it comes, an event which happens only every few years. There is nothing else of interest in this parched, sandy, God-forsaken wilderness.

It is only held by the British as a coaling place, otherwise it is of little or no value. It is, all things considered, one of the hottest and most intolerable of places, except perhaps the Devil's Isle, on which poor Dreyfus was incarcerated.



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